

# Chateleine

Ten Cents

June  
1936



1111

# A Moment of Magic

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**T**WO PEOPLE meet. Perhaps there's a quick flare of mutual admiration... Then—she smiles.

A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

## "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A DISTRESS SIGNAL

When you see it—see your dentist. Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums.

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our

## "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups— dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive . . . and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help. There's only one chance in a hundred that it may mean a serious gum disorder—but *your dentist should make the decision.*

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice.

Put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well. Back

comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

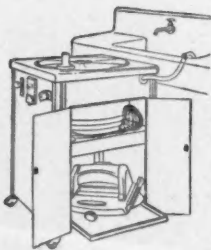
Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an unfailing part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.



IP144



*A*  
GOLDEN  
JUBILEE  
MODEL  
for the  
MODERN  
HOME



*You'll really  
look forward  
to Mondays!*



Westinghouse model kitchen embodying features from Westinghouse Home of Tomorrow . . . Dual-automatic Refrigerator, Dual-automatic Range, Golden Jubilee Washer, modern appliances and kitchen lighting. Located at 355 King St. W., Toronto

In addition to this Golden Jubilee Westinghouse Washer de luxe, there are three standard models, with prices as low as \$79.50. A liberal trade-in allowance takes care of the down payment. See your Westinghouse dealer today.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE  
CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON - CANADA

*N*EW ease rules the laundry. ALL the old notions of blue washdays simply cease to exist wherever this new Westinghouse enters.

It's a truly wonderful new labor and time-saving mechanism—quiet—speedy—and good looking.

The heart, of course, is its "cushioned action", precision-built and powered by the dependable Westinghouse motor.

The "timer" is automatic (see it demonstrated)—and the big friendly controls are just where you want them. The sturdy power-pump handles all water for you without lifting or spilling.

Large, vastly improved wringer—rigid in any position—with soft rubber rolls (saves buttons)—lightning swift "trigger bar" release and self-tilting drain.

Large tub, fully porcelainized inside and out, fitted with flat usable cover. Spacious storage for wringer and hose. And a child can move it—big, willing casters roll on ball bearings.

Is it smart and well finished? Yes, indeed! Here it is pictured in the most modish of modern kitchens. But vastly more important is its cushioned washing action—thorough and speedy—friendly to clothes.

Merely doing a far better washing job isn't all . . . it saves mending, saves wear and saves time . . . dispenses forever with oil cans and fuses.

It can be bought throughout Canada on the Golden Jubilee Easy Payment Plan to accommodate any budget. Be sure you see this Westinghouse creation before you buy any washer.

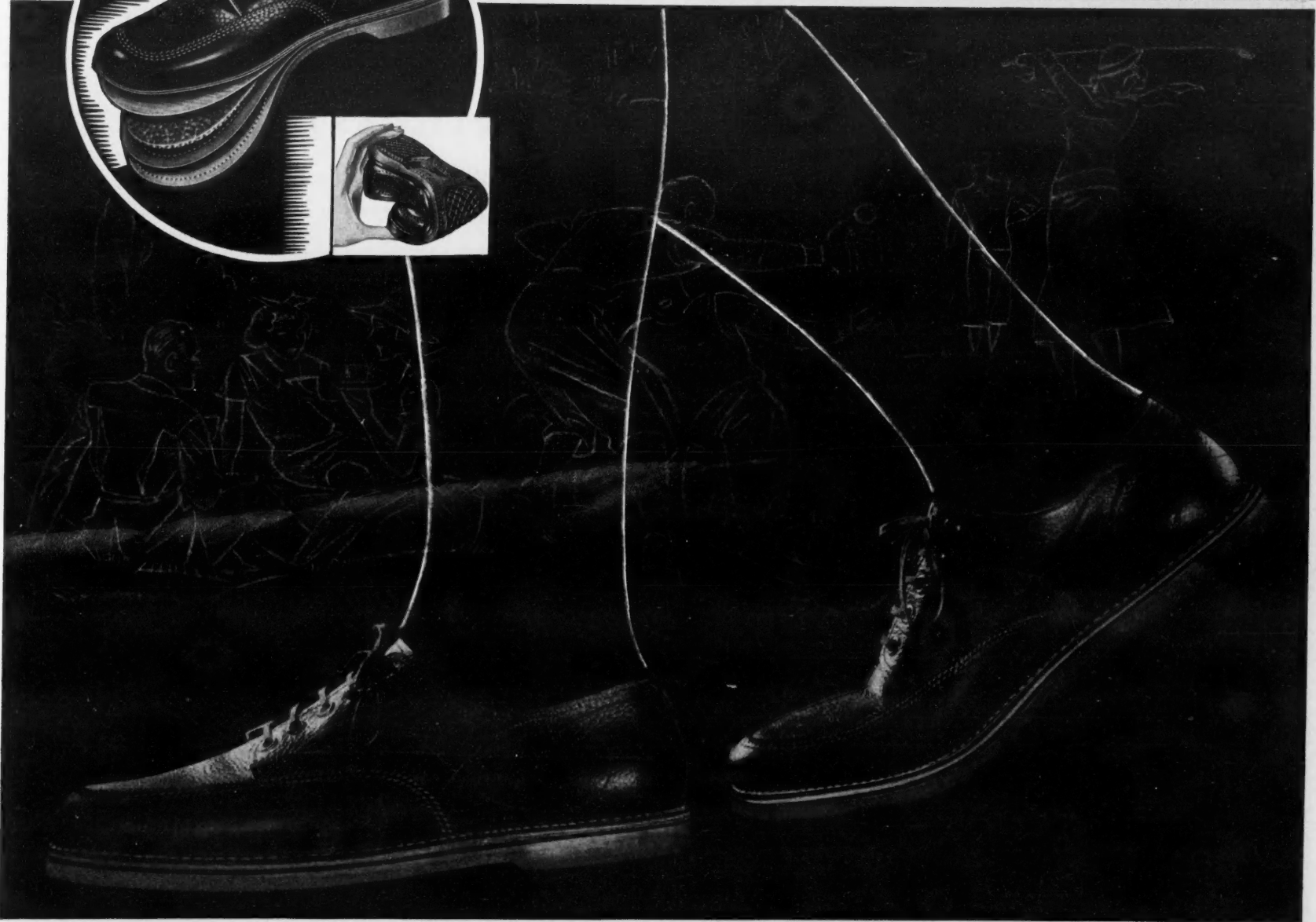
# Westinghouse

## *Cushioned Action* WASHER

REFRIGERATORS · RANGES · WASHERS · RADIOS · APPLIANCES · LAMPS · RADIOTRONS

# The HEALTH SHOE

*for summer*



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SISMAN SCAMPER LABEL  
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# Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor



"SO I stepped into the chaos of that upset little home." The setting is a little homestead in Northern Ontario. The speaker a Red Cross nurse, Madame Louise de Kiriline, who nursed the quintuplets through their first amazing year.

Five days after they were born, Madame stepped into the little house. Now, for the first time, she tells the authentic story of what occurred inside it, during the first year. *Chatelaine* brings you the enthralling story prior to its appearance in book form. Next month we publish the first chapters.

For the past year Madame de Kiriline has been writing her book and I can promise you something very special. For you live through the sensational early days with Madame de Kiriline, when, with the world clamoring for news of the miracle, the nurses, under the famed direction of Doctor Dafoe had to struggle for the quintuplets lives—often moment by moment. You learn the routine of the babies upbringing; the secrets of their beautiful health. You understand, for the first time, all that the first year really meant.

But that is not the main function of the book. As a noted Red Cross nurse, Madame de Kiriline feels that the greatest mission the Dionne's have, is to show to other mothers what they, too, can achieve with a proper knowledge in the care of their children.

Since healthy children are the heritage of a great nation, and since the Dionnes, under Dr. Dafoe's care, have demonstrated what the right procedures will do, we feel that this book of Madame de Kiriline's is one of the big-est publication events for many years.

*Chatelaine* is proud to be the means of introducing it to the women of Canada.

NOT LONG ago, a small notation from the Bureau of Statistics, startled *Chatelaine*.

It reported a 24 per cent increase in the number of divorces granted in Canada last year.

It is obviously too large an increase to overlook. Especially when one considers the statement made by a prominent woman lawyer that divorce figures represent only one-fiftieth of the saddest, most irreconcilable marriage trouble.

What's wrong? Why, when Canada has always prided itself on the stability of its marriages, should there be such sudden upswing?

You'll find a cross-section of opinion as expressed by men and women whose work brings them into constant contact with the problem, on page fifteen. It's a dramatic recital; an important one, too.

It's all very well to tell children "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after." Perhaps it's the fact that people are too prone to foster this idea with grown sons and daughters, that they discover so much trouble ahead.

Doesn't it come back in part to the fact that we're so utterly haphazard in our training for marriage?

What do you think? I'd like to publish some of the

most interesting letters discussing the question—providing they're brief enough!

VANCOUVER this year, is celebrating its fiftieth birthday. To honor this beautiful city, and to tell a story of a woman's magnificent courage, we're publishing the dramatic poem "The Heroine of Moodyville"—the tale of Emily Patterson, wife of a Mill Manager in Burrard Inlet, B.C., who in 1883, before Vancouver was started, answered a call for help in a heroic manner. Nora M. Duncan, who writes the story in lyrical verse, lives in Vancouver and has spent much time studying the history of her province.

And while we're speaking of women fifty years ago—contrast their daily lives with those of their granddaughters today. For then, women who didn't have every minute taken up with baking and sewing, had to spend the long afternoons "making formal calls, painting china, or making hair bracelets." Today, in Canada alone, over half a million women meet together at least once a month to discuss problems of the day—and to raise enough money to do something about it.

If you've ever thought lazily—or lazily—that modern women live in a futile round of pleasure; that women's clubs do little more than pass resolutions—read the astonishing story of what has actually been done in "Half a Million Women," by Kathleen Ryan, on page twenty-eight. It will open your eyes to the magnificent accomplishments of our women.

THERE ARE delightful stories in this issue. Take "The Feminine Touch," by Mildred Foulke Meese, who, in private life is the charming wife of a young Canadian doctor. Here's a dramatic bit of life picked up from any summer cottage in Muskoka, Lake of the Woods, or Qualicum Beach. Here's the beautiful blonde youngster every mother dreads; the flighty young thing who won't be worthy of her son. You'll recognize her—and everyone else in the story. "Overture in Moonlight" is by a world-famous writer, Velia Ercole. Her romances are enjoyed wherever magazines are read. This is a haunting bit. "Hi, Captain Pinkie," is a rollicking story of young love and life on the B.C. coastline—and "Mr. Culver Gallivants," the story of what happens to thousands of husbands when their wives are away. Get your husband to read it and see if there isn't some incident in his own life that reflects the general theme of the story.

Here's a special warning—don't, whatever you do, miss the July *Chatelaine*. For that beautiful painting of flowers I've been telling you about is on the cover. And there'll be plenty more reasons for getting inside, I promise you!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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# REFURNISH .....

*And Know You're Right*



Redecorate now—but redecorate with proven merchandise... with sanitary, easy-to-clean, work-reducing house furnishings such as Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs... identified by the Gold Seal on their surface which guarantees you "Satisfaction... or Your Money Back".

Muddy paws... or muddy little feet cannot mar the beauty of genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs, for a damp mop keeps them spotless.

The smart pattern shown here is "Brielle", Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 433... but it's only one of the many new designs on display at your dealer's. Sizes from 6 x 9 to 9 x 15 ft. Prices begin at \$5.50 (slightly higher in the west).

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED  
MONTREAL

*This Gold Seal is your  
safeguard... it identifies  
the only*



**CONGOLEUM**  
Gold Seal Rugs and Congoleum By-the-Yard



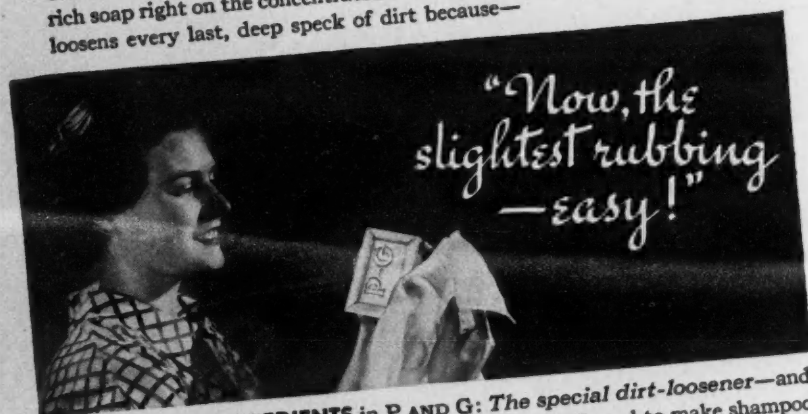


"Watch P AND G's lightning-fast work on dirty spots!"



"Good P AND G on the dirty streaks—a short soak"

**SAVE YOURSELF RUBBING!** Just run your sudsy cake of P AND G Naphtha over all the extra-dirty spots, streaky neckbands and cuffs. Concentrate this rich soap right on the concentrated dirt. Roll up to soak a few minutes. P AND G loosens every last, deep speck of dirt because—



"Now, the slightest rubbing—easy!"

**TWO SPECIAL INGREDIENTS in P AND G:** The special dirt-loosener—and the special suds-builder (it's the same fine tropical oil used to make shampoo soaps so lathery)—work together to dissolve grease—to lift out the buried dirt. Now—a light rub, or a turn in the machine—and your clothes are snowy-clean!



"Spic-span white—spotless!"

**AND P AND G IS WHITE—GETS CLOTHES WHITER!** It cuts down that gray hard-water soap-scum. Rinses easily—rinses clothes white! Amazing economy, too! The big white cake costs so little—but does over a hundred-piece wash. Get P AND G White Naphtha Soap today. It's fresh. It stays fresh.



MADE IN CANADA

"And P AND G is grand for dishes, too. Makes china sparkle. Nice on my hands, too."



## Partnership Play

You've got to know it—if you want to be a better bridge player . . . **AMY STEVENSON**

IF ONLY we could all realize the importance of our partners, we should treat them with the tenderest consideration. Now this advice is easier to preach than to practise, for partners can be very trying at times. We all know the partner who insists on playing the hand himself or herself, who thinks a very problematical "four diamonds" plus honors in his own hand is preferable to a certain "3 no trump" in yours; the partner who breaks rules and says, "Oh, I am only out for amusement;" the partner who moans when your lead does not please him.

And then there is the partner who dashes your innocent pride in a well-played hand by saying lightly: "You are so lucky, you always hold good cards."

Still we must remember that bridge is a partnership game, and be nice to our partners. I think it was Culbertson who said that given two pairs in a duplicate match, of whom one pair were experts who disliked and distrusted each other, and the second pair were weak players who were congenial and accustomed to play together, and he would back the weaker pair to win.

Then think of the responsibility laid upon your partner, as upon you in your turn. First, there is the question of his responses to your bids. I have dealt briefly with no trump responses—raises—last month, so for the moment I confine myself to suit bids. You are East, and open with a bid of one heart. Now whether South passes or bids, West must try to show any strength he may possess. As I said, he should not raise the suit on the first round without four little trumps or three to a high honor. But even if he has this support, plus a trick and a half, and has a suit of his own, what should he do first? Raise your suit or show his own? Opinions differ, but as a rule I much prefer my partner to show his suit first. For instance: East 1 heart, West 1 spade. Most people take the "one over one" as forcing for at least one round, so that West can raise the hearts on the next round. Of course some hands are obviously meant to be played in one suit, and if that happens to be the one bid by your partner, give him your full raise at once.

Take another case: East 1 heart, West has little support for hearts and no bid-dable suit. But he has  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 H.T. in his hand. He should say "2 no trump." If he has  $3\frac{1}{2}$  H.T., he either bids 3 no trump or makes a "jump" bid in another suit; e.g. 1 heart, 3 clubs. This says, "Partner, I have  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or more H.T. My suit may be only 3 cards, but with my strength and yours combined game should be certain, and a slam is possible." This "jump" bid

is an absolute force to game, and the bidding must go on until one or other arrives at a game bid.

This forcing bid is much safer than the much talked-of opening bid of two in a suit. Some systems do not consider this last as a force to game, but all Culbertson players use it as such.

Look at the following hand: I was South and dealt.

N		E	
♠	8 5 4	♠	10 6 2
♥	J. 5 3	♥	10 9
♦	J. 6 5 4	♦	Q. 7 3
♣	8 7 4	♣	Q. J. 10 9 5
W		S	
♠	Q. J. 9	♠	A. K. 7 3
♥	Q. 8 6 4	♥	A. K. 7 2
♦	10 9 8	♦	A. K. 2
♣	A. 6 3	♣	K. 2

The bidding—opponents passed through-out:

South—2 spades (1) North—2 no trump  
South—3 hearts (2) North—3 no trump  
South—Pass

(1.) The correct weakness response to a forcing bid.

(2.) Again weakness.

East led the Queen of clubs and poor North was hopelessly trapped, East and West ran off 5 clubs at once—on the last two clubs North discarded two spades and a heart in the dummy, and West played first the 8 of hearts (signalling to his partner to lead the suit) and then the 9 of spades. East, of course, led a heart—but let us draw a veil over the scene.

Had I followed Culbertson's new rule for an original two of a suit bid, I would have called a modest 1 heart or 1 spade, and all would have gone well. Of course it was a very unusual hand, and we certainly need not expect to find such a distribution as a rule. But it is a good illustration of the possible dangers of an original bid forcing to game.

Culbertson's new rule just mentioned is briefly this. First, count your honor tricks, not allowing more than two in each suit, and then your losers. If your honors are less than the possible losers, do not open with two in a suit. In the above hand note that my honor tricks were  $6\frac{1}{2}$  but my possible losers were 7.

[Continued on page 45]



Chatelaine for June, 1936



FOR AN INSTANT THERE HAD BEEN A BRIEF, ELECTRIC TENSION. THEN SAMMY DROPPED TO THE SAND BESIDE THEM.

*Michael said, "She's the kind of little thing you'd like to put in your pocket". But sometimes there's a force like dynamite behind*

# The Feminine Touch

by MILDRED FOULKE MEESE

MRS. SNOWDEN was ashamed of herself. She ought to be; she admitted it freely to herself. When Michael, a redfaced and howling infant, was first laid in her arms she had vowed a vow. Never would he have to chart a course between Scylla and Charybdis, the devil and the deep blue sea—his mother and his wife. *She* would have sense. She would be so thankful when the time came that he was safely delivered into the keeping of a decent girl, some girls being what they are, that she would thank the gods and resign.

That was twenty-four years ago. And in spite of the memory of that day still strong within her and an even stronger recollection of Michael's paternal grandmother (who would have made an excellent top sergeant), this day, now that it had come, was not all sweetness and light. But she'd die before she'd admit that to anyone but herself.

She looked around the room she had just finished arranging. It was the best room in this, their summer house. It was spacious and full of windows. The view of the hills from one side and of the lake from the other was perfect; the mattress was of equal perfection in its own sphere. Ruffled curtains, newly starched, swayed in the warm June breeze. The bookstand, holding a reading lamp and all the newest fiction the house afforded, was comfortably near the bed. Fresh towels, monogrammed, hung in the adjoining bathroom. On the mantel above the fireplace yellow roses were tucked with friendly blue forget-me-nots in a lustre bowl the exact shade of the deep piled rug. Borrowed family effects, Ruth's dresser accessories, Michael's Roycroft desk set of hammered copper, Mr. Snowden's favorite bedside radio, her own luxurious chaise longue—all added their touches of color and comfort.

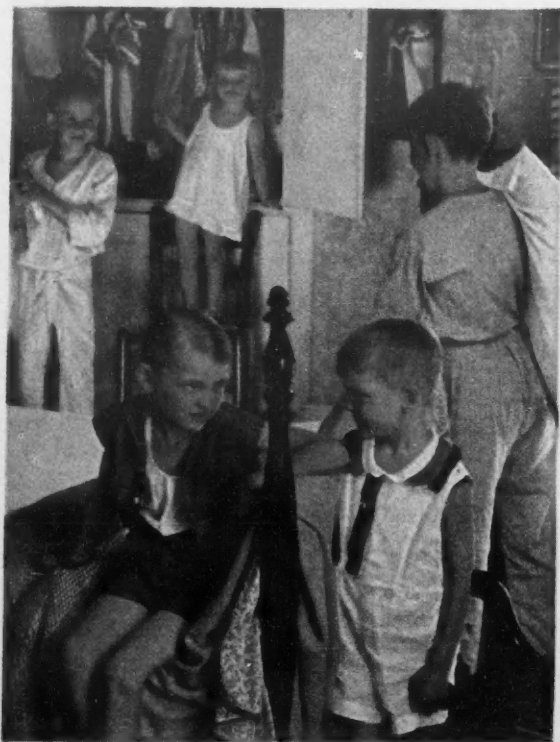
"Well, Norah, I guess we've done everything we can for Michael's girl," she said cheerfully, pushing her still black hair back from a damp forehead. Mrs. Snowden physically did not look like Michael's mother; mentally she hoped she was. "Ruth will have a fit if she misses her dresser things, but she'll just have to stand and deliver this time. I'm glad she can't come out till next month, I'll admit."

Norah grunted. She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from the bedspread, twitched the soft wool of the blue blanket across the foot of the bed, then surveyed their handiwork.

"An' perhaps ye'll be tellin' me why it's so particular we're bein' this time," she said dryly. Norah, green from Ireland, had come to the extremely new Mrs. Snowden twenty-six years before. She had lost the greenness but not all the brogue, nor any of the devotion she instantly had



# "With 5 young Children... I need Chipso, the double-job soap"



PERSONAL VISIT TO CHIPSO HOME  
No. 57

"'Nice clothes' . . . also 'very dirty clothes' . . . in our wash! CHIPSO is the only soap that's IDEAL for both"

The children of Mrs. Howell R. Wood, certainly do have fun! They live a short ride from town on a small farm where they can have chickens, a Great Dane named Mike, and their beloved old pony. My, but they get dirty, though!

No dull moments when five youngsters get dressed! "Come, do hurry up!" pleads Jerry—but Austin likes to loll on the soft, Chipso-washed blanket. Jimmie swings a mean pillow at "Roly" (Howell, Jr.). Jim wears Roly's outgrown pyjamas—they wear a long time when they're washed with Chipso! Margie Jean says, "May I wear my pink dress, Mummie?" It's 2 years old, but she loves its bright colour, unfaded by Chipso washings.

"In half a day the children's clothes are ready for the tub," says Mrs. Wood. "If Chipso weren't such a fine soap they'd certainly fade and wear out fast!"

"There's always a great basketful of dirty play-clothes waiting for Chipso," laughs Mrs. Wood.

"But we have lots of nice 'Sunday-go-to-meeting' clothes, too. With our big washings, we can't take time to wash each nice coloured garment separately—or to pick out all the finer things to do by themselves. That's why I use Chipso. It's the safest soap I know for quick work.

"Chipso never draws colour out. It's safe for fine materials. And it gives such good suds that even the boys' play-clothes never require really hard rubbing. This easy treatment makes all our clothes wear longer."



All these clothes washed three years in Chipso.

4 years ago this blouse was brother Howell's.



These clothes are 3 years old.

Mother made this dress two years ago.

This print has been washed in Chipso for three summers.

The colour stays where it belongs in this Chipso-washed suit!

Some people complain that blue fades easily, but Chipso has kept this suit good-looking for 3 years.

The polo shirt is this year's, but the shorts have stood hard wear for three!

## USE CHIPSO FOR DISHES . . .

*it's fast-washing, yet smooth as cream on your hands!*

"You never have greasy dishwater or streaked dishes with these grand suds," says Mrs. Wood. "And Chipso suds are soft on my hands—they leave my hands smooth as silk. With our large family, we have stacks of dishes every day . . . I know what I'm talking about when I recommend Chipso."



MADE  
IN  
CANADA



*Look...  
Smell... Feel*

TRY CHIPSO this week. You'll notice that Chipso looks WHITE, not yellow . . . smells FRESH, not strong . . . feels SILKY, not harsh. These are the marks of a rich, fine-quality soap. It's a surprise that Chipso costs so little, but it's no wonder that CHIPSO MAKES CLOTHES WEAR LONGER!

## ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

family'll be in and out all afternoon; tell Mike to stick up the bathing shirt when you're ready." She peered around the door into the guest room.

"My word! What trimmings. Expecting royalty?"

"Maybe," Mrs. Snowden acquiesced, not too soberly.

"Ha! A romance! That lad, Michael, I'll be bound."

She took it squarely, no change in color. Only a too sudden darkening in the blue eyes. Mrs. Snowden tried hard not to see that. "I knew something was up the minute I entered the house. No tennis rackets in the hall, no golf bags to climb over, no mandolins to slip downstairs on..."

"Now, Sammy, don't malign our housekeeping. Come along, I've got to put fresh sheets on Mike's bed."

"I'll help. Maligning? Not me. It's a comfortable house."

They went on in easy familiarity to Michael's room at the other end of the hall. "I wasn't sure they'd get here today until Michael phoned about an hour ago."

Sammy flipped a sheet firmly across the bed, tucked it in under the corner of the mattress with strong brown hands. She nodded to a photograph on Michael's desk.

"Is that Juliet?"

"Well, I haven't asked, but I suppose it is..." Little and fair and dainty and makes you want to—

"Mike's got good taste, Mike's mother," Sammy said grinning, as she plumped a pillow. "Isn't she the pretty thing? All blonde and fair. Wouldn't it be swell to be that white. Me, I must have had an Ethiopian cavorting around in my family tree somewhere. Bad enough to be built on the general lines of the Eiffel tower and to be brown as an Indian, but freckles, too! Tch! Tch! My color scheme is too much like that awful snake skin Mike insists on keeping on his wall. How he sleeps without getting nightmares—well, I'll be shoving along and let you dress."

"Come back to tea. And don't forget the swim."

Sammy pulled her lithe young body into a nerve relaxing stretch. She dropped her arms. "Okay, I will if I can. Say hello to Mike for me but don't wait if I'm late. Andy and I may dunk ourselves soon if it gets any hotter. I'm sticky. Can I beg a cookie from Norah?"

Mrs. Snowden knew she would not be back to tea. She had not meant her to be, really. Better to have it done in one stroke if it needed to be done. And there was the other girl to consider.

"See how hard you have to beg. She made your favorite hermits when she heard you were coming out soon."

Mrs. Snowden's greeting was just right, not so informal as to be negligent, nor at all portentous.

"How do you do, Annetta?" she smiled. "It is very good to have you here. Do come into the shade. It is too bad of Michael to have broiled you in the sun with the top down this hot weather."

"Thank you, Mrs. Snowden. It is good of you to have me. It was hot in the car but you can't imagine how dreadful it was in town. This is lovely."

The girl smiled back, an angelic smile part of such seraphic beauty that Mrs. Snowden all but gasped. Heavens! no wonder Michael looked like the proverbial cat in possession of the canary. No mere man could be expected to resist this.

Mrs. Snowden returned Michael's hug, then shoed him off.

"Ask Norah to bring us something cool, Michael. We'll sit here for a few moments before we go upstairs."

Michael was lean and tall and dark, and he towered above the tiny frail Annetta as though very loath indeed to leave. "Don't you like her, mother; don't you like her?" he was saying to his mother, although aloud he said only: "Okay, I'll see what Norah can dig up. We'll have a swim after we've cooled off, as soon as the gang appears anyway."

Annetta gratefully accepted the chair Mrs. Snowden pulled into the deepest shade for her. She removed her hat and gloves and laid them neatly in her lap until Mrs. Snowden took them from her. With her hat off, the pink and white loveliness was all the more startling in a world

which believes in parboiling itself. She was little and fair and dainty. She had hair that was the frosty gold of a baby duckling. It was drawn into a smart wave, despite which it escaped into tendrils about her face. Like Sammy her eyes were blue but with a difference. They were china blue and in them was something—Mrs. Snowden could not quite interpret what it was.

"Whatever it is it hardly seems one could say 'beautiful but dumb,'" she reflected. Nevertheless, her attempt to fathom it was effectively resisted. She was beautifully and most carefully dressed. Nothing fussy, nothing careless; every detail perfect. They chatted easily together. Michael came back.

[Continued on page 26]



"Bless the darlin' macushla. If I float across the bar you'll know the raisins have swelled and are bearing me up." Sammy skimmed down the stairs. "Norah, ye bonny Scotch lassie, wherre arrrh ye?"

BY THE TIME Michael's car turned in the driveway Mrs. Snowden had persuaded herself back into her original frame of mind. It was too bad about Sammy. Nothing would have pleased her more than to welcome Sammy, the daughter of her oldest friend, into the family. Michael, however, had apparently not thought of it that way so she reluctantly but vigorously banished the thought. Michael's choice would be her choice. If this should be it she would try to believe it a good choice.

Her mind had completely adjusted itself by the time the car drew to a stop at the terrace by the side of the house. This was Michael's girl. She waved in friendly fashion from the doorway in response to Michael's prolonged tooting, then moved on to the terrace. Michael was opening the door as on a treasure, helping the treasure out of the car.

"Here we are, mom," he said, pride strong in his voice. "This is Annetta."





felt for the young bride who knew so little more than she did about proper housekeeping.

"Many's the time Michael's been bringin' a girl along to ye," she continued, "but ye've never before been stealin' everybody's pet things off them. Just wait till Mr. Snowden misses that radio!"

"I know. Just the same it's going to stay there. Michael wanted everything nice for her and we don't have as many extras here as in the town house. This girl"—she hesitated . . . "Well, Norah . . . I gather this girl is someone rather special."

She was thinking of Michael's letter:

You'll love her, mother. She's little and fair and dainty, makes you want to pick her up and put her in your pocket for safekeeping. Isn't that a silly thing for one to say? But it's a way she has . . .

You were a peach to invite her for a month. I hated to ask it this hot weather, but she's at rather a loose end this summer—people in Europe—and it seemed too good a chance to miss. And I do want you to learn to know each other. You'll love her . . ."

Norah flounced to the door, or came as near flouncing as her generous two hundred pounds would permit. To the peril of her scalp she jabbed a hairpin with vicious energy into the greying wad at the back of her head.

"Well," she said flatly, "if it's me ye're askin', which I notice it's not, I'd be tellin' ye that he could be goin' no farther than his own doorstep and not be farin' so bad. 'Tis a pity he can't be seen' that, the young numskull."

Mrs. Snowden smiled. Norah adored Michael. Her Michael, she called him, for hadn't he been her heart's own blood since the day she had laid him in his mother's arms? Let anyone else try calling him a numskull.

"Well, Norah," she said placidly; "no doubt this girl is very nice. And we can't make their choices for them."

"'Tis noticing that I've been for some time," Norah agreed darkly. "Well, no more of this wastin' time. I'll be lookin' after me dinner now." She glanced out of the window a moment, then added one parting shot, though with little of satisfaction in her tone.

"An' who do ye think is comin' up the walk this minute?"

"Who, Norah?"

"Sammy, no less."

Mrs. Snowden groaned.

"Oh, dear. And I was hoping she wouldn't get home from school until tomorrow!"

Norah lumbered down the hall. "Coward!" she called back.

"Tell her to come right up, Norah."

"NO INVITATION needed. Who's a coward?" Sammy Payne, known as Sammy for nobody knew what reason except that it was as unlike her name, Edna, as possible, ran lightly up the stairs.

"Oh, it's good to see you again," crushing Mrs. Snowden in an enveloping hug. "Mother tells me you beat us by a week this year. I thought I'd never get here; the heat's awful in town. Come swimming?"

"Good to see you, too, Sammy. Your mother thought you wouldn't get here until tomorrow." Mrs. Snowden smiled into a vivid brown face lighted by two of the bluest eyes in the world and speckled with a spattering of undeniable freckles. "I'd love a swim but I can't just now. I've got to dress. Perhaps later."

Sammy nodded. "Oh, all right. Any time. It's so good to be here I don't care about anything but just existing. The



THERE WAS AN IMMENSE SATISFACTION AS THEY SWUNG OFF TOGETHER. NORAH WATCHED THEM TRIUMPHANTLY.

# MOONLIGHT



"I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK," HE SAID, "I HAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. BUT IT IS GOING TO BE WORSE, LEAVING YOU NOW."

all her life's happenings. There was frost in the night, and her footsteps rang out sharply. She was the only moving thing in the still and silent world, a world drowned in the moon, sharing its cold, white death.

At the corner of the road, a man passed her—old Mr. Huskisson, hunched in his greatcoat, stabbing the path with his stick. Lennie bent her head, and the old man passed on, peering at her, but uncertain of his recognition. In her heart Lennie cried, "Darling, darling, don't let anyone stop me from getting to you. So few minutes left. I can't waste any more minutes." When she turned into the lane which led to fields bordering the railway line she began to run. On the other side of the railway embankment the main road ran, the road which led to the cities. Steve was waiting for her there. When she saw his car, its deeper darkness bulking in the tree's shadow, her strength failed her and she stood still for a moment, panting, muttering his name through cold lips, "Steve, Steve, my darling. . ."

over and over; and though that sibilant whisper was inaudible to the boy, the moon disclosed the presence of his love. Lennie heard the slam of the car door, then her lover's arms were round her, and they stood, locked together, wordless, until the torment of the last few hours, after a minute's heightening to almost unbearable exquisiteness, began to dull. Then their bodies grew quiet, and with

cheek pressed to cheek their young eyes sought the moon, and they found safety and blessed content for a little while. Steve said shakily:

"I couldn't go. It wasn't so bad for about thirty miles. Then after I left Southden, every mile, it was hell. I kept stopping the car. It seemed crazy to be going away from you. Were you surprised when I telephoned?"

"Surprise? I don't think I felt anything like that. I was half-mad too. Relief, I think. Like when an awful pain stops. I felt quite safe and happy for a while afterward. Did I sound stupid? It was such marvellous luck my going to the phone. But I had to whisper. Mother was out in the hall."

"Did you have trouble getting away?"

"No—yes—trouble trying to pretend, wasting time telling lies when I was aching to get to you. They think you've gone. I said I was going to the library."

"Lennie—" Steve's voice was thick suddenly, and broken. Peace and security fled from him. The shadow of the irrevocable parting fell blackly through the white night. He caught Lennie tightly in his arms and she swayed in his hold, tasted his despair in his kisses.

"I shouldn't have come back." He groaned. "I had to see you again. But it is going to be worse, leaving you now."

Lennie said nothing. There was nothing to say. She

drooped across his arm, and stared with wide, frightened eyes at the silvered fields which stretched into far darkness. Steve shifted his arm and brought her round to face him, and her small, pale head cupped in the hollow of his arm was like a flower, like a moon-ghost and the pain that was in the darkness of her eyes met his own pain.

"I'm spoiling it," he said. "And I wanted to make it easier, make you happier if I could. Your face this afternoon. I couldn't go on, seeing your face like that in front of me all the time. It's all wrong." Steve said with sudden passion. "But after your father talked like that, I thought he was right. All those things he made important. And he made me unsure of myself. I always thought I was an average kind of chap, then I began to wonder if there was some unchangeable streak in me. All the resolutions I had made, to make myself different for you, seemed strong. I felt nothing would break them or me, as long as I had you. Then he talked. A woman can't change a man, he said. A man must make himself."

The wisdom of all women opened to sudden flowering in Lennie's young heart.

"That's right. But a woman can make a boy into a man. He's forgotten about people being young and how they change."

Steve said drearily,

[Continued on page 47]



# OVERHURD



"ANDREW . . . MY BELOVED . . ." DARLING MOTHER. THE LETTER WAS DATED 1911. MOTHER SITTING WRITING THIS AND LOOKING LIKE ONE OF THOSE QUEER OLD FASHIONS.

LENNIE switched off her bedroom light and stood quite still in the darkness. She thought of slipping out of the house without saying a word to anyone, because with this dreadful trouble of her mind, this pain of apprehended loss, she had hardly wit or strength to go in and face her parents, or achieve her lies with the correct carelessness.

But she knew swiftly that it had to be done. It was wrong of families to be so intimate, so loving that one could not even go out of the house at night without saying where one was going. Better to get it over now, than have an ordeal of questioning when she returned. Because when she returned.

At the thought of that return, panic exploded in her breast and she turned and ran to escape the upheaval in her mind and body. By the time she entered the lounge room she was nerved, desperately ready for the situation.

Her father was at the table, the lamp drawn close to his book. His sight was not good and when he was without glasses his particular defect which made him peer and blink gave him an effect of gentleness, of helplessness. This was misleading in a way. He was gentle, but he was hard as iron when he believed himself to be right. But Lennie in her most intense moments of loving him always saw him with that helpless, gentle expression. Just as she always saw her mother watchful, tender, anxious, asking questions with her eyes and finding her own answers, then fetching a coat or something when one was likely to catch a chill after playing tennis.

Her mother looked up now, like that.

"But darling, must you go to the library? The house is full of books. Surely you can find something to read without going out in this cold?"

"Daddy," said Lennie conversationally—her hands were cold, like small blocks of ice—"people who don't read can never really understand about books, do you think?"

Her mother did not mind that. She was too secure in her love and their loving.

"If there was another bookworm in the family, we would have to move out the furniture."

"All the same your mother's right, Lennie. There are plenty of books you haven't read. That ill-fated birthday present I gave—"

"Oh, darling. . . not to go to bed with!" "You loathe good literature, don't you, child?" Mr. Wallace said amiably. "Let her go after her trash, Charlotte."

Mrs. Wallace said, "I've finished this corner flower, Lennie. Look." She spread her embroidery on her knee and Lennie went across, dipped her bright, young head and dragged intelligent comments from her mind's maze of torment.

But suddenly her mother looked at her, caught her hand. "Darling, you're cold as ice. Lennie, are you ill?"

Lennie swung her hand away brusquely. "Good heavens, mother! Of course I'm not ill. I always have cold hands."

Mrs. Wallace looked across at her husband. He knew, too. She realized that. He was watching the girl. But what could they say? It was no use saying any more.

Mr. Wallace cleared his throat. "Would you like me to walk down with you, Lennie? We'll take Rufus—"

"If you'd like, daddy." The effort to achieve that casualness was terrible. She could hardly breathe, fearing her father would accompany her. Mrs. Wallace caught her husband's eye. Leave her alone, she signalled, and then said, loudly, brightly:

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Andrew. You're just getting rid of your cough, and on a night like this. . . Lennie, I've been thinking. I doubt if that coat will carry you through the winter." She eyes the girl speculatively, a deeper watching, hidden in her eyes' brown depths. "Your father and I were wondering about your Christmas present and we thought about a fur coat. . ."

Misery welled in Lennie. A cold, grey tide. They couldn't be expected to know that all the desires one had had were lost now. Did they think that by granting old desires they could hurt her less in refusing the new?

Mr. Wallace said eagerly: "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Lennie?"

"Yes, daddy. Yes. It's sweet of you. But Christmas is a long way off yet."

"Not so long. Only two months. It will soon be here. We must make this a real Christmas, Charlotte. How about asking Beth and the children? It's a long time since we've had a house full."

"It would be nice," Lennie said. But her nerve was going. It was torture to waste these precious minutes. She said in a rush:

"I'll go now, I think. I may come straight back, or perhaps stay in the reading room for a while and look at the new magazines. Anice told me she was changing her books tonight." But she realized she was babbling, and stopped abruptly.

*Her father said:*

*"We should have taken better care of her"*

*Her mother said:*

*"She'll get over it eventually"*

*But what Lennie said and did about it, makes a poignantly tender story*

by VELIA ERCOLE

"Will you take Rufus along with you for the run?" "No—oh, no, daddy. He won't stay outside and he jumps up on people. I—I—well, I'll go now."

HER PARENTS watched her go from the room, and in their mind's eye saw her go farther out of the house into the cold moon-washed night—the beloved little figure, forlorn, unhappy, desperately unhappy and alone, hurrying through the moonlight.

"Charlotte, we were right," Andrew pleaded. "She's too young. It was too much of a risk. In these uncertain days—"

"Of course, of course."

"It should never have happened," Andrew said angrily. "We should have taken better care of her."

"You can't shut girls up, Andrew. . . except by loving them the way we love Lennie. It has the same effect. She has listened to us. She's doing what we say she should do."

"But it's hurting her." He was silent for a moment, but found the silence no more bearable than speech, so drew his book toward him and sighed.

"She'll get over it," his wife said. "And if she doesn't, at the end of three years this boy may have changed, become responsible and done well."

"I don't know that that was a good idea of yours, to promise her. I don't like his type. He's a bit wild."

Mrs. Wallace reflected. "Probably in a few years he will have steadied down. But the point is—"

"It seems to me you're trying to confuse the point."

"I'm not. We've been right. The point is—this boy has nothing yet."

"I'm not going to have my daughter struggling, fighting, insecure as we were. Life is too dangerous these days. It's—"

"Don't work yourself up. It's all over. He has gone away, hasn't he?"

"Yes. He went today, Lamont told me." Andrew subsided. "I want Lennie to start where we left off."

"I want that, too."

Mr. Wallace settled his glasses. The printed page was blurred before his eyes. "She'll find an older, more responsible man, who can take care of her," he said defensively. "She'll forget this boy soon enough. She scarcely knows him."

AND LENNIE, hurrying along the street, was thinking that this night would live for ever in her mind. Sharp needle-points were etching the picture on her brain, and the long white road and the looming blackness of the unstirring trees would be the irremovable background for

# Approach to Love

by REITA LAMBERT

**S**HE DID very well, as the morning papers testified. Practically all of them found the story worthy of a front-page spread—Singer And Heiress Stage Impromptu Drama In Restaurant. Exclusive Supper Club Scene of Quarrel Between Sari Bardell and Manon Benafit.

Patrons of one of the city's most exclusive and expensive night clubs witnessed an exciting encounter last evening when Miss Sari Bardell, plaintive singer of plaintive songs, discovered Miss Manon Benafit, daughter of the baritone, Sandor Benafit, and herself a noted pianist, among the guests. Miss Benafit was recently named as chief beneficiary to the estate of Amelia Kinhurst who died last March in France. Mrs. Kinhurst's nephew and closest of kin, Mr. Leigh Hastie of — Park Avenue, this city, received a thousand dollars from his aunt's estate. As Mr. Hastie's fiancée, Miss Bardell took exception to what she considered this injustice, and the meeting between the two ladies resulted in a spirited battle of words.

Sari had done very well indeed. She had told her story with obvious and winning reluctance. She admitted that she had lost her temper. "I'm afraid I behaved shamefully." The sight of Manon who, after all, would not have received a cent if it hadn't been for Mr. Hastie himself—but perhaps she shouldn't have said that. Well, since she said that much she might as well tell them the facts. And she told them how Amelia and Sandor had not spoken for ten years until Leigh had effected a reconciliation. . . . No, of course she couldn't say that Amelia had been influenced against her nephew. She was simply telling them the facts—well, yes, Amelia had been an old lady; over eighty. After the reconciliation and Leigh's departure from France, the Benafits, father and daughter, had spent much of their time at the château of the deceased.

Naturally, Sari said, Mr. Hastie would deplore all this unpleasant publicity, but since she had so far forgotten herself as to quarrel publicly with Miss Benafit, she must do what she could to atone for it. And truth was preferable to garbled facts. Of course, Mr. Hastie was too big, too fine to contest the will though his aunt had assured him verbally and in writing ever since he was a little boy of her intention of leaving him her fortune. Naturally, Mr. Hastie being a rich man in his own right and the Benafits practically penniless—

Henry Ventori had some vague notion of keeping the story from Manon, but Corabelle said how on earth could they? With the telephone ringing every two minutes and those reporters hanging around outside even after Henry had threatened to throw them out of the window if they didn't leave. "But we'll break it to her gently—kind of prepare her," Corabelle said.

And so when Manon came downstairs, Corabelle hurried to her and said in a sepulchral purr: "Don't be frightened, dearie, but we've some bad news for you."

Henry said, "Heavens, mother! Do you call that breaking it gently?" and sprang to Manon's side. "Hold up, sister. It's neither sudden death nor disaster. Just a little newspaper scandal." He handed her the most conservative of the morning papers. "Sari's got herself some free publicity, that's all."

Manon stared at the headlines. After a moment, she sat down on the sofa and read Sari's statement of facts. As she read she could see Sari's face, thrust at her across the table, sharp as an enraged little cat's, her lips curled back in a scarlet leer. She could see Leigh, grey and horrified, his hand closing round Sari's wrist. She could see the staring

eyes of the diners at the surrounding tables and Charlot hurrying toward them, his plump hands ironing the air, and the dancers slowing their steps to listen " . . . landing here looking like an immigrant. . . . chisel half a million dollars out of your poor old aunt. . . . you told me yourself. . . ."

Leigh had told Sari a great deal, evidently. Manon dropped the paper with a shudder, stared at it as at something monstrous.

"I wouldn't take it too hard, dearie," Corabelle said. "Nobody's going to believe anything she says!"

Manon looked up and Henry Ventori groaned in his soul; her white face was stamped with an expression of such bitter disillusion and disgust. "I don't know why they shouldn't," she said. "It's all quite true."

"Listen, Manon, she's done this deliberately. . . . to set you against Leigh. She knew it would make you sore at him: that's what she's counted on. Ten to one she knew she was losing him. She hadn't sense enough to realize that this is the very thing that would queer her with a man like Leigh. . . . throw him right at you! If you take it like this, you'll be playing right into her hand. You don't want to do that, do you?"

"No, I don't want to play at all," Manon said and stood up. "I don't know why I ever tried in the first place. I've never been very good at games: I've never really cared for them."

Corabelle threw a helpless glance at her son. "Now, dearie, of course you're upset. That's perfectly natural. But you mark my words, Leigh Hastie will be romping over here any minute to apologize—"

"If he does, would you mind telling him that it isn't necessary?" Manon said. "Would you tell him that I'd rather not see him; that I would rather never see him again?"

"But, I don't see how—what are you going to do?"

"I'm going home," Manon said. "The *Ile de France* is sailing tonight—funny, isn't it, that I happened to notice the announcement yesterday. I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll go up and pack."

She started toward the spiral iron staircase and Corabelle hurried after her. "Now, dearie, don't be foolish—walking out like this just when everything's beginning to break right for you! And anyway, tonight! You can never—"

Manon continued up the stairs and Corabelle followed panting, letting out explosive, futile protests, knowing quite well they were futile.

THUS IT WAS that when Leigh did arrive, there was only Henry to receive him. Henry did not move from his position before the fireplace, made no gesture of welcome. He said, "Hello, Hastie!"

Leigh's unshaven beard shadowed the lower part of his face, enhanced the haggard hollows in his cheeks. He had the air of a man who has been running to the point of exhaustion, but his voice was steady enough. "How are you, Henry? I'd like to see Manon if I may. Is she about?"

"Yes, she's about," Henry said. "But she left word that she'd rather not see you."

Leigh's head jerked up. They exchanged a long, inimical look. Then Leigh's eyes swung to the crumpled newspapers on the floor. "I see," he said. "I—I suppose she has read that—that—"

"Who hasn't read it!"

"I'd hoped perhaps—look here, Henry, she's got to see me. I can't let her think—I've got to try to explain—"

"She asked me to tell you that it wasn't necessary," Henry said. "She also said she didn't want to see you today or any other day."

"So that's what she said!"

"Those were, as nearly as I can recall, the lady's words." "You get a good deal of pleasure out of repeating them, don't you?"

"No. Strange as it may seem to you, I don't." He left the fireplace and crossed the room, stopped within three feet of Leigh. "But I will get a good deal of pleasure out of telling you what I've been wanting to tell you for a pretty long time, Hastie. You're a big fool!" Leigh's chin shot out and his arms curled upward. Henry grinned his weary grin. "No gentleman would sock his host," he said.

"Counted on that, did you?"

"Yeah. I'm no fighter. Never had any desire to be—until today."

Leigh's arms dropped slowly to his sides. He wet his lips, shrugged and produced the ghost of a grim smile. "I see what you mean. I don't know that I blame you—from the way this thing looks—from the way it sounds—"

"If I could do it, and if it would help matters any, I'd break every bone in your body."

Leigh nodded. "If it would help matters any, I'd let you," he said, and drew the back of his hand across his mouth. "But it won't. The only thing that may help is for Manon to know the truth. Since she won't see me, perhaps you'll tell her that I never told Sari any of those things in a spirit of resentment. I did tell her the story of the quarrel between Sandor and my aunt—long before my aunt died—because I was pleased to have brought two old friends together. Sari lost her temper; she resented the fact that my aunt left Manon her money; you know how women are—"

"I know how Sari is," Henry said.

"If you could make Manon understand. . . . I wouldn't have had it happen for—I wouldn't have hurt her like this—"

He turned and walked to the window and Henry said: "I'll tell her what you've said, not to set you right, but because—"

"I don't care what your motives are as long as you tell her!"

"I'll tell her," Henry said. "But what are you going to do?"

"What can I do!"

"Issue a statement of your own; deny the story."

Leigh turned and came back to him. "That would only make matters worse, keep the thing in circulation. Besides, if I deny the story—" he lifted his shoulders, smiled again that sick, bitter smile. "A gentleman can hardly call a woman a liar in the public press."

"What about the things she called Manon in the public press! She lied—"

"No, she misrepresented the facts, that's all. There's no reason why Sari should suffer for my mistakes. It's not her fault, it's mine. All of it." He walked slowly to the door. His shoulders sagged; he looked inches shorter than his normal six feet one. At the door he turned and looked back at Henry. "I feel like the lowest worm that ever crawled the earth," he said. "It's just as well Manon wouldn't see me. You can tell her that for me, too, if you will. That she'll never have to again, as long as she lives."

LEIGH HASTIE had never thought very deeply about anything. He had taken life pretty much as it came and it came rather too swiftly for him to segregate and analyze any given aspect of it. Life, for Leigh, unrolled like a film, sequence following sequence in pleasant and logical succession. But occasionally a scene flashed on the screen that made a deeper impression on his consciousness than another. His brief encounter with Manon Benafit in France had been such an experience. [Continued on page 88]



*Life takes a sudden twist for little Manon—  
a strange awakening from old dreams awaits  
her in the concluding installment of Reita  
Lambert's vivid story of today's sophisticates*



"Stop it!" He stood facing her and shouted in fury

"You're not to mention her again. If you do, I'll . . ."



*What's wrong with marriage? Noted  
men and women give their answers  
as explanation for the upward  
swing in Canada of*



# Divorce

**L**AST YEAR there was a twenty-four per cent increase in the number of divorces granted in Canada. Nearly 1,500 marriages were thrown on the public scrap-heap in the courts and parliament of the Dominion. 1934, in turn, showed an increase of twelve per cent over the previous year.

What's wrong? Why the sharp upward curve in a country which has prided itself on the stability of its homes and the lasting quality of its marriages? Is it the depression? Is the American attitude affecting Canada? Is divorce cheaper? Married life harder?

Chatelaine sought the answer. From married men and women, judges, lawyers, churchmen, social service workers, government officials. Some indications of an amazing change in outlook juttred up from the general body of feeling. Listen to this.

"Of course divorce is becoming more frequent. One day an enlightened parliament will make it compulsory in certain cases. I can think of no greater crime than that of allowing couples to continue to live together and procreate children, whether they are married or not, if either parent is the victim of a social disease, insane, or a habitual drunkard. It should be punishable by the criminal code."

So says Dr. Rose Henderson, Ph.D., member of the Toronto Board of Education. Twenty-three years of welfare work have taught her that depression and social upheaval such as Canada has known of late, result in frayed nerves, quarrels—and divorce. The amazing thing is that so many families have come through intact.

"Divorce courts of Canada are a disgrace to the country," said Hon. Charles W. Hoffman, Judge of Cincinnati's Domestic Relations Court, on a recent visit to Montreal. "What business is it of ours to pry into the private affairs of men and women when they ask to be allowed their freedom? It should be sufficient reason that they don't love each other and don't want to live together any more."

"We're becoming more American—less British," is the comment of S. Tupper Bigelow, Toronto lawyer and Board of Education member, who would add desertion, cruelty, insanity and crime to Canada's single divorce grounds—infidelity.

Mr. Justice Nicol Jeffrey of the Supreme Court of Ontario, stated in court recently that he believed at least seventy per cent of Canadian divorces were now mutually agreed upon (by collusion). It all has to do with a desire to change mates, in the opinion of Senator J. J. Hughes, whose bill now before the Senate would forbid the re-marriage of the guilty respondent in a divorce. Thus he believes he would put a sudden halt to ninety per cent of divorces. The only difficulty with that idea, replies Rev. Claris E. Silcox in the Canadian Social Welfare magazine, is that it "would seem to leave no course open to the divorced party who wishes to remarry but an arrangement for the murder of his spouse."

Besides, he adds, if this bill is based on the theory that marriage is a sacrament for life and it is criminal to break it, who should be punished? The guilty respondent, or the innocent petitioner who is, after all, the mover in the legal

proceedings and therefore takes the initiative in breaking the bond?

There's danger of confusing divorce itself with the break-up of marriage, says Mr. Silcox, who is general secretary of the Social Service Council of Canada. "The one is an indication of swiftly changing times, failure to fit into new standards, a new social scheme. The other (divorce) the mere written 'finis' to what may have been a long story of tragedy and bitterness."

"Alarums and harsh pronouncements about divorce on the part of the church won't help the situation. If religious bodies wish to maintain marriage as a spiritual union, they must shoulder the responsibility of educating young men and women for the great experience. Many couples spend the first six years trying to find out what it's all about. Marriage clinics with trained psychologists would be invaluable. Scientific birth control methods would make for security and basic sex adjustment, which is the greatest single problem of marriage. The world war brought a new social freedom and lightness of attitude toward marriage, which is emphasized by modern fiction and the theatre. The old marriage is gone; in its place must be built a newer, wider and more substantial union to meet new conditions."

**WHY IS divorce increasing in Canada?** Because it's getting cheaper, promptly replies Vera L. Parsons, Ontario's only woman divorce lawyer, who handles numerous cases annually. When petition had to be made to the Senate, the minimum cost was \$500; the average \$1,000 to \$1,500, prohibitive to many. Today, divorces cost \$250 to \$300. In social service work, costs are sometimes cut to \$100.

Miss Parsons's contention that the average marriage ending in divorce is not broken until eight, nine or ten years, is borne out by statistics for Ontario. In 1935, the average marriage (divorced) lasted six years; in 1934, twelve and a half years, and in 1932, eighteen years. So it isn't the youngsters who take a dive in and quit when they meet the first breaker.

"It's very well for people who have never known the bitter suffering of years of unhappy marriage to hold out against divorce," says this able woman, "but I know that divorce represents only one-fiftieth of the saddest, most irreconcilable marriage trouble. Long separation without divorce is unhealthy for both men and women. The question of children has usually been settled long before the divorce stage." (Judge Stanley S. Mott of the Ontario Juvenile Court finds delinquency among children of divorced couples negligible.)

Miss Parsons sets a two-year separation period. If there is no possibility of resuming conjugal relationships after that time, she would grant divorce for a variety of reasons—habitual drunkenness, insanity, life imprisonment, legal cruelty in forms dangerous to life.

**ACTUALLY, DIVORCE** figures are much higher in Canada than the census indicates. Remarried divorcees are not listed. Many Canadians obtain American divorces which are not recognized in law in Canada.

Today, ninety-five per cent of divorce suits are not contested. Although British Columbia and Alberta, with their high percentage of foreign-born population, stand second and third to Ontario in divorce rating, data would indicate that the majority of those obtaining divorces are of British stock. Many Americans have settled in those provinces, however. The urban divorce rate is much higher

than that in rural areas, due in some measure to the fact that numerous European settlers have a religious background which does not permit of divorce.

Until 1926, Canada differed from other countries in that men sought the highest number of divorces. War time, with its attendant prolonged absence of the husband, resulted in cases of faithlessness on the part of the wife. The growing idea that where divorce is not opposed by either member of the partnership, the man accept the onus of guilt, is suggested as cause for the change, in some quarters. The fact that Canada began as a pioneering country, with a large preponderance of males, is another. Annulments in Quebec are a story in themselves, with nothing to show in divorce figures for this much challenged practice.

**ALBERTA'S SOCIAL CREDIT** attorney-general is so disturbed about the province's high divorce rate (400 in 1935, the highest per capita in the Dominion) that he is asking the Alberta Supreme Court to take some action. The Hon. John W. Hugill, K.C. believes that the guilt of the plaintiff, where it is indicated, should affect the divorce proceedings. In the interests of public morality, he says, the court should investigate the private life of the "innocent" party as well as the guilty one. Developments are expected shortly.

Private Detective Charles Hull, who has been engaged in hundreds of Canadian divorce cases, adds his evidence to the weight of opinion that fully ninety per cent of all divorce cases before the Ontario courts involve collusion, connivance and corruption. In this, he is at variance with Miss Parsons, who has found in her legal experience that divorce frequently following a separation of some time, is usually obtainable quite within the spirit as well as the letter of the law.

**DOES THE** growing independence of women contribute to divorce? Yes, in that many who are now economically independent refuse to "sit back and take" any sort of shameful treatment. So agree Miss Parsons and Mr. Silcox.

In teaching us a sense of independence from superstition and false ideas, science has failed to give us the proper link with religion, Judge Stanley Mott believes. That will come, but for the moment, emphasis is placed on the physical virtues, and loyalty, courage and courtesy are neglected. Divorce is one of the evils of such an outlook.

Canadian divorces are increasing because we are under a financial and social strain; marriage is changing in its meaning; its values, and individuals have no equipment with which to meet the change. It's increasing because it's cheaper and, in some senses, easier to obtain. Because many advanced thinkers believe a bitterly unhappy marriage is worse than a broken one; and that unsound marriage does not promote the good of the state.

And yet . . .

Mrs. R. I. Eagleson, an Irish-Canadian, looks back today over fifty years of happily married life. She sees her five children and fourteen grandchildren about her. "You can't build happiness on a flimsy basis," she says. "If you want a lasting marriage you must marry for life. Today, marriage is regarded as we used to think of engagement. Mutual faith and dependence, loyalty and co-operation are the same old, simple rules by which the marriage moves forward steadily. And if there were more children, there'd be fewer divorces."



# Should They Have a State- Mother?

••

by

MADAME DE KIRILINE

*who nursed the Quints  
during their first critical year*

regating the five sisters into separate families for obvious reasons is an impossibility, I am sure there are many with me who feel that he has put into expression a vague uneasy feeling regarding the present trend in which the influence of exaggerated publicity and the deplorable misunderstandings between parents and guardians is affecting the future development of the babies.

Can it be possible that this article of his was, after all, a timely warning?

More in the matter of life and death of these five babies than in the fate of any other infants, the nursing and conscientious carrying out of the commands of modern science, by the means made available at the backwoods home of the quintuplets, have played a significant and conclusive part. It is not so far-fetched then, in this case, to feel that there lies a positive and weighty responsibility in the shaping of these babies' future on the shoulders of those who were the instruments of one, if not the most important, of the potentialities which induced them to hold on to their slender thread of life—modern science.

Modern science, as represented by Dr. Dafoe, is still, more than a year and a half since the time of their birth, in full charge of the welfare and happiness of the quintuplets.

But the doctor's position is none too enviable. He helped to give the babies continued life. He is at present the one who is, morally, fully responsible for the foundation which is now being laid in the soul of each little quintuplet baby for happiness and a successful life. So long as he is in charge of their physical rearing and mental education, which run so closely hand in hand during the first years of childhood, his is the obligation to keep them unaffected and unhampered by disturbing and distressing influences which can have harmful effect upon their future attitude to life.

The Dionne babies', and for that matter any child's right to the best possible chances of acquiring the most adequate basis upon which to build their lives is, I think, indisputable. Is that not, after all, the only acceptable thing of value that one generation can offer the other?

The babies' multiple birth, their fortune as well as their worst handicap, was none of their fault and represents no reason why they should be made the innocent victims of freakish nature. None of them asked to be born with four other little sisters at one time to a young mother, whose previous six children had provided her no experience in the delicate matter of premature

babies' care. Nor did they insist on living during the first months of their precarious existence.

If there is any possibility to avoid it, is it quite fair to expose them to suffering caused by the disadvantages of fame which in regular doses is the very means by which their physical comfort, if not happiness, is assured?

No, emphatically no! The babies should come first in every aspect, from every angle in which the problem might be viewed—that of the parents, of the doctor, of the state guardians, of the tourists of Ontario, of all those who have in a small or a big way contributed to the babies' survival, and of all those who have only been interested in them from curiosity. I think no one can be of different opinion on that particular point. The babies should come first under all circumstances despite all other considerations.

WHEN THE babies reached the age of two months and the probability of their eventual survival became more and more assured, when the prospect of cold winter months in an inadequately heated and ventilated farmhouse in which no excessively delicate infants could hope to survive loomed uncomfortably near, with the menace of repeated promises by inexperienced parents to mercenary showmen threatening to place the five little lives in irresponsible hands, the parents were persuaded to divide their authority over their small daughters with four responsible men, including the doctor.

Subsequent events vouch for the justification of this step. The means pouring in on the family in gifts and revenues from the commercialization of the babies' publicity could now in the hands of these men be diverged into their right and proper channels, and satisfactory provision made for the caring of the babies under appropriate conditions. Their new house was built and the babies, for the sake of their health and to give them a fair chance of survival, were separated from the family for the time being.

The babies were, at the moment of moving, dying from an ailment contracted by the inadequate resources of surgical cleanliness in their old home, and some of them would assuredly have died if the timely completion of their new airy and sunny home had not been achieved.

A few months later, this provisional guardianship was dissolved by a bill put through the Parliament of the Province of Ontario, and the babies, to provide full security for their childhood until their coming of age, were made wards of the King. [Continued on page 64]

I OFTEN WONDER if it would not, after all, have been fairer to the babies to have left them alone when they did not want to breathe."

In the midst of the stormy clashes of differing opinions which raged so many times during the first year of life around the innocent heads of five unknowing small children whose immediate future was the bone of contention, one of their nurses once made this remark as she stood looking down upon a blooming baby sprawled before her on the high-barred pink cot in the abandon of healthy dreamless slumber.

It has stuck in my mind by its possibility of a certain justification, despite its discrepancy especially from the point of view of a nurse.

It was with a great deal of interest and appreciation that I read the views of the famous psychiatrist, Dr. Adler, of Vienna, on the dangers threatening the future happiness of the babies in their present environment and life.

Although Dr. Adler's suggestion of seg-



The quints in a scene from "The Country Doctor" Copyright NEA.



Then it happened. The cruiser stopped with a jerk which knocked them over.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

touched high voltage and, mumbling something about getting under way, she stumbled forward to the pilothouse.

She didn't know exactly what had happened to her. There was a mist before her eyes and her hands on the wheel weren't quite steady. Blindly she headed out into the Straits. Around Point Allison. Watch out for the shoals. Across Pheasant Cove. Darn that knock in the engine.

A figure darkened the pilothouse door. "Just nosing around looking her over. She's a neat little craft."

He had to stoop to get through the door. He lighted a cigarette and stood close beside Pinkie so that she could smell the faint man-fragrance of him. Tobacco. Shaving cream. Wool. Her hands gripped the wheel until the pressure hurt. She said something about the *Tag-a-long*. Purely formal. Her voice sounded far away.

"Funny, I never knew Bernice had another sister until today. Where do you keep yourself, Pinkie?"

"Oh—here and there." She wished his eyes weren't so blue and his hair so black. It wasn't fair for a man to be so good looking.

Bernice appeared in the door. "Getting acquainted with

Pinkie, Allan?" She slipped an affectionate arm about Pinkie's shoulders and beamed at her. "How do you like my little sister?" patronizing her.

"She's not like you, Bernice." Pinkie suspected that their eyes conveyed some silent message behind her back. "But she'll do. Shall we go back and sit down again?"

There was no doubt of it, the Pinkie who returned to the Naknak dock was not the same girl who had left so casually two hours earlier. Something had happened to her. Something swift. Something terrifying. Black hair. Blue eyes. A breadth of shoulders—well, it had happened.

Trotting silently at the heels of Bernice and Allan Lockwood as they sauntered along the dock Pinkie didn't see the rangy figure unfold from the rigging of a cat-boat and vault to the dock.

"Hi, Captain Pinkie."

Pinkie glanced around. Ricky, none-too-clean corduroys flapping about wide-planted legs. Hair dishevelled. Hand raised in a salute. Their salute.

"Hi, Captain Ricky!" Only she didn't say it. She said:

"Lo. What d'you want?"

"Where've you been? Forgot we were going to sail over

to the point this afternoon? The wind's just right. Come on, before it dies down."

Pinkie said, measuring the widening distance between herself and Allan Lockwood: "Sorry, Ricky. Busy. Tomorrow maybe."

"Well, say—!"

She ran a little to catch up with Bernice and Allan Lockwood.

Who was he? Was he in love with Bernice? Was Bernice in love with him?

The answer to the first question was not difficult. Pinkie merely strolled into the girls' room and listened a few minutes before dinner.

A polo player. Nationally known. Then he was Somebody. As if she hadn't known it. Dreadfully popular. She'd known that, too.

"But how did you get him to come down here for a couple of weeks if he's so popular?" Not very diplomatic, that.

"Maybe he likes me. Stranger things have happened," Bernice answered, unruffled.

"Maybe he wants a taste of salt [Continued on page 53]



**H**ER NAME wasn't Pinkie, of course. It was Gwendolyn. But nobody knew that except the census taker and the family. And the family had discarded it when her first crop of hair had made its appearance in a shade neither salmon nor apricot but a startling crossbreed of both. Pinkie she was, then, and Pinkie she remained.

It was a bad beginning, certainly. And as time went on it looked worse. For Pinkie at eight, at twelve, at fourteen was a freckled, all-legs-and-arms creature who made faces at people behind their backs and built devil slides in the backyard.

But by that summer of her seventeenth year it looked as if the Creator might be reconsidering Pinkie. Her hair turned darker; her body actually took on a hint of curves. And if not quite all the freckles had vanished, it was without question because of the *Tag-a-long*.

The little cabin cruiser hadn't been purchased especially for Pinkie, but she had appropriated it. While the family was summering at Port Naknak, Pinkie practically lived aboard the boat. She knew all the idiosyncrasies of its internals. In it she had explored every cove and point on the lower part of the British Columbia coast and could tell you where the best clam beds were and how the tides ran on any strip of beach between Vancouver and Bute Inlet.

In all this she was aided and abetted by one Ricky Reed. Ricky had a cat-boat which he had made himself, with suggestions from Pinkie. He had a mobile mouth, a shock of wind-blown hair and the eyes of an imp.



*When a seventeen-year-old girl first realizes the importance of making a careless man care very much indeed —there's bound to be plenty of excitement*



He said to Pinkie once: "Here's an idea. A honeymoon in my boat. We could sail up the Inside Passage. Pretty hotcha."

And Pinkie demanded: "Are you trying to propose?" There was nothing coy about Pinkie.

"Just giving the matter a little thought," Ricky answered. "Of course I could do worse—though not much worse. As for you—consider my qualifications." He began checking them off solemnly on his fingers. "One boat named *Sea Breeze*. Two silver trophy cups. Those always help out on mantels. A fine collection of mounted butterflies . . ."

At about that point Pinkie interrupted loftily: "Don't bother about any more of it because I'm not going to marry any man. I'm not interested in men in a romantic way."

Pinkie meant it. Men were okay as pals. Handy around boats and to argue with. But how would she feel lolling around in porch-swings with them? Or writing letters beginning, "Darling," or wiggling her eyelashes up at them as Vi and Bernice did.

Vi and Bernice were Pinkie's sisters, although people said you'd never know it. They were blondes. The devastating kind. They always gave the impression of being busy with matters of grave importance. They were always interrupting Pinkie's plans to ask her to run errands.

It was Bernice who was annoying Pinkie this time.

"Pinkie, oh Pinkie—wait a minute!"

Pinkie was headed for the dock but she waited until Bernice caught up with her

"Be a good child and do something for me, Pinkie." Bernice panted. "Run me up to Driftwood Bay in the *Tag-a-long*. Allan Lockwood is there and the ferry has broken down again and I'll have to pick him up."

It sounded simple enough. Certainly Pinkie, at that point, could see no complications. She didn't even enquire about the guest. Some egg the girls had run to cover, prob'ly.

"Okay. Let's trip then," she said, hurrying her own steps. "I've got a date with Ricky this afternoon."

The tide was out when the *Tag-a-long* eased up to the dock at Driftwood Bay. Pinkie frantically made the lines fast, called to a solitary figure standing above her.

"Wake up, big boy, and lend a hand. Grab that rope!" "Pinkie!" gasped Bernice. "You talk like a stevedore. That's Allan."

"Oh," said Pinkie, meaning nothing.

SHE DIDN'T really look at the man until he dropped to the afterdeck and Bernice presented him to Pinkie. Pinkie thrust out a small friendly hand, smudgy with engine oil. But as his hand closed over it, she drew back as if she had

# HI! CAPTAIN PINKIE

by  
LETA ZOE ADAMS

# Good things

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These two soups from Campbell's Canadian Kitchens are the finest examples you can find of the old saying—"Good things come in small packages." For here, in these tidy red-and-white Campbell's Soup cans, are the choicest vegetables from Canadian gardens, and the invigorating goodness of fine Canadian beef, blended in soups that are at once a delight to every hungry appetite. Here are soups that men cheer for, that children ask for, that women are thankful for. Campbell's Soups combine the benefits of all these fine ingredients... these wonderful recipes... these years of painstaking skill in making fine soups for critical Canadian appetites. And being condensed, they are most reasonable in price.



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with Rice	Pepper Pot
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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL	

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# MY YEAR IN HOLLYWOOD



Ronald McRae

by JOHN SNETSINGER

**W**HAT IS Hollywood like?"

"What kind of people did you find the movie stars to be?"

"Is the surrounding country really sunny and beautiful?"

These seem to be the three commonest questions of some three thousand that my fellow Canadians have flung at me since my return to Toronto from the film capital, where I spent the entire year of 1935.

Now it seems that the popular way to answer these questions is to become very cynical—to maintain stoutly that Hollywood is greatly overrated; that the movie stars are uninteresting, immoral, grasping people; that California itself is not a land of sunshine and roses; and that we are very fortunate people indeed to be so far away from the whole, horrible centre of iniquity, ballyhoo and greed.

Unfortunately these are not the facts.

I use the word "unfortunately" because so many Canadians have shown genuine disappointment when I assure them that Hollywood is without doubt one of the world's most beautiful cities, that movie stars are, as a group, the most interesting people I have ever had the pleasure of knowing, and that the surrounding country is indeed a paradise of sunshine and roses.

There is no doubt that there are numerous people who have gone to Hollywood intent upon financial gain or personal glorification. Failing to fulfill their ambitions, these people are loud in their disapproval of everything and everyone associated with the film capital. They may have stayed for but a few weeks, met no one of importance, seen nothing. But they will expound the evils of the place for the balance of their lives.

A great number of people who are more susceptible to sneering than cheering, accept such findings and spread the tidings that those who provide us with our main source of entertainment are stupid, queer beings, who will most certainly go to a very hot place when they are no longer able to amuse and intrigue us. They visualize Hollywood as a cheap, gaudy city, where crime runs rampant and even go so far as to doubt that the climate and scenery are what they are cracked up to be.

Let's do away with such rumors for once and all. They are as ridiculous as they are untrue.

Hollywood is just as beautiful and moral as, for example, Toronto—and a great deal friendlier.

It was this cheerful friendliness on the part of the people that created the most lasting impression I received during my entire year there. It is not confined to the movie crowd, or to the thousands of citizens who have nothing whatever to do with the production of motion pictures. Both groups show extreme friendliness and hospitality—especially to Canadians.

This "design for living" was not designed for fair weather use only. I had ample opportunity of proving this during

THERE'S SO MUCH FALSE PUBLICITY AND GLAMOR ABOUT THE STARS — WHAT ARE THEY REALLY LIKE?

many weeks when I did not have one penny to rub against another.

The manager of the apartment house where I was staying did not trouble to remind me that my rent was overdue; and when I explained my position to him, he offered to loan me some money and wait until the following month for his rent. The small café on the corner where I had enjoyed an occasional meal, gladly extended credit to me and continued to serve me a better meal for thirty cents than I have tasted in any other restaurant for three times the price.

Remember, too, that it is not necessary to have a pocketful of money to enjoy Hollywood's major attractions.

Basking in the warm sunshine, swimming in the blue Pacific and strolling along palm-strewn, orange-scented avenues are all free for the taking, and numerous art galleries and libraries have open doors for those who seek cultural entertainment.

**BUT WHAT** of the movie stars?

Somehow, it is impossible even to mention Hollywood without immediately conjuring up visions of these much discussed people.

I believe most newspapermen who visit Hollywood have two serious faults that keep them from really getting to know the stars. First of all, they have a very definite, preconceived impression of what they will find the stars to be like; and secondly, they present themselves as newspapermen and force the star to adopt an "Anything I say will be used against me" attitude.

In order to avoid these pitfalls, I dismissed all preconceived impressions from my mind. Inventing many novel methods of getting into the various studios, I informally met and chatted with the stars. Very seldom did I present myself as a newspaperman. Several times I climbed over

the studio fence—a procedure that is not as simple as it might sound. I obtained work as an extra, studio guide, anything that gave me entrée to the studio and a chance to study its celluloid royalty.

Among dozens of players I interviewed by these methods, Alison Skipworth was the only one who uncovered my guise and accused me of being "a fake and a liar!"

At the time, I had obtained a job as an extra and seeing the grand old character actress enjoying her lunch all alone in the studio restaurant, I had asked if I might join her.

"I'm an extra here," I explained.

"Sit down!" she fairly shouted at me, and then: "What did you say you were?"

"An extra," I said, almost apologetically.

"Don't try to fool me," she said, eyeing me shrewdly.

"Don't you believe me?"

"No."

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Because you are obviously a newspaperman and a liar," she barked.

"Look here!" I replied rather stiffly. "I don't mind admitting that I am a newspaperman but I dislike being called a liar."

She shook with laughter.

"All newspapermen are liars," she insisted.

"How did you know I was one—I mean a newspaperman?"

"Because you are delightfully bold, you have a curious glint in your eye, and," she added, "you smell of ink."

"I smell of ink?"

"Certainly, if you cut yourself you would probably find your veins filled with ink."

"I'll try it some time," I promised.

Soon we were engrossed in an interesting discussion of stage vs. screen. As a former stage celebrity, I expected that she would consider the art of the stage much greater than that of the screen. But she doesn't!

"I prefer stage work," she admitted. "But I consider that an actress has to show just as much talent to be successful in front of the camera."

Bombastic and often inclined to be sarcastic, she is nevertheless one of Hollywood's best loved women.

During an interesting hour I spent with that great actor, Charles Laughton, he said of her: "Skippy is a dear; her bark is much worse than her bite."

"Do you feel that an actor has to show just as much talent for screen work as for the stage?" I asked him.

"Yes, I do. But I feel that stage work is more conducive to bringing out that talent."

"Would you rather make films with an American director in the United States or in England with an English director?" I enquired.

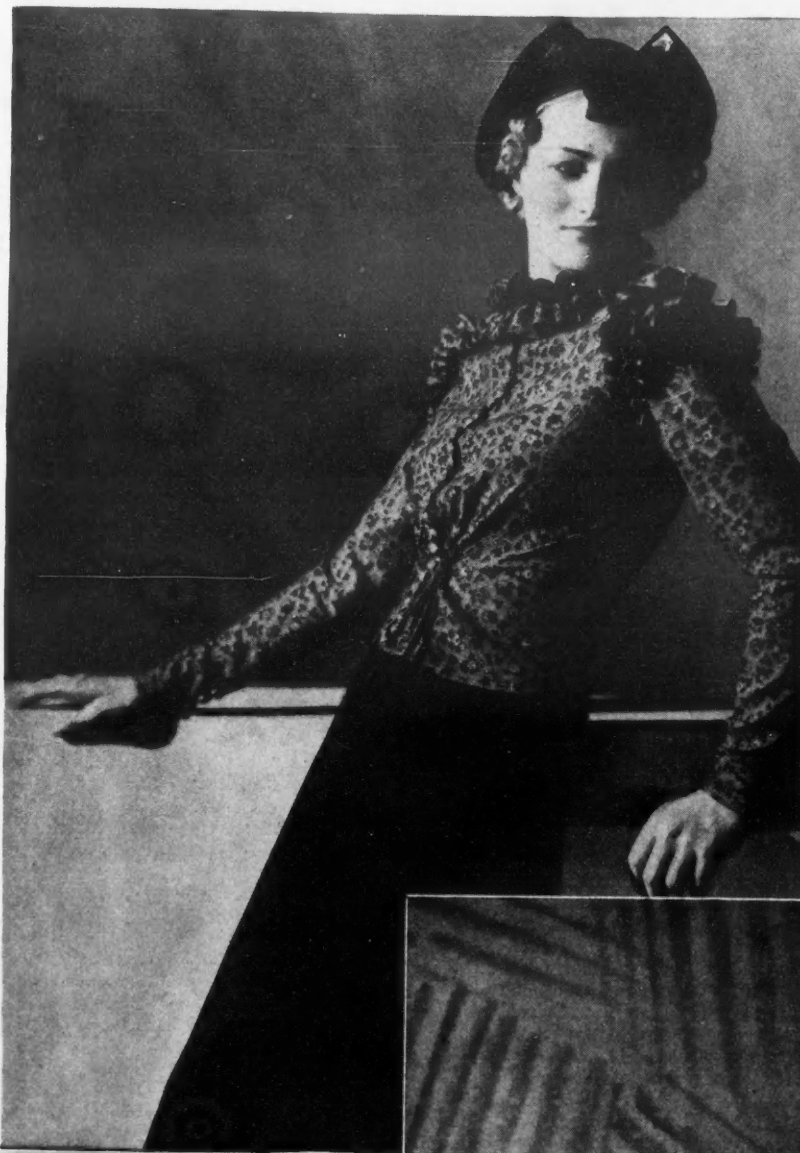
"In the United States, of course," he replied, and then added modestly:

{Continued on page 36}

# EVE is a Gardener

*Who Wears  
Her  
Gayest Blooms*

Done up in wallflowers and dressed in daisies . . . Fashion's making such a to-do about flowers this summer! Bruyere uses a quaint small-blossom pattern for an old fashion front-tucked blouse, with a new version of the Margot ruff. Marcel Rochas diffuses daisies enchantingly over a trellis of summery crêpe in a new outfit.



Gather ye rosebuds where ye may — but Rose Valois prefers to cluster her water-lilies all in an effective blossom-turban. It's a Paris landmark in the millinery season. Le Monnier creates a new shiny straw version of the coolie hat. It's bee-hived — and veiled. The brilliant flower motif is an oriental touch in the summer jacket with which it is worn — a distinguished ensemble.



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*for a recipe like this*

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*To make the pancakes*—Sift together 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 cup sifted cake flour. Beat 3 eggs until light, add ¾ cup milk and mix with dry ingredients. Add 5 tablespoons melted butter and cover a large skillet or griddle with the mixture, spread thin. Brown on both sides. Heap with crushed, sweetened strawberries, roll, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Then serve with mild, tangy Swift's Premium—the Ovenized bacon with the sweet smoke flavour.



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JUST AS HE WAS GETTING THE RHYTHM OF THE RUMBA, HE NOTICED THE SHOCKED FACE OF MRS. DAVIES. PERHAPS HE'D BETTER TELL MARY ABOUT THIS — THIS NEW FRIENDSHIP OF HIS, AFTER ALL

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

missed her. The recital added the last touch to his content. He was thinking of Mary, talking about her with this nice girl. The knowledge banished a certain uneasiness he had felt. Jane didn't say much but she listened sympathetically. When she spoke her remarks meant something.

"I understand about you now," she told Culver, when he had finished talking about Mary.

"What d'y'e mean, understand?" Hopkins asked suddenly. He had been listening for the last five minutes and winking at Fay.

"I understand now why Mr. Culver is drifting around like this, sort of on the loose," Jane explained calmly.

Hopkins roared with laughter.

"He does look like he's 'et his tag', don't he? You've got eyes in your head," he told Jane. "You got to make the most of him this week. He'll be on the leash again next Monday."

Culver was annoyed, but Jane remained serene.

"It's because he's like he is that we're in on this," Fay told Hopkins. "If you think we're girls that fall for every guy that wants to pick us up, you got another guess coming."

Hopkins looked hurt.

"How about me?" he wanted to know. "Ain't I lending tone to the party?"

"Not so we could notice it," Fay retaliated. "But Jane's a broken wire, too, sometimes. I give you my word there's been evenings down here when she wouldn't look at anyone. I'm all for a bit of quiet fun myself when gentlemen know how to treat ladies," she added, and firmly detached the arm Mr. Hopkins absently slipped around her waist as she spoke.

"Atta girl," Hopkins was unsnubbed. He led them to a dance pavilion with a canvas roof and open sides and whirled Fay out on the floor with an air. Culver would rather have talked, but he offered Jane his arm and led her into a sedate fox trot. He was a trifle stiff at first but not too hard to dance with, and Jane danced admirably. He found himself enjoying the dance quite surprisingly. He was not tall, only a trifle over five feet six, and he realized

with pleasure that Jane was a little thing. The top of her head was on a level with his breast pocket. She had bobbed brown hair and every clear grey eye.

After an hour of dancing Fay looked at a cheap wrist watch she wore, and both girls jumped to their feet as if animated by a single spring.

"We got just time to catch the last boat," Jane explained hurriedly. Hopkins expostulated. They could go back any time they liked on a train and a trolley. But the girls were hustling toward the pier and Culver kept close to Jane. Hopkins followed rather grumpily. His good humor revived when they got on the boat. They found excellent seats on the afterdeck, where three Italian musicians were playing. The little voyage in the moonlight was enchanting. The two men knew a lot about both girls by this time—what firm they were working for, what moving pictures they liked, where they lived in New York. The men were openly relieved when they learned that the girls' boarding house was in the West Forties, and not up Harlem way as they had feared. Hopkins signalled a cab when they got off the boat, and led the party to it with a contented smile. As they rode up town the girls mentioned that they had had a wonderful time.

"Let's do it again," Hopkins suggested, with a quick glance at Culver. "How about tomorrow night? How about dinner at Maxims? We can dance there afterward. Good music. Good floor. Are you on?"

The ladies were hesitating. Culver was not. He knew about Maxim's—an entirely respectable place where one could get a good table d'hôte dinner at a reasonable price, and where the dance music was said to be excellent. He had been experiencing an odd reluctance to say a final fare-

well to Jane. He added his invitation to Hopkins's and Fay accepted at once. Jane met Culver's eyes and nodded.

"It will be grand," she said simply. They were to meet at Maxim's at half past seven.

"Nothing doing there before that," Fay explained.

THE MEN left them at their boarding house. They escorted them up the rather shabby brown stone steps, and Hopkins took Fay's latch-key from her hand and unlocked the door. He and Culver said good night and returned to their waiting cab. Culver walked to the curb on air. He didn't know exactly what he had been nervous about, but he had been nervous about something. Abysmally he had dreaded some break Hopkins might make at the last minute—some abrupt departure from Fay's high standards as to the way gentlemen should treat ladies. But Hopkins was as dignified as a churchwarden. His face was wreathed in triumphant smiles as he dropped into the seat beside Culver. He yawned.

"Sure you want to take them on again tomorrow night?" he asked. "We can forget all about them, you know, if you want a change. But we might fall in with some gold-diggers. That wouldn't be so good."

"And leave those nice girls flat? Oh, no, I wouldn't like to do that." Culver spoke earnestly, shocked at the suggestion. He was also impressed by Hopkins's quiet assumption that girls were a necessary feature of any outing.

"I guess it wouldn't be the first time they were left holding the bag," Hopkins mused. "But it's okay with me as it is. Here we are at your place. The cab's on me."

But Culver paid his half of the cab fare. He also shook hands with Hopkins. Hopkins, he [Continued on page 50]



# Mr. Culver Gallivants..

*You never know what vagabond lies dormant in the most devoted of husbands, as this delightful adventure in gaiety will indicate*

by

ELIZABETH JORDAN

CULVER'S temperamental outbreak surprised Culver himself very much, when he looked back on it. One week he was the quiet, modest, rather self-effacing man he had been throughout the twenty-five years of his married and business life. The next week he was a passionate pilgrim searching for joy, and finding it.

The beginning of the change was natural enough. His Mary, the wife he had increasingly loved and admired for a quarter of a century, had left him alone. It was midsummer and New York's temperature was over a hundred. John Culver had expected to be desolated by Mary's absence. He was desolated the first night. He was so desolated that he seized his hat after his lonely dinner and rushed out into the world to get away from the echoing quietness of his apartment. No heart was in that apartment any more, no comfort. Absurd to tell himself that Mary would be back in a week, and that the table at his elbow in the living room held five new magazines and two new novels which she had bought and left there to solace his evenings. He couldn't read. Useless to remember that his apartment was cooler than the outer night. He could only sit at the open window and imagine the things that might happen to Mary. Drowning was one of them. She wasn't a very good swimmer. An automobile accident was another. Fred, the brother she was visiting, was a reckless fool on the road . . .

It was at this point that Culver seized his hat and went out. He had a vague plan of walking over to Fifth Avenue and taking a ride on top of a bus. Perhaps after that he could sleep, though he never slept well in hot weather.

On the way to the bus he met one of his neighbors, a man named Hopkins. He didn't know Hopkins very well. He was even vague about the fellow's first name. It was Frederick or Francis or something. He and Hopkins occasionally took the same subway express in the morning, and on the way down they exchanged a few banalities about the state of the business world. Tonight Hopkins looked tired and out-of-sorts. He was sauntering along the street, with his straw hat in his right hand, his eyes vacant, his expression remote. He looked so much as Culver felt that Culver was sorry for him.

"Hello," Culver said, as they came face to face. "Feeling the heat?"

"Yep." Hopkins stopped, took out his handkerchief and mopped his face to prove this. Culver, who had not meant to stop, looked at him sympathetically.

"So you're on this gridiron, too," Hopkins groaned. "But I suppose Mrs. Culver is still standing by."

"No, she left town today. I shipped her off because she was looking pale. But she swears she won't stay more than a week."

"My wife's off, too. Long Island. She stays till the middle of September. I go down week-ends. Gosh, I could do with a bit of sea air myself tonight."

Hopkins, who was restoring his handkerchief to his pocket, suddenly straightened as if struck by an idea. "Why don't we have some?" he jerked out.

"Some what?"

Culver, who had been about to walk on, stopped and

looked at him curiously.

"Some sea air. Why don't we take the boat to Coney Island and get cooled off? Or were you going somewhere else?"

"No, I wasn't, especially. That isn't a bad idea." Culver spoke slowly, thinking it over. He wanted to go somewhere. It didn't matter where.

"It's a mighty good idea. Let's go."

Hopkins's manner

changed, became brisk and energetic. He looked at his wrist watch and nodded. "We can pick up a cab here and catch the next boat. The sail down will cool us off, and there's always something doing at the beach."

He signalled to a passing cab as he spoke and Culver followed him into it. When they reached the wharf, Hopkins paid the cabman and Culver bought the boat tickets. The boat was crowded but they found seats beside the rail, next to two girls who philosophically crowded closer to their fellow passengers to make room for them. Hopkins was effusive in his thanks to the girls. Five minutes later he was talking to one of them and wisecracking with great animation. This was his first trip to Coney Island this summer, he explained, but last year he had come down often. Was there anything new going on, anything worth the attention of bright bulbs like his friend John Culver and himself?

The girls, it appeared, came down every week. They were nice girls, rather pretty and well dressed. Sisters? Hopkins wanted to know. No, just friends. They had worked in the same office for two years. They took their vacations at the same time, in September, so the worst of the heat would be over when they got back. It helped a lot to take an occasional boat ride on hot nights. The girl who had not yet spoken smiled at Culver, including him in the conversation. After that he and she contributed their share to it. He confessed that he hadn't visited Coney Island for seven or eight years. The two girls were regretful, almost shocked. He had missed a lot. They described the changes time had wrought in the last two seasons. Hopkins winked at them.

"We'll show him everything," he suggested. "The next time we all come down he'll be making a map of the island for us."

Culver was startled by Hopkins's quiet assumption that they were now a foursome. The girls exchanged glances, but let it pass. In the crowding and congestion of leaving the boat Hopkins made himself the gallant and efficient protector of one of the pair. There seemed nothing for Culver to do but follow his example and shepherd the other girl to the shore.

"Whew, that was hot work," Hopkins said when they reached the pavilion. "I suggest a long, cool drink."



He ignored the girls' doubtful murmurs. He found a table, seated them at it, called a waiter and suggested something cold. He was a masterful man. Both girls ordered ginger ale and got it without protest from their companions. Culver was rather taken aback by the briskness with which the evening programme now took shape, but he could find no fault with it. The girls were all right. They even tried to pay for their ginger ale when the check came. Culver settled that with a firm gesture and paid the little account himself. Hopkins was full of plans.

"I suppose you girls would rather dance than anything else," he said easily. "But it's pretty hot for that till we get cooled off. How about shooting the shoots first, and then showing Mr. Culver some trips to the moon and things like that? He's got to be brought up to date."

The girls hesitated again. One of them—the one who had smiled at Culver—still seemed doubtful. They finally agreed to shoot the shoots. It was an exciting evening. There were lots of new attractions. Culver found himself enjoying them immensely. Hopkins was a good guide and a cheerful companion. He punctiliously paid his full half of the expenses. He was unexpectedly tactful in thawing Culver's natural reserve, in making him laugh and talk. Culver was glad to let himself go a bit. He hadn't done this sort of thing for a long time. The girls were great, as nice as any of the girls in his own offices, yet they were the sort a man could be thoroughly at ease with. The situation was unconventional, of course, but there was nothing to criticize in it. Hopkins, too, was all right—a nice chap who knew how to treat self-respecting girls. Culver was sure those girls would have snubbed any man severely who got familiar.

QUITE NATURALLY, as time passed, the four divided into pairs. Culver had the girl who had first smiled at him, the quiet one of the two. Her friend showed an increasing tendency to giggle and to meet Hopkins on his wisecracking level. Her name, it was revealed, was Fay Simpson. Culver privately thought it a silly name. His girl's name was Jane Walsh. Already he thought of her as his girl. They had dropped into another pavilion for sandwiches. The girls had ginger ale again and some ice cream. Culver told Jane about his Mary and how he

# SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*



Miss Barbara Hebbard: "I have seen my pores become finer—even blackheads disappear!—after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

**Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres—to win back Smooth Line-free skin quickly. End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!**

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart. If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel—"They hardly had any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off—

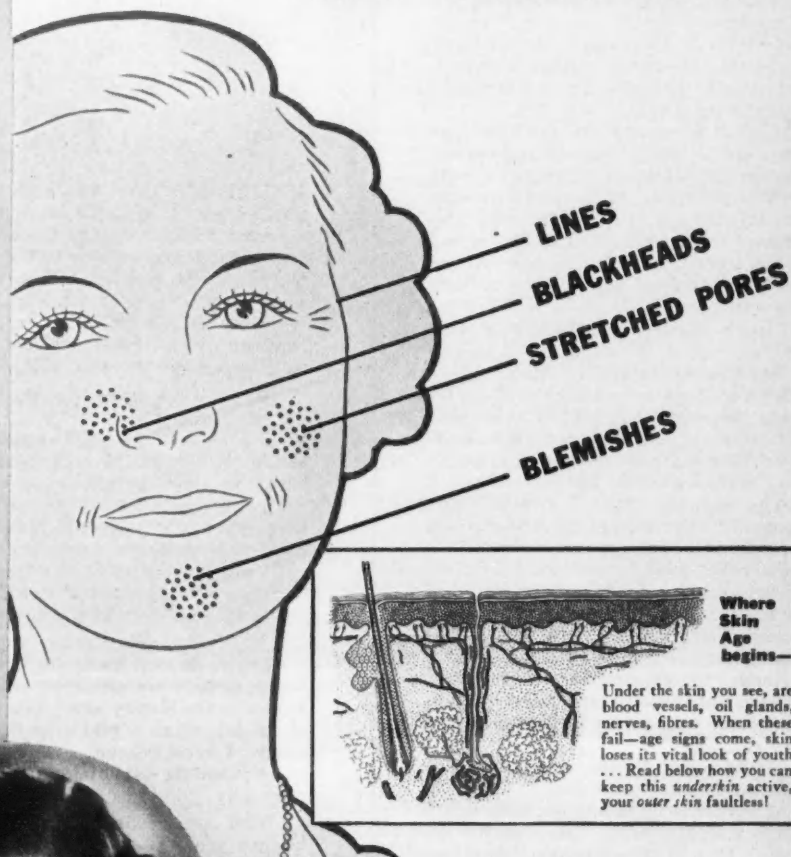
Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your *underskin*.

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

## Deep-skin treatment needed

"Then why does skin age?" . . . Because tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up—give skin faults their chance to start. But

**SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"**



Under the skin you see, are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—age signs come, skin loses its vital look of youth . . . Read below how you can keep this underskin active, your outer skin faultless!



**Lady Daphne Straight**

famous on both sides of the Atlantic for her beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines—keeps my pores fine."

you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faithfully, see what happens.

As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age!

## Fight Skin Age this way . . .

Begin now to give your skin this simple deep-skin care. See what the regular night-and-day rousing treatment with Pond's Cold Cream will do for it.

**Every night**, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin fresher looking.

**Every morning**, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

## Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. F, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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## "I am a Successful Mother-in-Law"

I HAVE LIVED all my life in the same small town in Ontario. My husband was a contractor and builder, and made a comfortable living. There were just the three of us, my husband, myself, and our boy, Roger. My husband died when Roger was a senior in high school. We were left with our home free of debt, and about three thousand dollars in cash. I wanted Roger to use the money to study dentistry; his father had planned that he was to take up this profession. I knew that I could support myself by dressmaking—I had done so before I was married, and could do so again.

Roger refused to accept my "sacrifice," as he called it. He persuaded me, instead, to invest the money in a small dry-goods store in town, which was being sold out at that time, to close an estate. As he said, the store would make a comfortable living for both of us. And it has proved fairly successful. We have run it for ten years, and have a fair share of the town's business. Roger worked hard in the store, and besides, helped all he could around the house, after store hours or before—put the wash water to heat on Monday mornings, made the fires in the winter time, and mowed the lawn and worked in the garden in the summer. I clerked in the store in the afternoons and on Saturday nights. You see, we were real business partners.

MY FRIENDS used to say to me: "Pretty nice now, but just wait until Roger gets married! Things will be different for you then!" Of course they knew that we weren't making enough to keep up two homes; Roger's wife would have to live with me. They would tell me all sorts of stories about old mothers who were nothing but hired girls in their children's homes, or else about brides who would be

so unhappy about living with the mother-in-law that they would either leave the husband or break up the natural ties between mother and son.

You can imagine how I dreaded Roger's getting married. But I made up my mind that I would live peaceably with the girl if I could, and at the same time not give up my freedom and self respect.

When Roger was twenty-three, he fell in love with one of the teachers in our grade school, a girl from out of town, named Beth. She was a pleasant, pretty, wholesome-looking girl; one couldn't ask for a finer daughter-in-law. My friends congratulated me; said I was lucky and maybe thing would work out after all. But I could see that Beth was a girl who was very decided in her opinions. She had almost a stubborn nature though she was fair-minded, but not a person you would want to oppose on some important matter.

The house belonged legally to me. It has seven rooms—living room, sunroom, dining room and kitchen downstairs, and three bedrooms upstairs. It is an old-fashioned house, built in the shape of a T. It isn't much to look at, but it has always been home to me and I love it. It is modern except for heat. It is heated by a parlor furnace but is lighted by electricity, and I have a fine, modern gas range in the kitchen.

I'm a home woman and the kind they call a good manager. I've kept house so long that I've worked out my own ways of doing things, and I guess I'm pretty set in my ways. For example, I never could bear to have a hired girl around, doing the work her way, except in times of sickness when I couldn't help it.

Now I knew Beth wasn't much of a housekeeper. I

didn't expect her to be, for she had gone to school, or taught school, nearly all her life. But she was clever, and when she was married would put all her mind to making a comfortable home. But I knew that her ways wouldn't be my ways; young people nowadays go at things differently from the way I do.

IT WAS in May, a little while before school was out, that Roger told me that he and Beth planned to get married in June. We were sitting out on the front porch after supper, Roger on the top step and I in my old high-backed rocker. He would usually spend half an hour or so with me every evening before he went over to see Beth.

He told me that he felt guilty, bringing an outsider to live in my home. He said that he had offered to rent a little house for Beth, but that she wouldn't hear of it; said they couldn't afford to, and buy new furniture besides. Roger had told Beth just how he stood financially. Business was pretty slow in our town at that time; it is a good deal better now. But at that time we were going along on a very narrow margin.

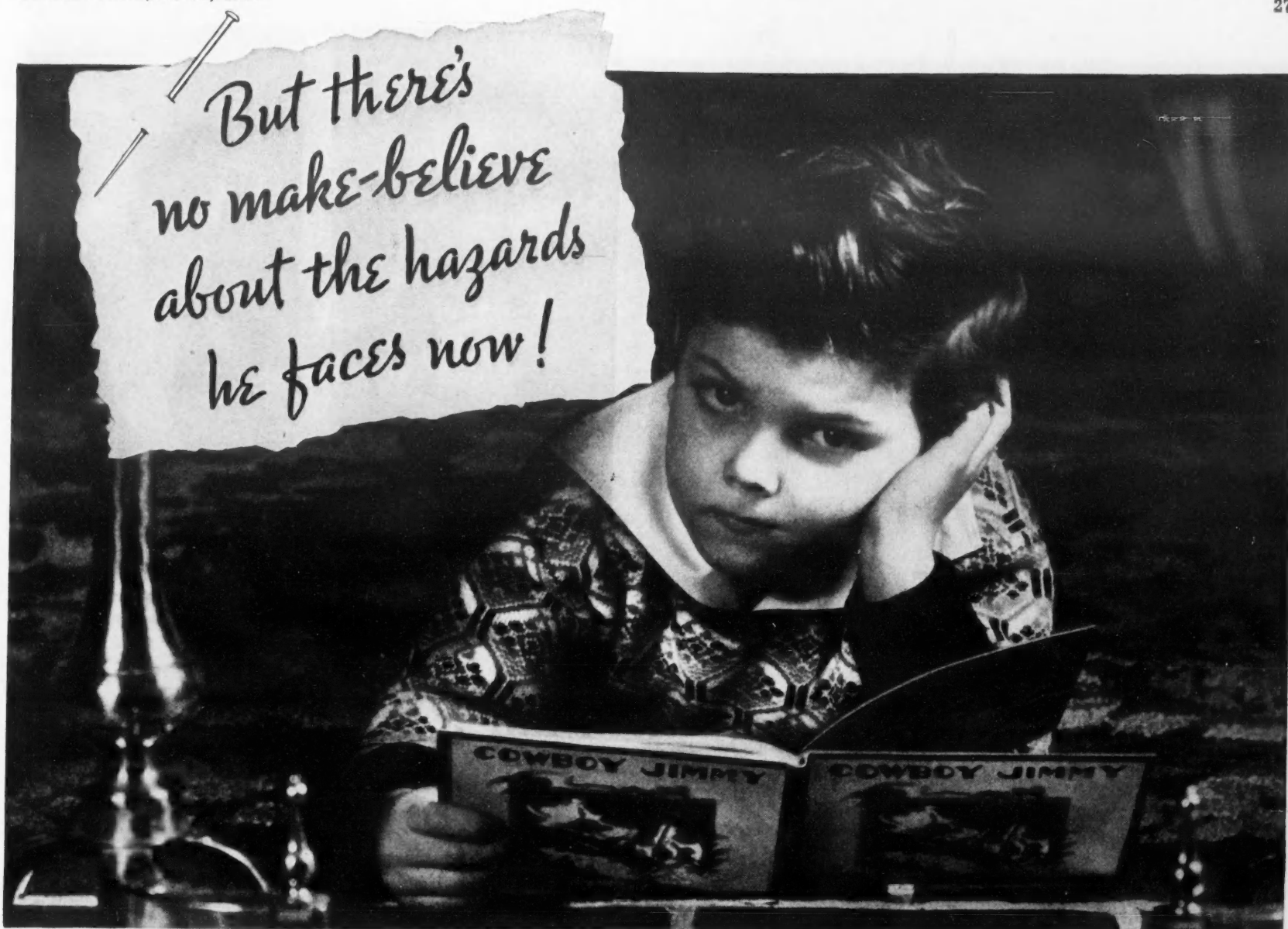
"Beth says that she will try to disturb your home as little as possible," Roger told me.

Well, you know yourself how upsetting a daughter-in-law would be, moving right in with me, no matter how considerate she was.

"The question is," I said to Roger, "whose house is it going to be—Beth's or mine? It has been mine for twenty-five years. Am I to turn it over to another woman now?"

"Of course not," he said. "Beth wouldn't allow that. Things will be just the same for you as they have always been."

[Continued on page 56]



At this age especially, your child needs the protection of Cream of Wheat!

1 to 6 are "danger years." Here is what your child is up against . . .

✦ Malnutrition and infectious disease cases are at the peak.

✦ He burns up as much energy each day as a laborer.

✦ It is easy for him to overdo.

He's a cowboy . . . an air pilot . . . Buck Rogers. Your child can be a dozen persons in an hour. He changes race, place and life by wishfulness and amazing activity.

All this helps expand imagination . . . helps develop young muscles. But it can play hob with his bodily energy. And that's serious, mother, now when so much energy is needed to assure thrifty growth.

To safeguard your youngster, see that his diet includes at least one especially rich source of food energy. Give him delicious, wholesome Cream of Wheat.

Cream of Wheat is made from the best Canadian hard wheat, purified and sealed against all taints and contaminations.

The value of this cereal has been proved through 41 years in millions of homes. Nature has made it one of her richest storehouses of quick-acting food energy. It is wonderfully easy to digest and famous as a natural weight builder.

Ask your doctor about Cream of Wheat. And start now to give your child its many benefits at breakfast. He's bound to like it. And so will all the family. The cost is low.

*Silverware!* Get a set of Wm. A. Rogers 14 heavy silver plate, made by Oneida, Ltd. See offer on Cream of Wheat package. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

● Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in the speed and completeness with which it is assimilated.

● Doesn't tax digestions. Even the most delicate young systems handle Cream of Wheat with perfect ease.

● Is a rich and economical source of the food energy most needed in the diet of every child.

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*Quick Tiring?*

Much so-called fatigue results from underfeeding and hunger. It can be prevented by supplying youngsters with abundant carbohydrate energy . . . the kind Cream of Wheat gives!



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Cream of Wheat is famous the world over for the way it encourages natural, month-by-month weight increases. It has proved itself in millions of cases.



*Poor Appetite?*

When spring fever affects young appetites—that's the time when mothers appreciate Cream of Wheat particularly. Youngsters love this cereal for its tempting flavor.



## The Feminine Touch

(Continued from page 9)

"I've been working Norah," he announced. "She's got some hermits. And wait until you've tasted her frosted orange juice, Annetta. She's crushing mint for it now."

"It sounds good, Michael," Annetta said softly.

Michael smiled down. "It is good. Just a sec till I run up the shirt." He ran to the edge of the front yard, tied an old bathing shirt on a rope and hoisted it part way up a miniature flag pole.

"That will tell the gang to stop to pick us up when they go swimming," he explained. "You'd like to go, wouldn't you?"

Annetta smiled up at him again. "Whatever you like, Michael. I'm not especially good at it but if you'd like it—"

"I don't think many of the others are here yet," Mrs. Snowden interposed. Perhaps the girl would rather go just with Michael this time. At any event it would not do any good to wait for the gang. Sammy would see to it that they didn't appear too soon. "Some of the cottages aren't even opened yet. Things are late this year."

"Aren't Sammy and that gang here yet?"

"Is Sammy your brother, Michael?"

With male obtuseness Michael shook his head. "No. Just a homely little neighbor kid I grew up with, summers. She swims like a fish and usually can't wait to get up here. She's always the first in."

"Oh, Sammy's here," his mother said tranquilly, "but she has the Andrews boy in tow and she said they probably wouldn't wait for the others."

Michael grunted. "She never did have the sense she was born with when it comes to men. What she sees in that ape—ah! here's Norah."

Norah, uncompromising, in her best uniform and crispest apron, marched on to the terrace with a tray of glasses so cold they steamed.

"This is our Norah, Annetta. Miss Robbins, Norah."

Annetta smiled the seraphic smile again. Norah nodded grimly. "How do you do, miss." Then to Mrs. Snowden, "Anything else you'll be wantin'?"

Mrs. Snowden was amused. "Nothing, thank you, Norah." Norah would never forgive Annetta for not being Sammy. Well, it was a bit hard for her to do herself.

IN THE DAYS that followed, however, Mrs. Snowden found herself almost accomplishing it. Almost. The girl fitted into the household gracefully. She grew accustomed to seeing Michael's tall figure bent over the blonde head. They swam and rode and played tennis; they golfed and motored and danced. Annetta, who was not really fond of activity, carefully creamed herself against the sun and did it all surprisingly well for such a Dresden figure of a person. Apparently she had no very strong feelings one way or the other. What Michael liked she liked. What Mrs. Snowden suggested she immediately did. She avoided Norah. She shifted her politics to suit the mood of the person with whom she talked, and she did not take them too seriously at that. She soon won Mr. Snowden who thought she was a sweet little thing and no longer begrudged her his radio. Sport clothes, bathing suit and evening frocks—she adorned everything she wore.

She and Sammy met only a few times but then with perfect cordiality. The first time had been on the beach. "There's that kid, Sammy. How she's grown! Hi, Sammy! Come here!" Michael had pounced on her and dragged her from the midst of her crowd over to where his



## Song Out of Suffering

AS A LITTLE BOY with a pocketful of marbles takes them out to admire their size and color, so Audrey Alexandra Brown used to repeat to herself favorite words for the sake of feeling their color and beauty on her tongue. It was a hobby that stood her in good stead when, a child of twelve, she was attacked with a rheumatic illness that crippled her for many years. During long suffering and (except for her family) isolation, she wrote such beautiful poems as those contained in "A Dryad in Nanaimo," with the now famous Laodameia, of which one distinguished critic has said Keats might well have been proud.

Of herself, the poet feels that there is little to be said, beyond that she was born thirty-one years ago in Nanaimo, B.C., and is still living. Her life has been quiet and sequestered, but not from choice. The zeal and fire that might have made an explorer, a missionary or a pioneer have been woven into the magic of her poetry; so that the white light which is the innermost shrine of us all, is a delicate rather than a flaming torch, and has brought such wonder to other lovers of the beautiful that Audrey Brown stands in the front rank of Canadian poets today. Verses in the Nanaimo Herald found their way, as great things eventually do, to critical eyes. Professor Pelham Edgar, The Honorable Martin Burrill, and Senator and Mrs. Barnard, of Victoria, have helped to introduce her to the Canadian public.

Today, Audrey Alexandra Brown is living in Victoria, making the human contacts for which she has longed, her poetry and essays finding a place in the literary world. She says, "I shall never express the spirit of the day, which is said to be that of unrest and disillusion—for I feel neither. I do not believe that any circumstances have power in themselves to overcome the immortal soul. To battle against them strengthens us spiritually."

What, one wonders, will the next five years offer or demand of an inspired young poet who is just now emerging into the maelstrom of modern Canadian life?

## LIMBO

by AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

I never had a garden. All my flowers  
Are of dim-amber and dream-amethyst  
And twilight-rose — rainbows and stars and mist —  
Too delicately fair for sun or showers,  
Too frail for any wind to breathe upon;  
But they will blossom still when June is gone.

I never had a love. Therefore my heart  
May weave its fair and faint imaginings,  
And spread the timid dower of its wings,  
And shape its dream, un-pried-upon, apart —  
Nor guess wherein it fails of final bliss,  
Nor know the disenchantment of a kiss.

I have not known the ways of life and death,  
The paths of joy and sorrow: I am given  
A quiet country neither earth nor heaven  
In which to breathe, in which to yield my breath:  
Mine are the windless spaces, sea and sky —  
Because I have not lived, I shall not die.

mother and Annetta sat in the shade of a beach umbrella. "This is the Sammy Payne I've told you about, Annetta. Miss Robbins, Sammy."

For an instant there had been a brief electric tension. Then Sammy, standing brown and tall above the other girl, grinned. "It's nice to meet you at last, Miss Robbins. I've heard a lot about you."

"Not too bad, I hope."

Sammy shook her head and dropped for a friendly minute on the sand beside her. "No, indeed. Every single bit good. Like it here? Water's grand today, isn't it?"

No. There would be no competition, no jealousy, no effort from Sammy. But again Mrs. Snowden wished she need not see those darkening blue eyes that so carefully avoided looking at Michael.

Yes, Annetta was perfect. If anything, too perfect. Almost Mrs. Snowden grew fond of her. But not quite. There was that peculiar something in the china blue eyes, and in spite of herself she found she was watching, waiting.

Norah frankly disliked her. "That baby doll," she muttered darkly and just audibly enough for Mrs. Snowden to overhear, though she did not give Norah the satisfaction of knowing she had heard it. "What can she do?"

Secretly she had been possessed of some uneasiness on that score herself. Michael was doing well in the law office but he was having to make his own way slowly and his wife would have to be very much of a helpmeet. There would be no maid, probably not even a laundress at first. It would take managing, careful planning. Annetta's fragile beauty seemed oddly at variance with such prosaic thoughts.

IT WAS TOWARD the end of the second week that Mrs. Snowden had her accident. She knew better than to dive into strange places, of course. The water off Sturgeon's Point had been their favorite swimming place for years. It was just that she hadn't counted on the winter undercurrent which had drawn a jagged branched log from farther up the lake. She was in like a flash before she realized her danger. At the last instant she had swerved frantically and so saved her head. Her leg, however, was jammed cruelly against the projecting stub of a branch.

As a consequence here she was, helpless and impatient, enthroned on the second best chaise longue. For two days her physician had muttered gravely about septicaemia, but at last he admitted that ten days of complete rest would see it as good as new.

"The way you doctors tell women to rest," she fumed. "Don't you know that I have company? I can't rest."

"No doubt your company would prefer seeing you on a chaise longue to returning in six months to find you hopping about on a wooden leg," he returned dryly. "You see to it that you behave yourself, hear me?"

At last, when danger of infection was past, Michael carried her, the still painful leg swathed in bandages, to the terrace. Annetta, solicitous, was arranging pillows at her back. It was then that Norah stalked out of the dining-room door.

She held a letter in her hand. "Sure, if it's at all convenient to ye I'd like to be takin' part of me vacation right away, Mrs. Snowden. 'Tis my cousin that'll be havin' an operation sudden like and it's wantin' me she is."

Usually Norah had to be driven to take vacations. It would never do to refuse this first request even though it could not well be more inconvenient. Mrs. Snowden leaned weakly back against the pillows.

"Why, yes, Norah," she said gamely. "I'm so sorry. Of course we'll manage. When do you want to go?"

Norah consulted the letter earnestly. "After dinner tonight if it'll be pleasing ye, ma'am." Then with an oblique glance at Annetta, "Tis very hard to get help from the city so soon. Perhaps Miss Sammy'll not mind helpin' ye. 'Twill be only for the

[Continued from page 42]



MISS WINNIFRED KYDD, C.B.E.  
The National Council of Women



MRS. A. E. WALKER  
The Federated Women's Institutes

by KATHLEEN RYAN

*"Canadian women are making spare time a profitable business for themselves, their country and also for their fellow citizens"*

at annual meetings, deputations waited on legislative assembly members, and from time to time, over the past fifty years, old acts have been amended, new ones passed, until now, in nearly all the provinces, married women have almost equal property rights with men in handling their property and in controlling their own earnings. But, by one of those extra-

ordinary kinks in law, the financial dependence of a wife is emphasized by the clause in the Ontario act that a married woman has no right to the money she earns by keeping boarders or raising chickens.

Having once conceded that women might know what to do with money if they had it, men found it more convenient to leave the increased buying for the home to their wives and, as factory-made goods replaced homemade commodities, women became the purchasing agents of the world. Today, all business organization centres about the one who has the cash in hand. A glance through any publication will show that manufacturers quickly realized that their goods must please not the masculine wage-earner, but the feminine spender, and so much the greater part of advertising is directed to women.

A couple of deep depressions in business and two wars sent more money into the hands that used to rule the world by rocking the cradle. As women improved their financial status, politicians began to consider them seriously as prospective taxpayers and bond buyers who must be kept in good humor. Various women's clubs pointed out rather energetically and noisily that enfranchisement would be a step in the right direction, but they did not add that they would use the vote to heal many sores in society even if such activity entailed spending money and not getting cash dividends back.

This is exactly what women have done through their clubs and their votes. Many people who claim to be unimpressed with the accomplishments of women voters have probably visualized a feminine Boanerges with soap-box and megaphone. They forget that numerous delegations from women's clubs have carried resolutions from their meetings to legislative assemblies and Parliament, to cabinet ministers and Prime Minister, to their own members of parliament, to the press, all demanding far-reaching changes. [Cont'd on page 58]



MRS. A. J. FREIMAN, C.B.E.  
Hadassah

## After the honeymoon...



Over the threshold, he carried her. The honeymoon was over—the bride was home—and then the trouble started.



She wanted to be the world's best housekeeper—to make him proud of her. But!!! He soon grumbled about his shirts. Said they looked nicer when his mother used to wash them.



The bride fretted and worked, but her washes got worse. Why? Her soap was lazy. It left dirt behind. Her clothes had "tattle-tale gray." Then she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap. Its richer, golden soap and lots of naptha got rid of ALL the dirt.



Now her clothes are so clean, so gorgeously white—he says she's the grandest housekeeper! And if you want to hear some compliments, too, try Fels-Naptha Soap. It's fine for the big wash. Safe for your daintiest things. And easier on hands because every golden bar holds soothing glycerine!

© FELS & CO., 1935

*Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"*  
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!





## Storing up Health for 1956

**H**OW healthy will your boys and girls be twenty years from now?

The time to lay the groundwork for healthy adult life is during Childhood—and the place is outdoors—running, jumping, hiking, wrestling, swimming, skating, skiing, bicycling, playing football, baseball, soft ball, tennis. Supervised gym work or self-directed exercises at home supplement outdoor play.

While the majority of healthy boys and girls need no urging to take part in active games, many of them can develop better muscles, greater skill and more natural grace in their sports if they have proper direction. The way your child sits, walks, runs, stands, lies in bed may determine, long in advance, whether or not he, as an adult, will be straight and graceful in form—without bone or posture defects.

Sunshine is one of your child's greatest allies. It is essential for health and development. But sunshine which passes through

ordinary glass loses its real, beneficial effect. Gray light of a cloudy day outdoors is more healthgiving than bright sunshine filtered through ordinary glass. Sunlight helps to prevent rickets. It is as important to keep a child out in the sunlight, as it is to safeguard the quality and amount of his food.

Have your doctor examine your child at regular intervals to find out whether or not he has any defects which if uncorrected would prevent proper growth and development.

The building years of childhood are of vast importance to the mind as well as to the body. A child, in active games, may learn the spirit of fair play, honesty and courage, which contribute to success and happiness in later life.

Send for a free copy of "Keeping Fit Through Exercise," which is planned to help parents as well as children enjoy better health. Address Booklet Department 6-L-36.

*Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly*

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,  
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN  
HEAD OFFICE  
OTTAWA

**SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872**



MRS. R. S. McLAUGHLIN  
The Home and School Clubs.



MRS. HALDEN MEEK  
The Junior League

## Half a Million Women

*Do you think modern women live in a futile round of pleasure? Then read the amazing story of what Canadian club women have done*

A HITLER couldn't send Canadian women "back to the kitchen" and lock the door on them. He would find himself faced with opposition from some 500,000 women organized in 1,800 clubs that, directly or indirectly, have "equality of the sexes" in their creed. These half million women meet at least once a month to discuss problems of the day and raise enough money to do something about them. Bazaars, teas, musicales, and the ticket-selling pest—all have contributed to make women's clubs so powerful that they have probably done more for the general good and comfort of the masses than have the famous folks in a whole parkful of monuments.

Fifty years ago the women who didn't have every minute taken up with sewing and baking were condemned to spend long afternoons making formal calls, painting china, fashioning hair bracelets or in a myriad of gentle occupations to indicate they were ladies who must never, never work. That was just when the factory was beginning to take much of the burden from the housewife's shoulders, leaving a good part of her day free for other affairs.

About the time Lord and Lady Aberdeen came out to Canada to represent the Crown, social leaders of England were forming women's clubs as we know them today. The Alexandra was the first important one for women, although men had been "clubbing," as Mr. Pepys puts it, for about one hundred years. The Alexandra wouldn't allow any mere male to come within its portals, and even the Prince of Wales and Lord Roberts had to wait outside when they called for their wives.

Lady Aberdeen assembled the foremost Canadian women "to further the application of the Golden Rule to Society, Custom and Law," as the preamble to the constitution of the National Council of Women states. The Council moved at first with the prim dignity of a Victorian lady, and watched with polite interest the aggressive

policy of the women's organizations in the United States in arousing public opinion to recognize that married women should have control of their property and their earnings.

Gradually the law committees of local, provincial and national councils took over the study of married women's property rights in Canada. Resolutions were passed



MRS. W. G. LUMBERS  
The I.O.D.E. Photograph by Kennedy

# Beauty Culture



*A Department for Style, Health and Personality*

## Sleep to find Beauty

by

NORA WHITTON



**D**O YOU KNOW that you can "starve to death" far more quickly through lack of sleep than through lack of food?

Do you know that in nine cases out of ten where women are concerned over fading looks and depressed spirits, a largely contributing factor is insufficient sleep?

Beauty specialists know it. Doctors know it. Psychologists know it. And the nine concerned women pay this, that or the other fount of knowledge for advice that is as expensive as it is sound, and as sound as it is commonplace.

For, of course, sleep is commonplace. So is diet; so is exercise. And all are as easily understood as most of the rules of life. Yet—well, take a case borrowed from the card index files of one beauty specialist:

*Mrs. X., 35 years old.*

*Skin—clear but dull, dry; complexion pallid.*

*Eyes—tired; eyelids full; crow's-feet.*

*Hair—lustreless, color fading, brittle.*

*General condition—Manner indicates nervous condition.*

*Complains of lack of vitality; probably due to worry and insufficient daily relaxation.*



DELICIOUSLY RELAXED, YOU LIE, SIPPING A WARM DRINK.

The treatment accorded Mrs. X included a good, balanced diet, commencing with a three-day fast when fruit juices only were to be taken; daily exercises; a selection of cream and liquid preparations for nourishing, stimulating and reviving her run-down skin and scalp; a recommendation that she plan to allow herself eight hours sleep each night, plus a nap to be tucked into the afternoon's schedule, after which she should walk briskly in the open air.

The report went on to show that within a month Mrs. X was a radiantly different person. Her skin had revived, her hair and eyes had brightened, and there was a new serenity about her demeanor. A successful treatment, the beauty specialist pronounced it. And it was. There's no doubt that the supervised treatments given by beauty doc-

tors do marvels for a woman, regardless of her age. But 'way down at the bottom of the report card was this footnote: "The client needs rest."

"That's all very well," you may say, "but I get along on six and a half hours sleep. I'm not often tired, except when I know I need a holiday. I work to the best of my ability all day, and I like a long evening's relaxation of some social kind or another. I must be an exceptional case."

Yes, and there are thousands like you—all thinking they are the exception, all "getting along very well," and all, consciously or unconsciously, giving out little bits of themselves to keep their capabilities up to par. For scientists have proved that less than nearly [Continued on page 44]





Photographs Copyright Star Newspaper Service.

... another year made safe with "LYSOL"

At approximately 5.05 a.m., E.S.T., Thursday, May 28th, 1936, the Dionne Quintuplets will be "Five Past Two". We join an admiring world in wishing them many happy returns.

Since the eventful morning of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to keep their surroundings "hospital-clean".

This scrupulous care of the little Dionnes is an example for all mothers. Important in every home, the fight against germs is vital in homes where there are growing children. Babies are so apt to touch, and even taste, everything they see.

Keep your home "hospital-clean" with "Lysol". Wash stair-rails, door-knobs, toys, drain-boards, bath-

rooms, telephone mouthpieces, furniture, walls and floors... especially in the children's room... with a solution of dependable "Lysol". And use it in laundering handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes. "Lysol" is so easy to use, costs so little—and may save you so many heartaches and vain regrets.

LM-436

● Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol" in the brown bottle with the orange label and carton.



**Lysol**  
Disinfectant  
TRADE MARK "LYSOL"  
REGISTERED IN CANADA

LYSOL (Canada) Limited, Dept. C3.,  
9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada.  
Please send me the "Lysol Health Library", which contains vital facts about "Preparation for Motherhood" and "Keeping a Healthy Home".

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Prov.....

## with KAY MURPHY'S

that are being shown in matching bags and gloves.

Those active gals will fall for the sweat shirts or polo shirts that you'll be seeing all summer long, for separate blouse and skirt wearing. Made quite like a man's polo shirt, but "femmed up," of course, to girlish contours.

And the petticoat fever is still running up temperatures! They are so gaily colored, and rustley, and entirely feminine that you must have at least one, even if you do hie you to the nearest store, pick up some gay taffeta and make it up yourself.

The straw-flower belt is a nice little fancy that has just come over from Paris. Vionnet inspired it, so of course we all copied it. The belt is of straw, and the front of the belt, over the clasp, has a corsage of flowers — gardenias, field flowers or violets generally. So nice to wear with a dark or light dress, then match up the belt flowers with a bunch of the same on hat or neckline of your outfit.

A smart lass I know knitted herself a set of these belts in different colors, then knitted the flower corsage for the belt and, of course, another bunch of posies to go on her brimmed felt hat.



Lace dinner dresses are always flattering.



Polka dots are in again! Elephant prints are a quaint novelty.

For flowers are very popular as hat trims, no matter how tailored is the hat. And veils continue to find favor on both small and large millinery.

Seeing so many new color combinations in both silk and cotton dresses — yellow trimmed with turquoise, sulphur trimmed with navy, navy trimmed with fuchsia, Maywine trimmed with maize.

And if you're getting your bathing suit about now, the most popular colors are turquoise, various shades of pink, aqua, wine and maize.

The new summer prints are very thrilling. "It's the animal in me" must be the theme! For I'm seeing the cutest little elephants, dogs, horses, deer, rabbits and what not on the silks for now. It's quite smart, if you make your dress of, say, "elephant" printed silk, to use tiny little elephant charms for buttons; and dog buttons when puppies sport all over the material, and so on.

Besides linen, piqué and gabardine are two very popular summer cottons, especially in the pastel colors. While it is going to be another white summer, you're going to see a great amount of color for the next few months. So if you're planning a little white cotton dress, please have a short jacket, or one of those hip-length swagger capes, made in color.

The military type nightie is very attractive, especially when made of printed silk. Saw one with shell edging forming the high collar line and made up as frogs down the front of the fitted bodice. Looked like an evening dress.

THE FAVOURITE *Beauty Soap* OF CANADA'S SMART BUSINESS GIRLS



"There's nothing like  
**PALMOLIVE'S**  
**SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT**  
to keep all my skin lovely..."

says DORIS PRESTON

beautiful Montreal stylist and designer

Yes, they're as clever as they're beautiful . . . Canada's young business women. Clever enough to know that a clear, attractive, healthy skin really counts when meeting people. That's why so many of them, like Miss Preston, rely on Palmolive's simple beauty treatment. It keeps them lovely . . . all over. Palmolive can keep your skin fresh and youthful too. Start today. Use this wonderful soap for face and throat and for the bath. See how quickly all your skin becomes clear and soft . . . satiny-smooth.

### Soothes and Beautifies

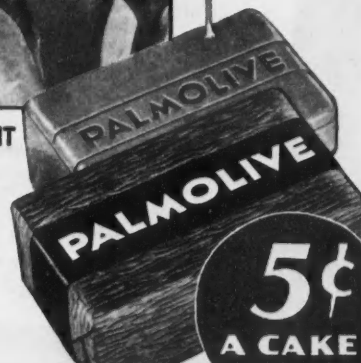
More than 20,000 beauty specialists recommend Palmolive for its careful blend of olive and palm oils. It is these costly oriental oils that give Palmolive its rich gentle lather. A lather that cleanses the pores thoroughly, soothes your skin . . . leaves it restfully refreshed and radiant.



Lathers perfectly in hard or soft water.

### TRY THIS PALMOLIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT

Use it not only for face, throat and shoulders, but for the bath as well. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty. And here's another beauty hint. Palmolive, used as a shampoo, keeps your scalp healthy, hair soft and lustrous.





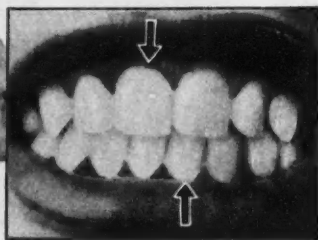
**DENTISTS SAY: MOST BAD BREATH  
BEGINS WITH THE TEETH**

*Check your breath*



*Try  
THIS  
TOOTHPICK  
TEST!*

Cleaning your teeth the Colgate way removes the commonest cause of bad breath



Brush upper  
teeth from  
gums down

Brush lower  
teeth from  
gums up

**T**AKE a toothpick or some UN-SCENTED dental floss. Clean between your teeth. Does it reveal small food deposits? Smell it. If it has an unpleasant odour, it means your teeth are improperly cleaned. These food deposits are a common cause of bad breath and tooth decay, dentists say.

**CLEAN YOUR TEETH THE  
COLGATE WAY**

Morning and night with Colgate's Dental Cream brush thoroughly the upper teeth from gums down, lower teeth from gums up. Brush the cutting edge of your teeth with a circular motion. Then rinse your mouth. After that put a bit of Colgate's on your tongue and take another sip of water. Gargle well back in the throat, then flush the water through your teeth. Rinse again with clear water. That's all.

Colgate's penetrating foam gets into all crevices and between the teeth even where the toothbrush cannot reach. It dissolves odour breeding food deposits and washes them away.

**YOU GET THESE COLGATE  
RESULTS**

Your teeth are thoroughly clean. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's, the same one your dentist uses, keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Colgate's delicious peppermint flavor leaves your mouth refreshed and your breath fragrant. And brushing your teeth the Colgate way stimulates the gums.

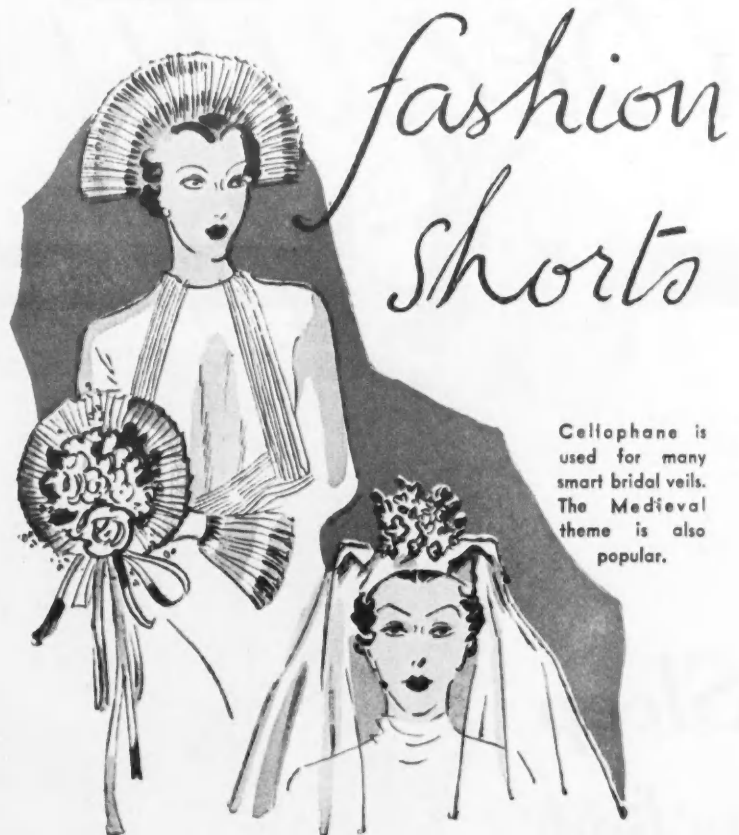
**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY  
BACK GUARANTEE**

Use one tube of Colgate's. Then, if your teeth are not cleaner, whiter than before, return the empty tube to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. We will send you twice its cost.



For those who prefer it, Colgate's Dental Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large tin 20c.

*Keep Up-to-the-Minute*



Cellaphane is used for many smart bridal veils. The Medieval theme is also popular.

Three of the most important spring and early summer colors — Maywine, Iris and London Tan! Grand in cotton dresses, and stunning as blouse and accessory colors when you start in wearing those white linen suits I just know you're planning on getting. For the white linen suit is going to be more popular than ever this summer.

The wide-brimmed felt hat is spreading itself all over the place. Funny people — women! We start wearing straws in February, then go back to felts in May.

Polka dots are very, very good. Especially in those smart little jacket dresses that fit in so nicely after we doff the spring suit or coat.

And a polka dot "weskit" tonics up that spring suit in a really healthy manner.

For those wearing suits, either for spring or into the summer, the new

"BlouSlip" is a blessing. It's the slip with the sleeveless blouse combined. So you don't have to worry about blouse and skirt parting company.

If you want a pretty summer evening dress I'd advise lace. While the pastel-colored chiffons are excellent and lovely, lace is still a real leader for those warm evening affairs.

I'm seeing p-l-l-enty of pastel-colored camel's hair and polo cloth coats. Brick, carrot, shrimp and gold are colors I'm voting for, and they go so well over your little dark summer frocks as a contrast, as well as, of course, the perfect coat over light summer dresses.

The "baby" swagger length is smart. Comes to the hips in a sweeping flare.

Capeskin gloves and capeskin bags in pastel shades will be just what you will want for early and all-summer accessory wearing. Pink, light blue, light green, maize and iris are shades

Slip cover linen bags are new—take the cover off and launder it!



Wear summer flowers at your summery straw belt.



## an English Complexion

*A brief resume of beauty rules for fair skins by  
Patricia Gordon, Beauty Expert for Princess Pat*

usually avoiding the fussy little gadgets that would detract from its symmetry. Dull-finished materials in soft pastel shades complement her fair coloring and emphasize the translucent quality of her skin.

The smooth white column of her neck rises from smooth-as-ivory shoulders. She is careful to preserve the natural beauty of her skin with simple cleansing and restorative creams. A cream that cleanses scientifically keeps her complexion fresh and immaculate. Every night, without fail, she applies a rich anti-wrinkle cream to restore the natural oils which time and exposure have stolen from her skin. For make-up foundation she chooses an ice astringent cream that has a stimulating action and contracts the pores. This gives her delicate skin the protection it needs and adds to the beauty of her make-up. Incidentally, if she lived in our harsher climate, she would need to use these creams much more frequently to keep her complexion fresh and youthful.

SO MUCH for contour and texture. Now color enters the picture, and here is where our English beauty shows her talent for harmonious effects. She seldom tries to modify her type by adopting an unsuitable, bizarre make-up. Instinctively, she is aware that her charm lies in the more subtle appeal of complete individuality. For her cheeks, she demands color that suggests nature—not rouge, so she uses a duo-tone rouge that modulates and changes as she applies it, to match her type. Her rouge shade is a perfect English tint. It duplicates her own wild-rose coloring so closely that you would never suspect it was rouge. The intensified glow of color it gives her is so natural, it actually seems to come from within the skin. And the whole feminine world is now following her example—smart make-up is vivid, glowing, alive, yet appears perfectly natural.

Let's give particular attention to the

way she applies the rouge. It goes on before powdering, so that the color will show through the powder. This also helps to give the natural blend. She is smiling into her mirror, and there is a raised area of her cheek which forms a sort of "V" shape pointing toward her nose. This is nature's own simple rosy-cheek pattern, and she is wise enough to follow it. She blends the rouge—which is compact and goes on smoothly—over this raised area, leaving an area in front of each ear unrouged.

Now she is ready for face powder. She uses an almond base powder because she knows it is good for her fine-textured skin and helps to prevent coarse pores. The almond base powder goes on more smoothly, without any chalky, obvious effect. She wouldn't think of spoiling that illusion of natural beauty with a powdered look. You don't see powder at all—just added loveliness that appears youthful and fresh. Her powder shade matches her skin tone, giving a pearly opalescence, warmed with the soft rose-cameo tints.

Now her lip rouge. It is the same shade English tint to harmonize with the color in her cheeks. It makes her lips look alluring and so much more expressive. She applies it with the tip of her little finger. Her lips are not very full, so she models them to more attractive proportions, being careful to "balance" the size and shape of the upper lip with the lower. She rouges the moist-inside area of her lips as well as the outer surface to avoid that unbecoming line of color. Now she blots off the excess with tissue, and her lip make-up is perfect.

Finally, a touch of grey eye-shadow, and brown mascara to her eyebrows and lashes—and the picture is complete. Her correct, harmonious make-up has brought out and accented our typical Englishwoman's own natural, living tints. She has not lost her natural charms of coloring and complexion; only enhanced them many times. She has dramatized her personality, giving herself new, compelling loveliness.

## DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS  
ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER  
THAN THE BLONDE!



# No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES  
USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

### One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colourists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

### One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

### Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (2-12) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto—12, Ontario.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_



## MARVELOUS .... The Eye-Matched MAKEUP

### KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

Wherever smartly dressed girls get together, there they are enthusiastically talking about Marvelous ... the Eye-Matched Makeup! For these clever aids to beauty

start with the color of your eyes as the foundation tone. Your face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, all match your eyes! That's why Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is making such a hit.

It is scientifically keyed to your personality color ... the color which never changes ... the color of your eyes!

Eight out of ten girls who try Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup immediately look lovelier. To make this thrilling improvement in yourself, ask for your color. Girls with blue eyes should have Marvelous "Dresden" face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. For brown eyes ask for "Parisian". Then gray eyes require "Patrician" and hazel eyes are matched with "Continental".

Full-sized packages—guaranteed for purity by Richard Hudnut—are 65c each. Now on sale at your drug or department store.

Use Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup and thrill the man you like best—tonight.

**SPECIAL:** The Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup Kit for 65c. It's worth a dollar and contains junior sizes of harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow. Purchase the Kit at drug or department store or send 65c to Richard Hudnut, 729 King Street West, Toronto, and state whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel.

Copyrighted, 1936, by Richard Hudnut Ltd.



## PAIN calls for prompt relief



### ANACIN

IF you are a frequent sufferer from the pains of headaches, neuritis or neuralgia, try ANACIN. You'll be amazed at what it does.

THE reason is that Anacin is just like a prescription. It is a combination of medically proven and highly regarded active ingredients that usually bring in credibly fast relief.

Mail this coupon for a generous free sample.

FROM HEADACHE  
NEURALGIC AND  
RHEUMATIC PAINS

VALMONT of CANADA, Ltd.  
103 Ottawa Street,  
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada  
Please send free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Professional Secrets of

Canadian weather conditions can bring equally  
beautiful results—if one knows how to face them

IF SOMEONE suddenly asks me to name the ideal complexion type, my mind instantly pictures the exquisite rose-crepe skin of the English beauty. American tradition has cast a glamour on the English complexion since the days when Lily Langtry, the famous Jersey Lily, took the world by storm. The tradition is founded on truth, and so, to our own day, the English complexion remains our ideal. Among my own friends in the British Isles I can count many who are wonderful examples. Among them are blonde, brunette and medium coloring, but regardless of type, all have that fine, beautiful skin, due to the moist sea air and mellow climate of their country.

I realize how much I am attempting when I group so many types of women under the one "ideal English complexion" heading. Yet I am convinced through my own observations that the one clue, the "family resemblance," lies in the complexion even more than in stature or conformation of features. Now and then I test my ability to identify this complexion type. Recently I sat near a smartly tailored woman in a restaurant. She was alone, and so I had no opportunity to note any characteristics of speech. By her features she might have been a native of New York or Chicago, but her complexion had that unmistakable English tint. As I went out I stopped and spoke to her, asking if she remembered our having met in England. When she spoke, the "accent" proved I had correctly judged her complexion type. She seemed pleased to see an acquaintance from home, but she had trouble remembering where we had met. That, of course, did not seem at all odd.

By continued observation and study of complexions in almost every civilized section of the globe, I have created mental images of every type and nationality. It is surprising how perfectly the various types of women "click" with the mental pattern, even though they may be far

away from their native heath. The secret of the ideal English complexion really is in the fine, transparent texture of the skin, with color seeming to underlie the skin and glow through it. I know there is a popular belief that the typical English beauty's lovely coloring is entirely natural, and nobody can deny that England's climate has put roses in the cheeks. But as my charming British hostess once remarked: "The London climate puts roses in our cheeks—and London life takes them out again."

So the modern woman of England relies on natural-appearing make-up no less than do her sisters on this side of the Atlantic. She knows that a touch of art can unquestionably improve upon nature. She admits that rouge is the keynote of make-up, even though nature once endowed her with rosy cheeks. But her rouge must appear to be a real complexion tint. Harsh, painty rouge is taboo: the color must duplicate nature's own, both in shade and blending quality. It may be as vivid as you please, just so it does not depart from the true natural effect.

Let's recreate a mental picture of the typical fair daughter of Britain. Often she is athletic, yet she has an ethereal quality about her. Perhaps this is partly due to the transparency of her skin; and in many cases it is the blonde coloring that gives a delicate light graceful appearance. Perfect poise, more leisurely mind, give added feminine charm to this type.

But our charming Englishwoman is no hothouse plant. Riding, walking, cycling and sailing keep her fit. Her figure retains its lithe slenderness long after many women of other countries lapse into "square maturity." Her carriage is superb. You see her straight, and even mannish, in her swagger sports clothes. And then in the evening, she is a modern goddess, softly, alluringly feminine. Her formal attire is simple in design. She depends upon good lines to enhance her graceful figure—

# CUTEX PRESENTS

## A Wonderful New Liquid Polish

**ORDINARY, OLD-STYLE POLISH**

Evaporates in the bottle

Hard to apply

... Blotches

Tends to crack and peel

Fades and streaks in the sun

**NEW CUTEX POLISH**

Goes on more smoothly

Wears longer than ever before

A higher Lustre

Resists fading—retains its true color for days

**TAKE OFF THE OLD — PUT ON THE NEW**

Usable down to the last drop




8 smart shades

**H**ERE is an entirely new liquid polish. Based on a brand-new formula! It's the first real improvement in liquid polish in 10 years—we're proud of it!

**A stronger Lacquer.** The new Cutex Polish takes a little longer to dry because it's a stronger, finer lacquer. But you don't mind that because it's twice as lovely and wears longer than ever before! Now even nails that go in the dishpan 3 times a day come out shining and smooth and unstreaked!

It goes on even more smoothly. Not a bit of difficulty—and never a sign of the blotching that sometimes used to ruin the whole effect.

**Resists the Sun, too!** Tests on the new polish show that at last the old summer sun has been beaten. At

its brightest, it can't fade and streak the true, new Cutex shades—after a whole week!

**Even more Economical.** You'll be grateful for this. The new Cutex is usable right down to the very last drop in the bottle! No thickening or drying up. No waste at all. All you have to do is to take ordinary care in closing the bottle between applications.

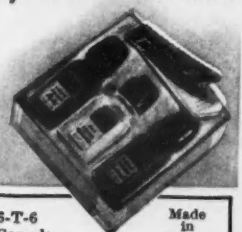
Remember, you get our superior new Cutex for exactly the same price—just 35¢ a bottle.

In 8 authentic shades styled by the World's Mani-

cure Authority. The newest shade is Rust—perfect for sun-tanned fingers. All shades at your favorite shop. Try the new Cutex tomorrow. Take off the old. Put on the new! You'll be amazed and delighted at the new lasting beauty of your new Cutex nails.

NORTHAM WARREN, Montreal,  
New York, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades  
of Cutex Liquid Polish,  
Polish Remover and sample  
of Lipstick for 14¢



Northam Warren Limited, Dept. 6-T-6  
980 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

Made  
in  
Canada

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked,  
and Polish Remover, Rose ☐ Rust ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐  
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_





## Ann knows it pays to guard against COSMETIC SKIN

**S**TALE rouge and powder not thoroughly removed cause Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But never go to bed without using Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes every trace of pore-choking

dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day, too, before you renew your make-up, use this gentle soap to keep skin soft and smooth.

**BETTE DAVIS**  
WARNER BROTHERS STAR



OF COURSE I USE COSMETICS! BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I HAVEN'T ANY FEAR OF GETTING COSMETIC SKIN

## My Year in Hollywood

(Continued from page 18)

"The English have made only one really good picture."

"What was that?"

"King Henry the Eighth," of course!"

One gets used to accepting statements like this from the English actors in Hollywood without lifting an eyebrow.

THE ONLY two who I found did not have this amazing conceit were Boris Karloff and Sir Guy Standing.

When I complimented Karloff on his rôle as Frankenstein, he said: "Any good character actor could have done just as well with the rôle."

Sir Guy Standing is a perfect gentleman to whom acting is more of a hobby than a career. I spent one of the most delightful days of my life at his beautiful home.

"I love California and intend to spend the rest of my life here," he told me.

Bing Crosby, the most popular player in Hollywood among his fellow artists, was busily engaged pitching horseshoes with an elderly prop man the morning I encountered him.

He was rather quiet and refused to talk about himself, but I did get one bit of information that should break the hearts of at least a million "bo-bo-boo"-struck women!

"Do you think of anything or anyone in particular when you sing?" I asked him.

"Yes, I do," he admitted shyly, a boyish grin brightening up his face. "I think of my wife."

"As a father of twins, what do you think of our Canadian quintuplets?"

"I think that is overdoing a good thing," he replied, laughingly. "If they are two and a half times as much trouble as our twins I feel sorry for the Dionnes."

The prop man was called to duty, so I challenged Bing to a game with the shoes—and lost.

It is impossible not to like this happy singer who is as unaffected as he is friendly.

BUT WHAT do you think of an actor who owes his success to the fact that he never acts?

A lovable little lopsided, head-smacking fellow by the name of Armetta told me that this was true of his case.

Henry and I were enjoying lunch together in an Italian restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard at the time.

I had accused him of being a "scene stealer" in his movie work.

"I don't mean to do it," he explained apologetically, the musical Italian "a" trailing most of his words. "I am just myself in the movies. I never act."

"Then you owe your success as an actor to the fact that you never act?"

"That's it," he agreed.

"But surely," I insisted, "you don't slap your head in that screamingly funny manner in everyday life?"

"Sure I do. I used always to do it when I was worried about anything. My wife laughed so hard at me when I did it, that

I decided to do it on the screen."

"You don't walk with a 'list' off screen," I pointed out to him.

"No. I picked that up through a picture I played in several years ago. I was too thin at that time for the part, so I tucked a cushion in my trousers."

"But why would that make you walk lopsided?"

A bright twinkle came into his large hazel eyes. "The cushion kept slipping down my trouser leg," he explained, "and I had to lean over to keep it up. The director got such a kick out of it, that he insisted I continue to walk that way."

So now you know why Henry slaps his head and walks like a stout little ship with a bad "list." Research workers have spent thousands of dollars and years of time without discovering anything nearly as interesting to the public as these facts.

In a recent check-up of the Producers Association on actors' activities it was discovered that Henry stood fourth among some 9,000 in the number of pictures and the number of active days in front of the camera.

And if there is ever a check-up on who has the happiest home in Hollywood, Henry will be well up in that, too. He has three boys and all his free time is spent at his home where Mrs. Armetta—you have Henry's own word for it—"cooks the finest spaghetti in the United States."

Shirley Temple and Jane Withers seem to substantiate the claim that an actress is born and not made. Despite their popularity, both remain adorable, unspoiled children.

Elissa Landi takes all the prizes, as far as I am concerned, for being Hollywood's most charming hostess. I shall never forget the afternoon I spent at her beautiful home on the Pacific Palisades.

Mae West proved to me that a woman can have a grand sense of humor.

"I pick men for my pictures that I think the women of the audience will like," she told me, "and as for the men—I'll look after them myself!"

When she began to question me about Canada, I told her she should "come up and see us some time."

To this she promptly replied: "Well, I guess you do need something hot up there."

Despite any rumors to the contrary, Miss West leads a very quiet life. She does not smoke, drink or attend any night life activities.

Other prizes should go to Jeanette MacDonald, for her charm; Mona Barrie, for her vivaciousness and style; Herbert Marshall, for his manners. Alice Faye, for being the only person in the world who can chew gum and eat her lunch at one and the same time. Greta Garbo, for evading me despite everything I did to see her; and Zasu Pitts, for looking so comical when she is really so beautiful.

But, remember, acting is only one of the creative arts that go toward making Hollywood what it is today. We must not forget the directors and writers, not to mention musicians, photographers, etc.

A good picture is without doubt a composite blend of all the arts.

The afternoon I spent with Hollywood's greatest genius, Walt Disney, I asked him what he thought of Hollywood.

"I think it is the greatest centre of creative art in the world today," he replied.

And, for my part, I thoroughly agree with him.

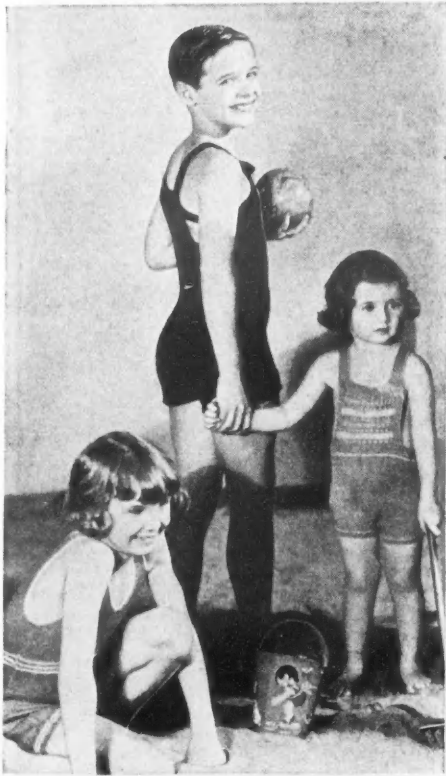
## LOVE—SLIGHTLY USED

By Constance Cameron

The compelling story of a wife who wanted more than second-best.

One of a group of dramatic short stories

IN THE JULY CHATELAINE



Every child needs a comfy,  
Wearable splash and play suit  
For summer.

Instructions for knitting the one  
Worn by the boy standing  
Are given below.

Directions for the other two  
Suits may be obtained

By writing

To Chatelaine,

481 University Avenue.

Photo courtesy of Monarch Knit.

## Knit Their Swim Suits

*Measurements of finished garment.*—From shoulder to bottom of gusset, 25 inches. All around at underarm, 24 inches. *Tension of Stitch.*—7 sts. to 1 inch, 9 rows to 1 inch.

### Materials

*Required*—6 Balls Black Wool  
1 Pair No. 9 Needles  
1 Stitch Holder

**FRONT**—Cast on 42 sts. 10 rows ribbing (K. 1 row, P. 1 row), until work measures 4½ inches including ribbing. Place on stitch holder and make other leg same. On next knit row take sts. off holder and place all sts. (84) on one needle. Continue on 84 sts. in stocking st., for 5 inches (9½ inches). Decrease 1 st. beginning and end of every alternate row until 74 sts. remain. Work 9 rows without decreasing. Increase 1 st. at beginning and end of the next knit row and every following 4th row, until there are 84 sts. Knit 1 row. Purl 1 row. 1st row—K. 4, purl to last 4 sts., K. 4. 2nd row—Knit. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows 11 times (24 rows). 25th row—K. 12, purl to within 12, K. 12. 26th row—Knit. Repeat 25th and 26th rows once. 29th row—Cast off 8, K. 4, purl to within 12 sts., K. 12. 30th row—Cast off 8, knit to end of row. 31st row—K. 4, purl to within 4, K. 4. 32nd row—K. 4, 2 tog., knit to within 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. Repeat the 31st and 32nd rows twice. 37th row—K. 4, P. 19, K. 16, P. 19, K. 4. 38th and alternate rows—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to within 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. 39th row—K. 4, P. 17, K. 18, P. 17, K. 4. 41st row—K. 4, P. 15, K. 20, P. 15, K. 4. 43rd row—K. 4, P. 14, K. 4. Cast off 12 sts., K. 4, P. 14, K. 4. On the last 22 sts. work as follows: 1st row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to within 6 sts., K. 2 tog., K. 4. 2nd row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4. Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once. 5th row—Knit to last 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. 6th row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4, repeat the 5th and 6th rows until 10 sts. remain. 1st row—K. 4, P. 2, K. 4. 2nd row—K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 3. Work 38 rows all knit. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work as follows—1st row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to within 6 sts., K. 2 tog., K. 4. 2nd row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows once. 5th row—K. 4, K. 2

tog., knit to end of row. 6th row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4. Repeat 5th and 6th rows until 10 sts. remain. On 10 sts. work as follows:—1st row—K. 4, P. 2, K. 4. 2nd row—K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 2 tog., K. 3. Work 38 rows all knit. Cast off.

**BACK**—Work same as Front until there are 84 stitches on needle ending on purl row. 1st row—K. 3, \* K. 2 tog., K. 8, repeat from \* to within 5 sts., K. 2 tog., K. 3. 2nd row—K. 23, P. 29, K. 23. 3rd row—Knit. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows once. 6th row—Cast off 19, K. 4, P. 29, K. 23. 7th row—Cast off 19, knit to end of row. 8th row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4. 9th row—Knit. Repeat 8th and 9th rows twice then the 8th row once. Increase 1 st. beginning and end of every knit row until there are 50 sts. on needle, cast on 12 sts. at end of last row. 1st row—K. 21, purl to last 4 sts., K. 4, cast on 12. 2nd row—Knit. 3rd row—K. 21, purl to within 21, K. 21. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows once, then 2nd row once. 7th row—cast off 12 sts. K. 4, purl to within 21, K. 21. 8th row—Cast off 12 sts., knit to end. 9th row—K. 4, P. 14, K. 14, P. 14, K. 4. 10th row—and alternate rows—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to within 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. 11th row—K. 4, P. 12, K. 16, P. 12, K. 4. 13th row—K. 4, P. 10, K. 18, P. 10, K. 4. 15th row—K. 4, P. 9, K. 4, cast off 10 sts., K. 4, P. 9, K. 4. On the last 17 sts. work as follows:—1st row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to last 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. 2nd row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4. 3rd row—Knit to last 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until 10 sts. remain. 1st row—K. 4, P. 2, K. 4. 2nd row—K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 2 tog., K. 3. Work 52 rows all knit. Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and proceed as follows:—1st row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to last 6, K. 2 tog., K. 4. 2nd row—K. 4, purl to last 4, K. 4. 3rd row—K. 4, K. 2 tog., knit to end. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until 10 sts. remain. 1st row—K. 4, P. 2, K. 4. 2nd row—K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 2 tog., K. 3. Work 52 rows all knit. Cast off.

**GUSSET**—Cast on 2 sts. Work in stocking st., increasing 1 st. beginning and end of every knit row until 30 sts. on needle. Then decrease 1 st. beginning and end of every knit row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.



## Summer's Lease

**S**HE who is wise in the art of living chooses for these precious moments the lovable fragrance of Yardley Lavender to grace her presence. Its coolness and delicate beauty enrich her charm and make memorable the long summer afternoons . . . the warm, starlit, English nights . . .

Lavender in sprinkler bottles, stoppered bottles and pocket flasks, 40c to \$12.

And the same subtle perfume is woven through an exquisite series of toilet luxuries including—

**OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP** (the luxury soap of the world). Its soft, mellow lather cleanses and refines the skin, 3 cakes for \$1.00.

**ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM** completes the cleansing of the skin by bringing to the surface the impurities which accumulate in the pores. It leaves the skin softened, refined and beautified, and forms a perfect powder base, \$1.10.

**LAVENDER FACE POWDER**, a misty fine powder in tints to suit your complexion, \$1.10.

**LIPSTICKS \$1.10.**

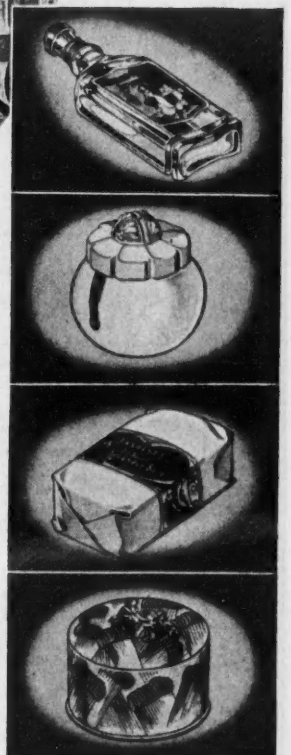
**BATH SALTS \$1.10.**

**TALC 40c & 85c.**

*Yardley*

**LAVENDER**

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By Appointment

Send for "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" a charming little booklet which gives complete directions for perfecting the complexion and is sent post free on application to, Dept. C, Yardley & Co., (Canada) Ltd., Yardley House, Toronto.





You  
can  
have



Only One Face - Be kind to it!

Many products now in general use started as luxuries at high prices. National advertising has so increased their consumption and production that they are now available to everyone at moderate prices.

Refuse imitation products which are offered you for acceptance with the specious recommendation of "They are just as good."

**I**T COSTS so little more to use face creams and cosmetics produced by reputable makers, yet the results are so much more satisfactory because years of costly experiment and research have determined what is best.

Take face creams, for instance. You can make a cream at home out of water, beeswax, mineral oil and a bleaching solution but the best you could do would be to mix them by hand for an hour or so until they blended to some consistency.

In creams of recognized quality, there are instead of four about twelve ingredients, each one included for its beneficial effect on the skin. A substitute cream may be mixed and packaged in half-an-hour, whereas a cream of known quality might be in the mechanical mixer from fifteen to eighteen hours, following which a milling machine further refines its texture to a delicate smoothness.

Nationally-advertised face creams and cosmetics have reputations to maintain and never depart from their high standards in quality of ingredients and skill in preparation. So, when you are asked to buy a beauty preparation that is "just as good" remember you can have only one face—be kind to it! The package containing an imitation line may be even more attractive than that of the widely-advertised product, but the difference in the price asked is in the *quality* of the contents. Buy the preparations in which you can have complete confidence.

[[ This is one of a series of articles on why you should always ask for and insist on getting nationally-advertised products. ]]

## Clothes That Like to Go Places



You know how difficult it is to feel the part unless you look it. That's why we've picked some things for travel this month — smart sportswear keyed to the spirit of the times, designed for simple dressmaking with adaptable Chatelaine patterns, planned for days in the open.

How about an all-over flower-pattern cotton and rayon mixture (638) for the motor jaunt? You might do it in a London tan, red or green as the print with a light tone for the ground. Figured rayon jerseys are very smart, and the feather mount makes the hat a first fashion.

There's something so free and easy about a summer cruise, that we suggest this graceful, air-conditioned two-piece frock for shipboard (628). In one of the new slub materials — tiny fleck — it would be most effective. And, considering your background of blue sea and sky, one of the parakeet greens or yellow-reds might be just the thing for romance in distant places.

The redingote is a perfect companion for railway travel, besides being in high favor with the Paris couturiers this summer. This one in a dark sheer. Black net or georgette over a gaily patterned print in rayon would be interesting. Or try a combination in dark and light-toned cottons — they're so perky now (641).

If you're bent on flying high, as in 635, choose one of the new printed rayons, with its flighty wing pattern. The loose fitting jacket offers protection against the upper regions. See the love-bird fasteners?

This is the kind of sports outfit (632) that won't be chalked up in your golf handicap. Now that non-crushable linens are taking so easily to figured motifs, why not make this up in a white-printed navy, one of the new favorites?

Make your costume a part of your travel programme this year.

These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. When ordering, give the number, size and style desired.

Price of all patterns, 15 cents.

Patterns described on page 77.



635



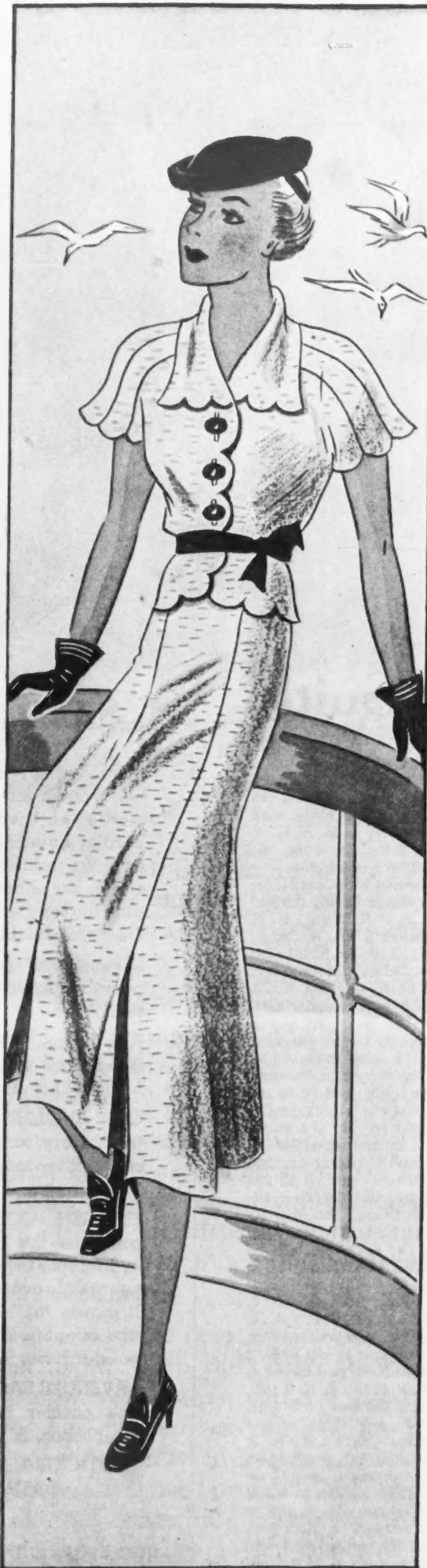
632

# WITHOUT LIGHT-HEARTED TOGS

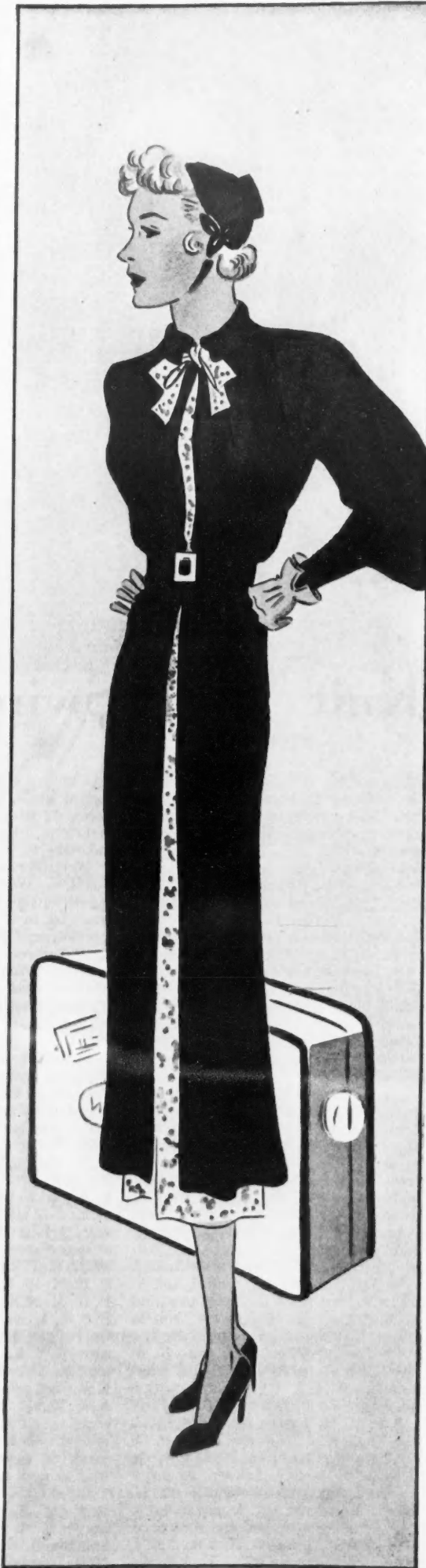




638



628



641

YOU CAN'T GO ADVENTURING



## SUITS COAX FOR 'EM

Blouses like these, we mean —  
They have a fatal fascination  
For a nice, manly suit  
Like this.

That's why we whooped over  
Two new Chatelaine blouse patterns  
That give you FOUR styles  
Enchanting enough  
To send any suit  
Into a perfect fit  
(Of the better sort, of course).

The two tops (629)  
Are just that  
(Such a simple style to make)  
Add a bit of Chinese figuring  
(As above)  
Or buy a frilly jabot (as below)  
And you're set for anything.

See what we did  
With another style (647).  
Tucked or plain  
Tailored (with a bow)  
Or fussed up (with a frill)  
It strikes a high style note.

The suit  
Steps into the front rank, too.  
It's simple, but suggests —  
Well, you know — that certain  
Indefinable rightness  
That is the secret  
Of the new fashion formula.



Descriptions of patterns on page 77. These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. When ordering, give the number and size desired. Price of all patterns, 15 cents.





# GOthic

PATENTED

Brassiere  
by

D & A

"GOthic" is the name to shop by if you want the cleverest design, smartest cut and greatest comfort in a brassiere. It's new! Gothic brassieres are scientifically designed and cut with a Cordtex fabric support which lifts and moulds the busts to fashion's form with perfect comfort to the wearer.

- No harmful sagging—no equally harmful pressure from tight shoulder straps. You will always look right and, better still, feel right.
- The Gothic Cordtex Arch won't sag, crush, wrinkle or shrink. It gives proper support throughout life of brassiere. Is smoothly finished inside, and upper and lower sections are fagotted so as not to show through sheer, fitted dresses. Ask to see the Gothic before buying. At corsetières, everywhere.

By the makers of the famous Nu-Bach, D & A, and Junior League Foundation Garments

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LIMITED**

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M67

## Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise—Authentic—Essentially Helpful



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Service Bulletin No. 16

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Service Bulletin No. 17

Which treats with the subtleties of make-up

Not twenty women out of a hundred know how to make-up effectively. Some overdo it; others use the wrong materials. Yet the right make-up can give a plain face charm—a lovely face character. Learn about the make-up which is individually yours. Price 10 cents.



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481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos. ....  
for which I enclose \$.....

Name and

Address .....

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)

## The Feminine Touch

(Continued from page 26)

week-end, I'm thinkin'. And she's a very handy young un."

Norah's tone was much too bland. Mrs. Snowden eyed her sharply. "I didn't know you had a cousin over here, Norah."

"A sort of cousin, ma'am," Norah amended reluctantly, squaring her shoulders belligerently. "Shall I be speakin' to Miss Sammy?"

Norah was deliberately planning something. What was it? Ordinarily there would have been only one answer to her question. Sammy was like one of the family and would be only too glad to help in an emergency. But it wouldn't do under the circumstances.

"Oh, dear, no. I couldn't think of spoiling Sammy's fun. Mr. Snowden will find someone. You go along, Norah."

Annetta spoke eagerly. "Please, Mrs. Snowden, please let me. I'd love it. I could easily manage."

For an instant Mrs. Snowden hesitated. The temptation might be mean, unworthy, but it was strong. What a chance to demonstrate to Michael that all this gold fluff might not be enough in a wife. Visions of the sort of meals Annetta would produce floated jeeringly through her mind. She thrust them quickly away. She would not interfere. Michael must choose his own wife and, having chosen, live with her. If he had to live in a frowsy house and eat poorly cooked food in the company of a golden-haired seraph, that was his lookout. Probably a man would prefer it that way once he got used to it. One couldn't imagine Helen of Troy wielding a mean biscuit spoon. A sudden feeling of sympathy for Annetta possessed her. Why expect an individual to look like that and still be able to do anything else? After all, an *objet d'art* need have no *raison d'être* except itself.

Anyway, the girl was a guest in her house and she would have no part in humiliating her. And there would be no Scylla and Charybdis for Michael, either, if she could help it.

"Mercy, no. Though I do thank you for offering, Annetta. We'll manage quite easily."

"But it really isn't easy to get someone so soon, Mrs. Snowden. And it's only for the week-end." Annetta was terribly in earnest. "Please, do let me. You have been so kind to me; now I'd love doing it for you. Make her let me, Michael."

"Sure. Do, mom. It's only for the week-end. If it's longer we can get someone, Monday. It'll be fun. I'll help and Annetta's a good sport. She won't mind."

"Mind! I'll think you are afraid I'm not equal to a few meals if you don't," Annetta insisted.

THAT WAS exactly what she did think although she couldn't very well say so. In the end she yielded. Not because she wanted to yield. Nor, be it said to her credit, because she wanted to expose Annetta's deficiencies to Michael's masculine and comfort-loving appraisal. It was Annetta herself who forced the decision. She grew so extremely insistent that to refuse her further would definitely have been ungracious.

When Norah heard that Annetta was to take charge during her brief absence she said nothing but an extremely satisfied "So!" and marched off with a wicked gleam in her eye to get the evening bus to town.

Annetta frankly was delighted. "It'll be fun," she enthused. "I just love house-keeping. You just forget about everything, Mrs. Snowden. You'll have your tray in bed in the morning as usual and by noon Michael and I will be full-fledged cooks."

(Continued on page 46)

Personal  
Hygiene  
for



# HEALTH and HAPPINESS

In a matter which so intimately concerns her well-being, mentally as well as physically, every married woman should enjoy the happiness and confidence of being well-informed.

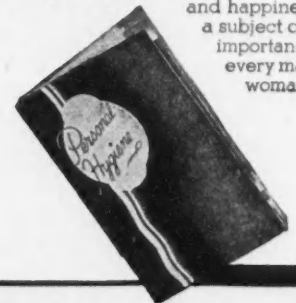
In one convenient, practical prescription there is a completely safe and satisfactory form of personal hygiene.

Though a powerful germicide, endorsed by doctors as thoroughly reliable, "Rendells" are harmless as purest oils.

At body heat they quickly melt to soothe with a protective film over delicate internal tissues, effecting complete antiseptics and ensuring that fastidious, immaculate cleanliness which is the foundation of feminine daintiness.

"Rendells" are simple, easy and completely ready-to-use.

Mail this coupon for copy of informative booklet. It tells you, in simple language, the story of personal hygiene for health and happiness... a subject of vital importance to every married woman.



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Please send me free copy of the booklet, "Personal Hygiene".

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"Rendells" are individually foil-wrapped in boxes of 12. Kept cool and dry, they retain their efficacy for any length of time, and in any climate. Just ask your druggist for

# RENDELLS



## The BEAUTY BOX by ANNABELLE LEE

● You needn't worry any more about the havoc those tight bathing caps can make of your elegantly curled hair. There's a new shower cap, made something like a Dutch bonnet, which ties around your head in a jiffy. It's a wonderful protection in every way for the elaborate curls of the season. And it comes in sweet-pea shades of fine oiled silk. Nice to know you're wearing a becoming hat, even in the shower.



● The path to beauty is getting more direct and simple every year. Now you can buy a sun cream that affects the short, burning rays of the sun, and allows you to tan as you want to. Use it very lightly if you want a deep tan; moderately for an ordinary tan; and lavishly if you want to keep your nice winter-whitened complexion. It's moderately priced. And it's not greasy.

● The average woman to-day stands half-heartedly and walks with apology. But beauty experts are getting after us. It's not enough to keep a flawless complexion. We've got to wear it with an air. Famous beauty salons are taking shadow photographs when you go into them; then deciding what mars your attainment of the best that is in you — and then working with you in a series of treatments.



● When it's over and you've exercised and been massaged, and had special beauty baths, you're photographed again — and walk out with proof positive of the benefits you've received. And don't worry if there isn't a salon in your town. Directions for home treatments will be sent — but you must be honest with yourself when you're working them out!



● Haven't you noticed how many women who were girls at the end of the last century can boast that they used "to sit on their hair"? Do you know why? Because they used to brush it! There's nothing in this world

that will help you more than consistent brushing — up and away from the head. Make sure your children learn. One of the most famous brushes has a junior size now, for little hands, in green, yellow, red, blue. Just right for small heads — and a sure road to beautiful hair.

● There's a new nail cream in a delicate rose shade that does wonders for nails that are inclined to be brittle. Rub it in at night thoroughly. I was delighted with the very definite effect a short but regular use of it had on mine.

● Here's an extra special for business women, who so often have to go out to an all-important function after a rushed, wearying day at the office — a cream mask. You smooth it on your face and lie down quietly for ten minutes or so. Wash it off — and, well, try it yourself and see how it refreshes your skin and brings back some of the glowing quality that tiredness destroys.

● If you haven't done so as yet, do a little exploring as to the helps that science has prepared for you in the summer months. Freckles? You don't have to have them. Dry skin? There are creams especially prepared. Do you burn an unpleasant red? There are definite answers to all these summer troubles.

● And for a bit of real luxury — a bubble bath, if you please! You lie, relaxed, in a bath of warm water. Some special chemicals are dropped in,

and then a motor sends oxygen through the water. Result — thousands upon thousands of tiny bubbles bombarding your skin! Afterward you are wrapped in a Turkish robe to sleep awhile before a brisk rub-down.

● Would you like further information on the items discussed in this column? Write to Annabelle Lee and she will be glad to tell you more about them.

## Partnership Play

(Continued from page 4)

Another responsibility laid upon partners in their turn is that of leading. Now we could fill a book writing about leads alone—so many different situations occur, and so many delicate points arise.

I shall mention only a few of the usual leads. Against a suit bid, partner not having bid, the usual leads are King, from

Ace, King, and others; the top of any sequence of three or more cards; the fourth best of the longest suit; under some circumstances a doubleton or a singleton, or a top of nothing—such as 8 from 8 5 3—often a useful lead when you have no better one.

When partner has bid, lead your highest card in his suit, unless you have four, when fourth best is the usual lead. Against a no trump bid, fourth best of your longest suit is generally led. If your partner has bid and been overcalled by Declarer, a pretty point arises which is not obvious to everyone.

With three of his suit to the Ace, King or Queen—many add, to the Jack as well—lead low. This can do no harm and may save a trick. [Continued on page 75]

## RECENT STARTLING DISCOVERY!



Two new Beauty Creams  
that stay GERM-FREE

Woodbury's Beauty Creams help protect against blemishes caused by germ-infections... make your skin finer, fresher, lovelier

**B**LEMISHES! Ugly little spots that appear just when you least expect and want them! And all too often they are caused by germs that invade some tiny crack or scratch in your skin.

That's why it's so important to use beauty creams that are germ-free. Woodbury's Cold Cream contains a scientific ingredient which keeps it free from germ-growth to the last pinch in the jar. Blemish-germs cannot live in it; they are destroyed.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream whenever your face feels drawn or tired, always at bedtime, and before exposing your skin to drying winds. As a smooth invisible base for make-up, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. This, too, stays lastingly germ-free, helps protect against germ-infections. It further guards against dust, sun and wind.

Each only 50c, 25c, 15c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

●AVOID IMITATIONS... Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., on all Woodbury products.



"X" MARKS THE SPOT where blemishes most frequently appear. But they may occur anywhere. Always they mar the complexion, however lovely.

By using Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams you help guard your skin against the blemishes that arise from surface infections. 109 dermatologists, who tested Woodbury's Creams, approve them for every type of complexion. Sensitive skins, especially, find the protection and refining care of these creams indispensable to health and beauty.

**MAIL NOW... FOR COMPLEXION KIT!**  
Brings you generous trial tubes of 2 Woodbury Beauty Creams; 6 shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, containing "Filtered Sunshine" element. Enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

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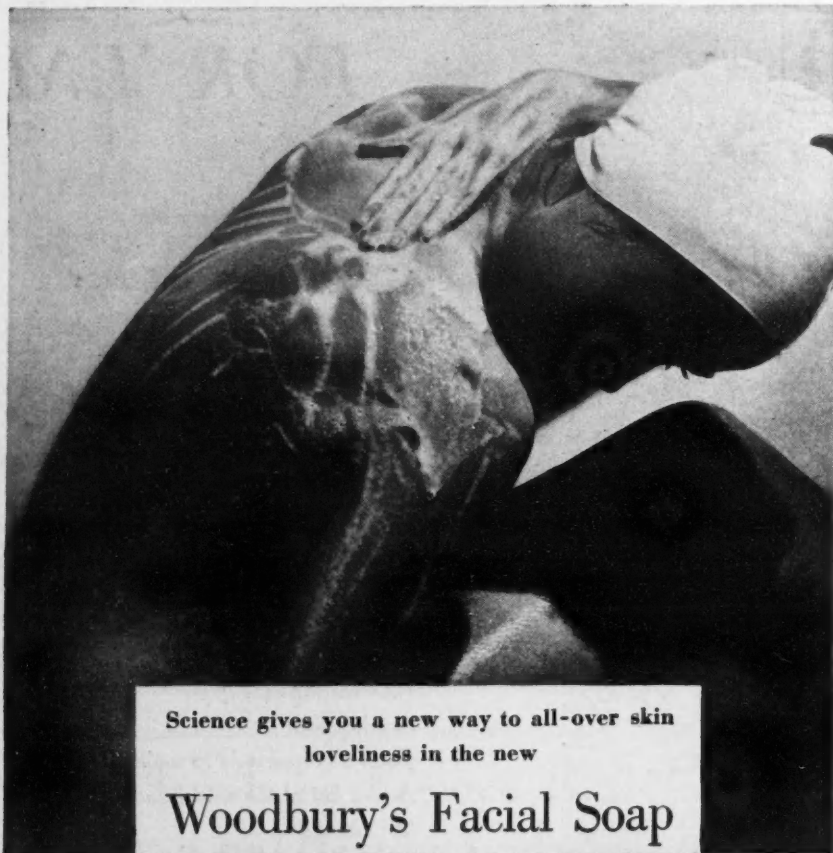
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NOW... as you bathe... enjoy  
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# “Filtered Sunshine”



Science gives you a new way to all-over skin  
loveliness in the new

Woodbury's Facial Soap



FROM this day forth, Soap takes on new meaning! For a great scientific discovery has been made, bringing the benefits of "Filtered Sunshine" to all your skin, as you wash and bathe with Woodbury's!

Now, more than ever, beauty is within your grasp! "A Skin You Love to Touch" for your complexion. A skin that blooms with loveliness from crown to toe!

Now a finer soap than ever!

For three generations Woodbury's has been a favorite beauty aid. Now by an amazing new process, under exclusive patent rights, those gentle, kindly rays which help to enhance the skin's loveliness, are irradiated into an ingredient of this fine soap. And tests by a leading university prove that this "Filtered Sunshine" ingredient is absorbed by the skin.

At no extra cost to you

And here's more good news! The new "Filtered Sunshine" Woodbury's is only

10c—the same generous size cake that formerly sold at 25c. Use it freely for your beauty bath. Keep a supply on hand for all the family. And mothers... leading authorities advise the new "Filtered Sunshine" Woodbury's for the baby's bath, too! Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores, and at your grocer's!

## MONEY-BACK OFFER!

Here's your chance to improve your beauty, without risking a penny! Buy 3 cakes of Woodbury's, with the new "Filtered Sunshine" element in it. Use 2 full cakes. If your mirror does not convince you that this is the finest beauty soap you've ever tried, do this:

Mail to us before July 31, 1936, the unused cake in its wrapper (seals unbroken) and wrappers from the 2 used cakes. Tell why Woodbury's did not suit you; also amount you paid for the 3 cakes. We will then refund to you the full purchase price, plus postage.

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## Sleep to find Beauty

(Continued from page 31)

eight hours sleep takes relentless toll in the form of vitality, perception, reason, memory, and the more spiritual qualities of sympathy, understanding and patience from one's mental make-up.

WITH SOME people this gradual draining away of energy is utterly unnoticed. They carry on their daily routine unaware that they are giving less and less to their jobs because there is less in themselves to give; aware only of a growing dissatisfaction with the results of their efforts, of a steadily mounting irritation at trivialities, at the excessive noise the children make when they're back from school, of the clash of personalities in home or office, of a "strung up" feeling that makes living seem rather like a third-rate show seen in a backwoods town.

Are they worth it, do you think—the book you can't lay down, the chore you must finish, the dance with the not-so-hot orchestra—if they draw on your capital reserves in this way?

And from thousands of women there come low murmurs of protest. "Of course they're not worth it. But what's there to do when one can't sleep?"

### Combating Insomnia

That is exactly what this article intends to answer. It is easy enough to admonish you to "be good and go to sleep." But to tell how to go there is something of quite a different kidney. For there are as many possible causes of sleeplessness as there are hairs to your head. And unless, by some lucky chance, you happen to be bald, it will be practically impossible to lay hold on the particular personal aggravation that's causing your insomnia.

### Tense Nerves

But personal aggravations aside, there are definite broad causes and equally definite ways of combating them. Chief, perhaps, is that known as "tense nerves," which in turn may be conjured up by excitement, worry, fear, or perhaps just too grim a determination to get to sleep.

One of the best means of smoothing down your ruffled nerves is a nightly warm bath—not too hot a one, for hot tubs are stimulating. The water should be about ninety-eight degrees, and it will be so much more restful if you sprinkle into the bath, salts of pine or other soothing fragrance. Bathe languidly without vigorous scrubbing. Pat yourself dry with a huge, warmed towel and, filled with well-being, saunter to your bedroom.

Now a word as to the bed itself. Because they have discovered that all of us change our positions many times during the night—and rightly so in order to rest the more thoroughly—investigators into the "science" of sleeping recommend a bed that is at least thirty-nine inches wide. Otherwise, the natural inclination of the body to move position every hour or so is cramped at the outset. Boxed springs are best, and mattresses should be sunned frequently in order to regain their buoyancy. Few factors are as important as the weight of your coverings. That heavy, listless feeling you get mornings may be due directly to the large number of heavy blankets you sleep beneath. It's a thrifty investment to buy large tuckable sheets and light, fleecy blankets—and an eider-down adds little in weight yet gives snug warmth.

Naturally, your window is well ventilated—though not exaggeratedly if the

weather is cold. Your blinds are drawn against a gleam from the lamp-post outside or from the too early approach of daylight. Deliciously tired, you sit propped against your pillows, sipping a warm drink. It may be milk, or some prepared "sleepy" beverage waiting for you in your bedtime vacuum bottle; perhaps only warm water, the internal warmth being sufficient to relax that tautness inside you. Anyway, your main light is turned off, only the lamp at the head of your bed being ready to your hand. From your pillow drifts a delightful odor of pine. You gathered the needles last summer as they lay mellowing on the sun-warmed ground, and with them you filled a small, flat cushion against the day when you'd recapture their fragrance.)

Scents, you know, kindle the imagination. That is why pine needles, with their accompanying thoughts of tall, shaded forest and murmuring lake, are so beautifully sleep-provoking. Even to imagine the scent of the pine woods rests the mind. Helpful, too, are the herbal pillows you can buy. And another subtle way of tethering Morpheus is to dissolve a handful of bath salts in a bowl of warm water beside your bed.

Thus lulled into unawareness, your will-to-sleep becomes a deliciously foggy, unobtrusive wraith which pilots you gently but effectively into slumberland.

### Noise

Noise is sometimes the sleep bogey. Street noises, perhaps neighbors' radios, or creakings and rattlings in the house. In the latter case it is clearly a matter for window-stoppings and stair overhauls. But you can't very well play being spectre at your neighbor's feast. So you might try stopping up your ears with plugs of cotton wool. There are even small plugs of plastic wax made especially for the noise-conscious. Down in New York they're recommended to shut out the thunder of the traffic. Hardwood floors are not exactly silence-provoking either. You'll find that all-over carpets muffle a great deal of sound—and if there's a clock ticking merrily away in the room, put it on a thick felt pad and notice how its sound quietsens. Do the same with your electric fan, should you make use of it to stir the summer air, and turn its face to the wall.

### Light

Third in the list of sleep bogeys is light. If your bed faces the window, sleep with your head at the foot. Your curtains should be opaque enough to shut out most of the light when drawn. If still the light intrudes, two pieces of black felt, shaped to fit your eyes, will help you drift into darkness. That's a good trick to bear in mind when you're resting in the afternoon.

You see, it isn't enough that we should sleep. Often, when we wake from a full eight hours sleep and feel slightly ill-used, it's because of the small irritations we've been putting up with while unconscious. Noise will change the blood pressure of the sleeper. Light will obtrude into the sleeper's consciousness. Indeed, there's a school that holds that color is tremendously important, as much to the sleeper as to the person who is awake. For that reason, restful colors such as blues and greens are recommended for walls and large decorative pieces. And for that reason the sleep-conscious are careful that mirrors and brightly polished furniture should not deflect the light into their eyes.

And if still your brain persists in revolving around a knotty problem when it should be wafting into blankness, try stretching luxuriously as a cat, or get up and deep-breathe in front of the open window, or turn yourself around and sleep with your head at the foot of the bed. You'll do a lot better for yourself than the poor souls who unimaginatively count sheep.

And so to bed and beauty!





## Overture in Moonlight

(Continued from page 11)

"I don't blame him. He wants the best for you. I have nothing but my job. That won't give us the things you've been used to. I mightn't be able to give you those things for years. But what will the years and waiting do to us? Driving away from you I felt a dreadful finality. Something final as death. Because we'll die. The people we are now, you and I, loving each other like this will die. In three, five years we'll have changed so much, we'll love differently."

"Steve, don't! Don't say it. I can't face it, if I think like that."

But the boy went on in obstinate misery. "It's like a baby dying. Not having any of the things life could have given it."

"You're so sure it will die!"

"Oh, I'm not sure of anything except that I can't bear to lose you. I want you now. Not in years to come when I've a solid position and all the excitement is over. I want the person I am now to have the person you are now. He said it was moonshine. Not the settled, solid foundation for life. Just moonshine, Lennie."

"Moonshine is so lovely," Lennie breathed and he echoed: "So lovely," seeing it tangled in her shining hair, exquisitely enchanting her pale flesh; following her dark gaze to the transformed world about them.

Suddenly his hands, trembling on her hair, grew still.

"Lennie," he said hoarsely, "Lennie, come away with me tonight."

The idea transfixed them like a shining spear, lifted them from earth and left them poised and quivering in moonlit space.

A minute passed and the boy's uncertainty passed with it. But to his sure and urgent pleadings Lennie gave no answer and at last he too fell silent and dropped his head against hers. She was so still. He could scarcely feel her breathing, but suddenly life flowed through her, galvanizing her.

"Yes, Steve, that's the only way. I'll come. I can't think. I've been trying to, but all I can think of is being without you. Everything else is blurred. I suppose we're mad." She looked about her with dark, distended eyes, but nothing real met her gaze. Fields and encircling hills and the shining roofed huddle of the little town were touched by moon magic; silver rivers, barred with darkness, flowed to the black hills which pierced the pallid sky and madness seemed sanity in that lovely world created for unreal beings.

But at the corner of the street where Steve stopped the car to wait for her until she collected her things, they clung together in an onrush of fear.

"I don't know," the girl whimpered.

"I know. Look at me, Lennie," Steve said. His hands on her were rough and strong. The moon had chiselled all boyishness from his face, revealed for a minute's magic the man still enwombed in the years, and Lennie looking at him, searching, sighed and caught at him childishly and said:

"I'm not afraid now, Steve. But pray while I'm gone."

"I'll pray. And I'll wait. I'll wait until morning, and if you don't come—" But that twisted his mouth and set him trembling again, and he leaned over swiftly and opened the door of the car.

MRS. WALLACE was folding away her work.

"Darling, you've been a long while."

"I—I went for a walk." Lennie dared not look at her. One glance at her father, who was polishing his glasses on a silk handkerchief, blinking, smiling at her with

tenderness which stabbed her heart, had destroyed her sureness and her exaltation. A spit of flame came from the fireplace and a log rolled into the cavity. Lennie started. Her mother said:

"You don't look well, Lennie. You'd better go off to bed and I'll bring you a hot lemon drink. You shouldn't have left off your sweater this morning."

"I'm all right," Lennie said harshly. "You're always bothering about whether I'm hot or cold. That isn't important as— as other things." Knives flashing in the air, scrabbling her own breast, unendurable, and turned on these two, so beloved. She looked at them now, from one to the other, dark, rebellious, hating them for an instant because of the hurt of hurting them.

They were both silent, helpless.

"Lennie," her father said after a bit, as if nothing had happened. "I've got to go out and see old McKee in the morning. Would you like the drive? We'll be starting early."

For an instant of torment Lennie regarded him, implored him voicelessly then turned and ran from the room.

"She'll get over it," Mr. Wallace said, loudly assailing the emptiness, the silence. "She's only a child. Darn him, darn him, coming here, a good-for-nothing, a..."

In bed, with the bedclothes pulled close to her chin, Lennie watched her mother moving about the room. Beneath the touch of her mother's hand on her forehead she quivered.

"You're feverish. Darling, I—about—"

"Don't say anything, mother."

Mrs. Wallace looked at her, hesitated.

"No—no. But your father is right, darling. It's because he loves you so much."

Lying in the darkness Lennie waited until the night sounds of the house died one by one. With their dying, her sense of security died too. The moon outside her window sent a thin, silver shaft through the curtains which did not quite meet. No magic in that. Alien, an intruder in that familiar room which had housed her in safety since the dawn of her life, a silver blade cutting at the roots of her existence.

She sat up and clasped her small hands round her knees, held herself tightly as if she too would fall with the fall of all things whose foundations were being destroyed by that silver blade.

A DOOR SHUT. She heard with strained ears the dull murmur of voices from her parents' room. Then the murmur died. There were creaks in the darkness of the old house as if it too were shifting, settling into the silence of sleep. Then no sound for a long time, and at last, Lennie, beyond thought now, got noiselessly out of bed and stood for a little while, uncertain, tormented, striving to find sureness of purpose in the thought of her lover's face and voice. Steve, Steve, Steve! She called to him, but no help came from the night to fight for her against the mute voice of familiar things whose presence was strong, like an army around her.

"I don't know. I don't know," she said, and went softly from the room. On the top floor where the servants slept was a small room used for trunks and cases and junk of all kinds. She crept up the stairs, whose old boards creaked beneath her steps. The creaks sounded loud, like pistol shots. She stopped once, peering about her in the darkness. "I'm mad," she said. "Mad." Steve, his face, his voice, the promise of their life together, dissolved, floated nebulously in her mind which strove to find them real and concrete. Moonshine. Alice and Kitty, snoring in their room at the head of the stairway—they were real. Hot lemon drinks, mother's embroidery, driving out to see old Mr. McKee with father in the morning, the slam of the back gate and the butcher coming up the path with his white tray, bills being paid, putting in the new bathroom, the workmen hammering away, a fur coat—

"Steve! Steve!"

She reached the lumber room. It was pitch dark and she groped for the light

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For security Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every movement. Prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



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## The Feminine Touch

(Continued from page 42)

Mrs. Snowden could imagine how much she loved housekeeping but she kept her opinion to herself. She had a comfortable feeling that the gods were in command. Both Michael and Annetta had insisted until she was forced to acquiesce. So be it. She would let come what would.

What came was even worse than she expected. Annetta, looking like a small eager cherub in a white organdie frock with a ridiculous spot of an apron around her slim waist, had awakened her at eight o'clock to hand her wash basin and towels.

"I'll send Michael upstairs with your tray in just a few minutes," she said, fluttering about. She pulled straight things crooked and crooked things straight until Mrs. Snowden wanted to scream. "Then perhaps you can have a nap until nearly lunch time."

Michael brought up the tray. It was awful.

Grapefruit, not chilled and only sketchily loosened in its sections. Cold oatmeal that only too evidently had not been cooked even three minutes, surrounded by cold milk and topped by two pieces of lump sugar. There were four pieces of half-burned toast—cooked only on one side—with hunks of once partly melted butter congealing in discouraged looking blobs. The coffee might have come from the creek—a particularly muddy one. It was something less than lukewarm, as strong as lye and only thinly redeemed by bluish looking milk. There was an egg which upon Mrs. Snowden's gingerly conducted examination proved to be a half-of-one-minute egg. The brackish water in the waterglass was shot with bubbles that proclaimed its remoteness from a refrigerator. The doily and napkin were immaculate. There was a gorgeous yellow rose in a bud vase towering beautifully above the hopeless toast.

"Well, yellow roses have a distinct function," Mrs. Snowden reflected determinedly, her better nature in complete command as she manfully downed the contents of the tray. Usually her breakfast consisted only of one glass of fruit juice (chilled), one half slice of hot buttered toast, and coffee with cream. This morning she swallowed oatmeal; chewed the lump sugar. Not a crumb of toast did she leave. She even drained the coffee to the last bitter dregs. The egg was almost too much even for her determination but she managed it.

Not a morsel would she leave for Michael to see. If he drew any conclusions they would be from his breakfast, not hers. One's best should be good enough. If it were not, it would not be because she had pointed it out. All that was left on the tray for him to see when he came for it were the dishes, the silver, the linen and the rose.

"A whale of a breakfast for you, mom!" Michael whistled beamingly as he whisked away her tray a half hour later. "Some breakfast, wasn't it!"

He was not being satirical. "Of all the fatuous imbeciles!" But it really was Mrs. Snowden's stomach that uttered the silent complaint. Her intention of saving Annetta humiliation was still valiant and in working order. There were worse things in the world than poor cooking, but if Norah had planned this she certainly was having all expectations fulfilled.

She did dread lunch, however. One more tray like that . . . She shut her eyes when she heard Annetta come in with it at twelve o'clock.

"Time to eat again!" Annetta announced from the doorway. "I hope you are hungry. Here it is."

Mrs. Snowden shuddered but opened

[Continued on page 48]



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tacit and none too flattering reproach to her own housekeeping methods. How Norah would have snorted. The Snowden summer house, always one of easy comfort where people loved to live, suddenly became a place of exquisite if unimaginative neatness. Golf bags, ordinarily dropped in the front hall, were banished to the garage. Tennis rackets were screwed into presses and stacked in the clothes press under the raincoats. Sheet music, usually inches deep on the piano rack, was stacked into piles in the cupboard under the piano bench. Books were no longer about the house in friendly little stacks; they were arranged orderly and aloof in their cases. Newspapers and magazines were in their racks, put there the minute any unsuspecting soul laid them down. Ashtrays were emptied almost before the ashes touched them. Meals were paeans of perfection. They were very much on time.

Michael cheerfully carried and fetched and trotted to the amazing Annetta's never-ending instructions. She was having the time of her life and was openly gleeful when a telegram arrived from Norah delaying her return by five days.

True, the bathing shirt hung dispiritedly on the pole, for Annetta would take no time for playing. And there was little laughter going on in the kitchen, but perhaps that was to be expected. Annetta never ceased to look like a presiding angel.

She did agree to go to the annual Payne-Snowden family picnic, however. "I'll bring enough for you folks," Sammy offered, "long as Norah's away."

But Annetta had quickly refused. "I'd much rather myself, thanks," she said a little primly.

"Annetta's a housekeeper with a capital H," Michael explained to Sammy. "Thanks, though. She's even got my snake skin down. What do you think of that?"

But Sammy was not to be caught. "I think she's exactly right," she said stoutly. "That's always been a hideous thing."

"But you know it's much better down, isn't it, Michael?" Annetta was sweetly insistent. When Michael did not at once reply she said again, still more sweetly and much more insistently, "It is, isn't it, Michael?"

For an instant Michael's grey eyes had surveyed her thoughtfully. Then he nodded. "Whatever you say, of course, Annetta," he said quietly and courteously.

THE PICNIC, an annual and much-loved affair was held on the island—a mile and a half's row out from Sturgeon's Point. Everybody went. Even Mrs. Snowden was carefully transferred to the family row-boat after the auto trip to Sturgeon's Point.

They had neared the island when one of the quick squalls common to inland lakes hit them with devastating suddenness. The wind rose and was cold. Little white caps curled over the edges of the waves which ran between them and the island, which ran so widely between them and the homeward shore.

And then, as they reached the island, it began to rain. It rained and rained and rained. If Mrs. Snowden, safely ensconced under a protecting tree, had hoped Sammy would appear to advantage in her own outdoor element she was disappointed. Neither Sammy nor the island were at their best. Rain had flattened Sammy's Indian straight hair to unbecoming wisps about the dark skin of her face. Her make-up had long ago vanished. Drops of water on her nose brought the freckles into definite relief. Her once crisp slacks were wilted and bedraggled. Only the blue eyes and the disarming grin remained as always, undaunted.

Annetta presented a startling contrast. A riot of damp little curls clustered about her face. The wind had blown a wild rose color to her cheeks. Her clothes, protected by Michael's coat, were almost as fresh as when she started.

"I think we'd better eat and get back as soon as we dare try it," Michael said, a

wary eye on the clouds banking over the lake.

Sammy soon had a roaring fire started. Michael had helped, of course. "We're just having coffee and steak sandwiches," she said after a little when the succulent odor of cooking steak filled the air. "There's lots. Have some, too, you folks?"

"Oh, no, thanks," Annetta spoke quickly, too quickly, for them all. There was a mean little firmness in her voice. "We have a salad and some milk here."

Mrs. Snowden groaned inwardly. She would have given a fortune for a cup of hot coffee. She was chilled in spite of her protecting wrap which she had been wise enough to bring, and the injured leg was complaining of all the dampness. But both she and Michael politely refused Sammy's second offer of coffee. They drank the milk, ice cold, from the thermos. After all, Annetta hadn't made the weather. Had it been hot the salad and the milk might have been much better than steak and coffee. And she had spent much effort in preparing the lunch.

But Annetta wouldn't let well enough alone. "After all, milk really is better for one than coffee, I suppose. Don't you think so? Isn't it, Michael?"

Sammy jumped into the silence that followed this childishness. "Of course it is," she agreed cheerfully before Michael could speak. "I was just too lazy to go to the store for a couple of extra quarts, so I brewed coffee instead."

But Annetta's insistent question was directed to Michael. She ignored Sammy and looked, waiting, at Michael.

And Michael did not disappoint her. He said, very gently, "I'm sure it is very nice, Annetta."

The next morning, the fourth of Norah's absence, Michael disappeared. After an interval he reappeared with a great overgrown lump of a mother's helper.

"She says she will 'do' for us until Norah comes," he announced.

"But Michael, I don't want it that way," Annetta protested, but for once Michael was adamant.

"Now, none of that," he said masterfully. "You've slaved enough. We've only one vacation. Your apprenticeship is up and you're coming for a swim. The mother's helper can give us canned beans for lunch, my lady. And I've bribed Norah to come back tomorrow. Saw her in town this morning."

And so for the remaining ten days Michael and Annetta swam and rode and danced and golfed. But with a difference. Annetta was a little more assured, possessive. Michael a little more considerate, if possible, and anxious to please her.

And then the day came when Michael was to drive her back to the city. "I hope you'll come again when you don't have to take care of us," Mrs. Snowden said cordially, glad that her conscience was clear. She knew now what the china blue eyes held. Possessiveness. Insistence. Just everyday, plain nagging. Had Michael spoken? Was that why it was plainer?

"Thank you for having me. It has been nice and I'd love to come again. Hadn't we better have the top up, Michael? It's better that way, don't you think?"

Obediently Michael raised the top of the roadster. "Is that right?"

Annetta nodded. "Much better, isn't it? Well, good-by, Mrs. Snowden."

WHEN HE returned Mrs. Snowden asked no questions. He would tell her what he wanted her to know. Norah, however, had no such reticence.

"Is it that useless piece of fluff you'll be for marryin'?" she demanded.

"Useless!" Michael shouted with laughter. "She made your housekeeping look sick, Nonny, me darlin'. Such a paragon you never saw, but I'm not marryin' it if that's what you want to know."

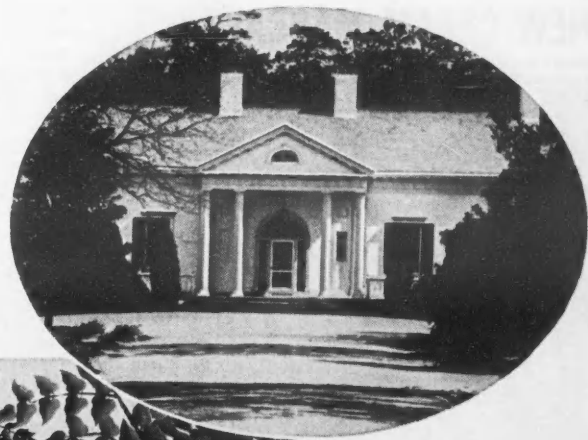
"It is that," said Norah.

To his mother he said:

"Annetta's a grand housekeeper, isn't she? Some guy will be lucky, all right."

"Yes," said his mother, a sudden light-

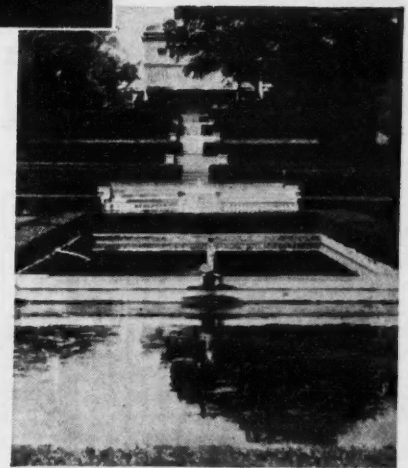
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**TANGEE:** Intensifies the natural rose of your lips, ends that painted look.



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switch. But there was no light. Someone had removed the bulb. She remembered now, and she had no matches. But she could not go back. If she went back, she would never return, and she must take some clothes with her. She groped round and found a suitcase finally, then went back down the staircase, noiseless as a thief, very cold now, without plan or purpose in her mind, her body doing the things her mind had conceived hours ago—years ago in a mood of moonlit madness.

She turned on the light in her room and put the suitcase on her bed. It was not the one she had intended taking; an old and battered thing, full of rubbish she found when she opened it. But it would do—if she went.

If she went. She sat down on the bed and tried to think coherently—to weigh things, to be reasonable, as her father and mother had told her one must be. Marriage was not kissing under a moon, a holiday mood. It was houses and things and children, and paying bills, and Alice and Kitty and putting in new bathrooms. Not Steve, who wasn't established, and a bed-sitting room.

HER FROZEN fingers turned over the rubbish in the suitcase and she tumbled papers, old bills, letters, a strap, pieces of lace and a square of yellow satin on the bed. The satin was a piece left over from the fancy dress her mother had made her for a children's costume ball. All ancient stuff this. The case had not been used for years. There was a bundle of letters, her own letters, written when she first went away to school; the upright childish writing on lined paper.

"Darling Mother and Father,  
Thank you for the parcel. . . ."

She began to cry, fingering the letters, remembering so much. And now she was grown up. Not safe any more. Doing mad things. Oh, mad things, like marrying Steve! A stranger. Running away from safety and tried love to untried love and danger with some strange person called Steve.

Her fumbling fingers came to rest. That was not one of her letters. Her mother's handwriting, the fine, precise writing of a letter to father. "Andrew, my beloved," the letter began. Odd, that one had never thought of mother and father loving the way she and Steve loved. Not the same way, of course. Or they could not have forgotten.

"Andrew, my beloved. . . . Darling mother. The letter was dated 1911. Mother sitting writing this, and looking like one of those queer fashions in old journals.

"Andrew, my beloved:

I feel this is such a poor way to give you the answer you are waiting for. Just to tell you yes, and yes and yes, conveys nothing of the certainty I feel, or my

joy in giving myself to you. This cold paper, and my poor pen for all those heavy underlinings can't tell you the ecstasy of certainty I feel. I had a mad thought of going to your rooms. . . . and shocking Mrs. Barrow and all the students.

Oh, my darling, I am not afraid to go with you. I am not afraid of seas unless they divide us. I am not afraid of poverty unless you bear it alone. I am not afraid of anything life can do to us except the one thing. Andrew, I must be very shameless, but all the time to-night as I sat beside father at the concert I was resolving to tell you this. If your letter had not been here when we got home, I would have written something like this, all the same. Because I knew, my dearest, that I could not let you go away next week and leave me here. Will that make you feel more confident, dear? I wish I could go tonight and tell you all these things. I am not very clever. I do not mind that because you do not mind it, but I wish I were, just for this hour, so that I could tell you what is in my heart. Before I turned on the light to write this, I stood at the window for a long time. It is such a beautiful night, with the moon full, and the flowers scenting the air. I longed for you so painfully that I knew beyond all doubt what I was going to write. I knew that nights like this, with all their beauty, would never hold beauty or any peace for me unless I was with you. My darling, my beloved Andrew, come for me when you wish. But let it be soon. I am not afraid. I am not afraid of the struggle we will have. I am not afraid of anything in the world, except letting you go away from me.

Your own  
Charlotte."

SOFT AS a sigh, Lennie passed down the carpeted stairway. On the last step, she sank down, still grasping the handle of the suitcase. No sound came from the rooms above. She was safe, and for a moment could rest there and send the love which filled her heart to take its silent message to the two, sleeping.

Surely they would remember, and understand? Her mother's letter and her own note would make them remember and understand, that this was the way of it, that all real and solid things had once been only a dream and a desire, and long years of achievement could be born in a moon-enchanted hour.

"I am not afraid, darlings. Please God help them to remember how brave one is. The moon is a sword, mother. You knew that once. One begins with a sword in one's hands."

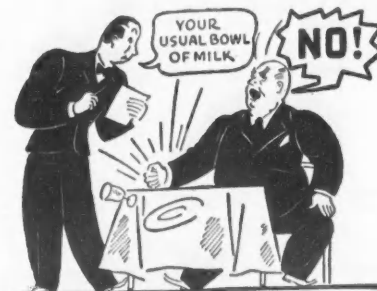
Swiftly, silently, her slim body eager and erect, Lennie opened the front door and stepped into the moonlight.

"Michael was quite set up the way you emptied his tray this morning. He said he could cook, so he did breakfast while I skipped over to the store to do my marketing before things were picked over. I hope yours wasn't as bad as the breakfast he had ready for me when I came back."

Mrs. Snowden laughed. There was undoubtedly some relief in the laugh. "And I thought I was being tactful by eating it all so you wouldn't think I disliked your cooking!"

"Oh, no. I can cook," Annetta said gravely, without humor. "You see, I've a B.S. in Home Economics. I really do love housekeeping."

SHE CERTAINLY did. And tried to make everyone else love it, too. The tables were turned with a vengeance. Far from worrying about Annetta's deficiencies Mrs. Snowden began to consider her own. The house was suddenly Annetta's. She cleaned and scrubbed with such a passion of energy that Mrs. Snowden had to remind herself that it was not, after all, a



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### The Feminine Touch

(Continued from page 46)

her eyes courageously. Then she blinked in astonishment. It was the same tray with the same yellow rose but there the similarity ended.

There was a frosted glass of slightly spiced tomato juice. A blue glass plate of chopped chicken in quivering aspic on a crisp curl of lettuce. There were dainty cinnamon rolls fresh from the oven. Clear strong tea and a yellow plate of lemon, thinly sliced and dotted with cloves. A crystal sherbet glass of Bavarian cream. And a bit of fern added to the yellow rose.

"I hope you have room for lunch," Annetta said, competently settling the tray on a pillow in Mrs. Snowden's lap.



He told Jane how he had started life as a country boy, how he had worked his way through a small college, how he had built up his business. Jane listened enthralled. Her eyes were love y. She was inclined to think young men of today couldn't make such records. Culver explained that everything depended on the young man. He himself had known just what he wanted and had gone after it.

Jane rested her elbows on the table, her chin on her hands, and looked at him and listened. It became clear that she would rather listen to him than eat or even dance. But they danced a great deal and Culver walked to his table with the springing steps and the swinging shoulders of youth. Jane had taught him a tango. It was a simple one. She assured him she never saw anyone get it so quickly. He was dancing much better tonight than last night. No stiffness at all. There was almost an abandon in his swing.

Both girls showed that they were having a wonderful time. Fay gurgled like a running brook and Jane's face took on a serene radiance. Just the same they did not lose count of the speeding hours. Both insisted on being home by midnight. That, it appeared, was their rule. They had to be up before eight and in their office by nine. Hopkins tried to kiss Fay good night when the four parted on the brown stone steps a few minutes before twelve. She wasn't having any, but there was no unseemly struggle. She merely pushed Hopkins toward the step and laughed forgivingly. In the cab Hopkins was thoughtful.

"Those girls have got me guessing," he told Culver. "But I think," he added reflectively, "they're all right. If they weren't they'd have given themselves away by now."

Culver hardly heard him. He was wondering if it would do to join Mary Saturday afternoon. That would give him Saturday morning at the office for some important mail . . .

IT WAS the next day, Wednesday, that Culver's office staff observed the surprising change in their employer's manner. He hummed and even whistled as he opened his mail, and the music he was humming and whistling was dance music. He was badly off the key and even off the tune; but his secretary recognized the air and stared. She was a girl who stepped out a bit herself. Culver smiled at her benignly. He was carefully dressed and shaven and he wore a carnation in his button-hole. He did not observe that she was staring. He dictated letters in a tone that was easy and carefree. He joked with business associates who dropped into the office. He seemed surprised when they complained of the heat. He said it didn't worry him.

That night, at the Spanish cabaret Hopkins had chosen after the shorthand lesson, Culver ran into his head clerk, Bailey. Bailey was with a cheerful party at the next table. He looked amazed and a little self-conscious when he recognized his employer, but Culver nodded with cheerful good-fellowship. He was dancing another tango with Jane and doing it rather well. Bailey's eyes bulged a bit as he watched the pair.

The only unexpected episode that night, aside from this meeting, was that Hopkins became rather sentimental. He assured Culver, when they had left the girls at their boarding house, that life was a queer thing. A fellow could learn something about women every year. He said he had kissed Fay in the lobby when he helped her into her light coat, and that she had cried about it. He suspected that she had cried because she loved him. He warned Culver very solemnly not to tamper with the affections of Jane. Culver shut him up rather brusquely. He was depressed by the knowledge that only tomorrow night, Thursday, was left. He had admitted this when they made the date and both girls were saddened by it. Jane especially. Jane's grey eyes had looked wide and

wistful. He suggested remaining in town over Friday night and they all cheered up. Jane's eyes were haunting. He seemed to see them before him all day Thursday. It made him rather thoughtful.

Thursday morning he was his usual precise self at the office, but Thursday afternoon he suddenly blossomed again. He was blithe and gay as he hurried through the late mail. By this time everyone in the office was gossiping about the change in him, but he didn't know it, and would not have dwelt on it if he had. His thoughts were centred on other matters. He remembered an amazing number of things about Jane—her eyes, of course, her smile, her voice, her soft laugh, things she said.

IT WAS a little embarrassing that he should meet Mary's chum, Mrs. Davies, Thursday night at Maxim's, to which they had gone again at Fay's suggestion; but Culver didn't mind it much. He ignored Mrs. Davies' amazement and her staring inspection of the two girls and of Hopkins. He knew he should have invited her to dance, but he didn't. He couldn't spare any time from Jane. He had decided that Jane was wonderful. He had almost decided that he must not continue to see her after Mary's return. That probably wouldn't do. No, it wouldn't do at all. And yet, there could be a fine friendship. This must be his last evening but one with Jane. A sensation of emptiness filled him as he realized it. Hopkins seemed to feel as he did.

"Well, this is almost our last round up," Hopkins said. "Let's make it a jamboree."

There was no room in a jamboree for Mrs. Davies. But Culver knew she was watching and wondering. He had almost decided not to mention Jane to Mary at all. Now, perhaps he'd better. If Mrs. Davies mentioned seeing him and if Mary asked questions, he would look puzzled. Then he would reflect a bit and remember that one night he and Hopkins had gone to Maxim's . . . Mary might get all sorts of foolish ideas in her head if he said more than that. He must say nothing to worry Mary.

An inspiration came to him. He didn't really have to go to the sea-shore Saturday. He could go Sunday morning. That would give him an extra evening.

They went to Coney Island again Friday evening. Jane suggested it. By this time Culver's strongest wish was to do anything Jane wished. In some way, any way, he felt that he must keep Jane in his life. He had said nothing about his plan to be in town Saturday night. He could have a talk with Jane that night, about their future. Platonic friendship. If she thought it was all right . . . of course it would be all right . . .

At supper Friday evening, in the Pavilion they had chosen, he made the Saturday night suggestion tentatively. Perhaps he could arrange to be in town tomorrow, Saturday night, he said, if the others wanted a final jamboree.

Hopkins caught the idea as if it had been a ping-pong ball. But the girls looked suddenly worried. Fay glanced at Jane and Jane spoke reluctantly.

"We can't come tomorrow night," she admitted. When the two men stared she added, "I'm awfully sorry. You've both been so nice."

Culver couldn't speak. He tried to, but no words came. He was stunned by his disappointment.

"But—why can't you come?" Hopkins demanded almost truculently. "What's the idea?"

There was nothing subtle about Hopkins. If he wanted to know anything he fired a question as if it had been a bullet. Jane looked at Fay now, and Fay took up the challenge.

"Well, if you must know," Fay said, "we've got a date."

"A date! Well, I like that!" Hopkins was outraged, showed it. Culver stared at Jane. He couldn't take his eyes from her embarrassed little face.

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If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale underarm odor each time you wear your dress



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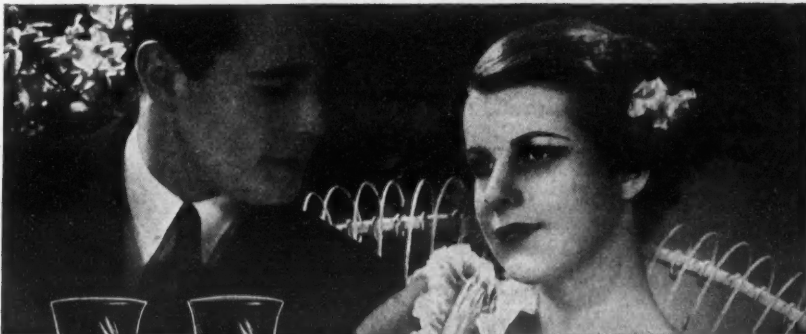
tion which has a tendency to collect under the arm is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

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# TATTOO



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ness flooding her heart she smiled radiantly. "Of course," he said reflectively, pulling his tennis racket out of a press, "he'll have to get used to rating somewhere less important than the second best china, but he'll be able to eat off the floor if he wants to. Not that anybody does."

"Ummm," said Mrs. Snowden. "And she sure does like to have her own way about it," he went on thoughtfully. "You have to do it all her way. And like it, too. That's the rub. It isn't enough to give in. Anybody can do that for a while at least. But you've got to admit that it's a better way whether it is or not." Gracelessly he mimicked the gentle but persistent tone. "Isn't it, Michael? Don't you think so, Michael?" Boy, did I hear that!" Suddenly he bounced to the window. "Hi, there, Sammy! Come in, will you?" Then to his mother, "Have you noticed that brat lately? She's growing up."

His mother refused to let him see the satisfaction in her face. She parried the question. "Tell me, Michael, how did you bribe Norah? I've been dying of curiosity."

Michael chuckled. "Oh, Norah was only stalling. The cousin was not very

sick, just tonsils. I just promised not to have any more girls visit us this summer if she'd come right back." He opened the door to Sammy.

"Hi, infant! Want some tennis?" Sammy's blue eyes did not reveal too much. "All right. But I was going swimming."

"We'll do both." He stuck his head through the doorway to the hall.

"Norah! Oh, Norah, me girl, does Sammy count? If she doesn't we'll be in for supper after our game and swim."

Norah, her eyes blandly innocent, waddled in from the kitchen, her hands full of warm hermits. Michael grabbed them and stuffed his pockets full as he had done since he was three.

He couldn't put Sammy in his pocket and probably would never think of wanting to, but there was an immense satisfaction in his face as they swung off together.

Norah glanced sideways and triumphantly at Mrs. Snowden and then waddled happily back to the kitchen.

"Don't go bein' such a numskull," she snorted, calling after him, for he had not waited for her answer. "Of course Sammy doesn't count."

## Mr. Culver Gallivants

(Continued from page 23)

had now decided, was the real thing. He had been in great luck to meet Hopkins.

"Better wear evening clothes tomorrow night," Hopkins advised as they parted. "Girls like ours love them. It makes 'em think they're in moving pictures. Only tuxedos, of course," he added as he bustled away.

CULVER FOUND himself dressing very carefully the next evening. He was excited, almost thrilled. He had thought of Jane a lot during the day. He had also written a letter to Mary in which he had not mentioned Jane. He'd tell Mary all about Jane when Mary came back. It was a long time since he had looked forward to any social occasion as eagerly as he looked toward tonight. Facing the mirror, he was surprised by his expression of eager expectancy. The parties he and Mary attended were usually pretty dull. He had always had to give one courtesy dance at least to Mrs. Davies, who was Mary's best friend and weighed two hundred. At that she danced lightly enough, but his arm didn't go far on its journey around her waist. Culver smiled kindly at his secretary, who looked surprised. He was a just employer but not the smiling type.

The girls were waiting for them in the reception room at Maxim's the next evening. Fay showed an artless relief when they appeared. Jane was not expansive, but she greeted Culver cordially and her eyes, after a friendly glance at Hopkins, gave most of their attention to Culver. Both girls refused wine for dinner. Culver felt amazingly gay. He hardly gave Jane time to finish the first course before he led her out to the dance floor. He wanted to dance, to laugh, to talk, to have a good time. He was excited.

Both girls looked pretty in bright, simple chiffon frocks. Fay admired Hopkins's appearance and told him so.

"You look like a million dollars," she declared, and gazed at him with open appreciation. Jane offered no tributes, but she continued to leave Hopkins to Fay and she gave all her attention to Culver. She talked more than she had done the night before. It appeared that she was taking a course of shorthand in a night school to improve her office chances.

"That doesn't mean that you've got to give a night this week to any truck like

that?" Hopkins was outraged. He had an odd ability to follow everything that was said by everyone at the table. It was a little oppressive at times. Culver noticed that when he was telling Jane there was no reason why a man and a girl shouldn't have a nice friendship. He saw Hopkins wink at Fay, who laughed and told Culver he had said a mouthful.

Culver led Jane to the dance floor again. He felt that he could talk more freely there. But at first he didn't talk much, after all. It was so satisfying to dance with Jane. She really danced beautifully. She told him he was dancing better every minute. She taught him some new steps and was amazed by his immediate grasp of them. He asked if she really had to give an evening to shorthand this week. She said she had, and that tomorrow night was the regular night for it.

Culver was amazed by his reaction to this simple statement. He didn't see how he could let a night be wasted that way. He had only three nights more, counting tonight. This was Tuesday. He had promised Mary to join her at her brother's Friday night and stay over the week-end. He would bring her home Monday unless he could persuade her to remain at the shore another week. He was so depressed by the waste of tomorrow night that he showed it, and Jane asked what was worrying him. He told her, and Jane looked sober, too. But it was plain that she had no idea of giving up her shorthand lesson. Culver felt sick at heart. He had taken it for granted, without consciously thinking of it at all, that the new quartette would spend every evening together till he left town. He was stricken by the prospect of a solitary evening at home.

"I guess perhaps we could go somewhere Thursday," Jane suggested at last to cheer him. Culver nodded gloomily. Only one night more after this.

Hopkins had a better idea. Hopkins stout fellow, was equal to anything.

"You don't study shorthand all night, do you?" he asked Jane when the four were all back at their table. "Through at ten? Okay. Then what's the matter with Culver and me calling for you and taking you out for supper and some dancing?"

It was as easy as that. Culver's heart sang. The stars were singing, too. He was so grateful to Hopkins that he wanted to pay the whole dinner check, but Hopkins wouldn't let him.

"Let's stick to the fifty-fifty plan," Hopkins ruled. "It's the only sound one."

Hopkins and Fay were getting on amazingly. Wisecracking and laughing all the time. Fay seemed to know Hopkins's type. She put him in his place without irritating him. Culver didn't talk about Mary tonight. He wanted to talk about himself. He did so.

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"There's no reason why we shouldn't see each other sometimes, is there?" He asked the question in a voice as low as Jane's.

"No," Jane said slowly. "But—I guess—perhaps we oughtn't to."

Culver was silent.

An episode was all this was, merely an episode. But what a strange sense of vacancy the end of an episode could leave in a man's life. Worth while, though. There had been a sort of glamour about it. And now Jane was making it clear that the next move was up to him. Well, he'd have to think about that. It would take some thinking about. He mustn't let himself be rushed into anything he'd regret.

"We'd better go," he said quickly. "Hopkins must have found a car by this time."

At the door of her boarding house he bent as if to kiss her cheek. Instead, he whispered four words.

"I'll write to you," he said.

HE WAS glad to get rid of Hopkins when they reached Hopkins's door. He was glad to enter his own apartment house and to close the door between himself and the outside world. He wanted to be alone, and to think. But as he moved toward the elevator the hall man stopped him.

"Long distance has been calling you all evening, Mr. Culver," he said importantly. "I guess it's pretty urgent. It's your brother-in-law. He wants you to call—"

An icy chill ran the length of Culver's spine. Mary! Something had happened to Mary!

He pushed the man aside, hurried to the telephone desk and seized the instrument. "Did he tell you what it was," he gasped as he waited for the call.

"No, sir. But he was excited. He couldn't understand why you wasn't home and why we didn't know where to get you—"

Culver groaned. How many centuries was it going to take to get that connection? Mary! Mary! Something had happened to Mary. His heart seemed all over his chest. He couldn't breathe. His hand shook. He nearly dropped the receiver when his brother-in-law's voice came to his ears.

"What is it, Fred?" he cried frantically.

"What's happened?"

"An accident. But don't get excited—"

"What's happened, you fool. Tell me quick. Is it Mary?"

"Yes, but don't—"

## Hi! Captain Pinkie

(Continued from page 17)

air," Vi, describing a Cupid's bow of rouge on her lips, flung across her shoulder.

Pinkie swallowed hard. "You're not engaged . . . or anything?"

"Heavens, no. What made you ask such a thing as that?"

"I—just wondered," said Pinkie vaguely. She sauntered out.

AT THE breakfast table in the morning Pinkie's eyes looked bigger than usual.

"What's everybody doing today?" she enquired, looking directly at Bernice. Pinkie never asked what anyone was doing.

"Allan and I will hang around the beach. Is that all right, Allan?" Bernice lifted violet eyes to Allan.

"You're the doctor," he said.

Freshly combed, freshly shaved, in a white polo shirt, Allan was certainly something for a girl to lose sleep over. Pinkie had a vision of him on a spirited horse—a black one would suit him—swinging a

"What's happened?" The hall man stared at Culver with bulging eyes. He could hardly believe that those whipping words came from the mild-mannered little man who lived on the eighth floor. Fred was responding nervously to the whip lash.

"Yes, it's Mary. She's had a fall—a bad one. Right here in the house on one of our waxed floors. A rug slipped. You wouldn't think it was possible, but—"

"Has she broken anything? An arm? A leg?"

"Yes, her left hip. It's a bad break, old man. But the doctor thinks she'll come through all right in time. He's been here and fixed her up. X-rays and all that. We've got a good nurse on the job. It happened four hours ago. She's pretty comfortable now—"

"What train can I get?"

"I'm afraid there's none from New York till five in the morning. It's almost two now—"

"All right. I'll take an automobile and be there by four. Tell Mary—tell Mary—"

His voice broke. Fred, usually a good deal of an ass, understood.

"I'll tell her you're coming. That'll be the best medicine for her. She's been asking for you all night. Where have you been?"

"I don't know. I can't remember. No time to talk. I'll be on my way in five minutes. G'bye."

Culver didn't know. He couldn't remember. He told the hall man to have a good car at the door of the building in ten minutes and rushed into the elevator. Five minutes to change into travelling clothes, five minutes to pack a travelling bag. Thank heaven the roads would be clear at that hour of the night. He could make good time. Mary! Mary! There was no one in the world but himself and Mary, and Mary was suffering . . .

WE'RE HITTING it up too much, Mr. Culver," the chauffeur warned him an hour later. It ain't wise—"

"Shut up, and step on it!"

Women often died of hip fractures. Mary's was a bad one. Mary was suffering. Mary had been suffering for hours. And while Mary was in torture he, John Culver, had been . . . But that didn't bear thinking about. Nothing bore thinking about but Mary. There was nothing but Mary in his world. If only Mary was spared to him . . .

John Culver set his teeth and called on his Maker.

mallet, racing down the field. She wished she knew more about polo.

She waited until Allan and Bernice had been gone half an hour, then she strolled down to the beach. She located them lying side by side face-down on the sand. She took to the water and made a wide circle coming into shore close to the place where they were having their sun bath.

She made a good pretense of stumbling over Bernice's outflung arm.

"Scuse. Oh, it's you, Bernice!"

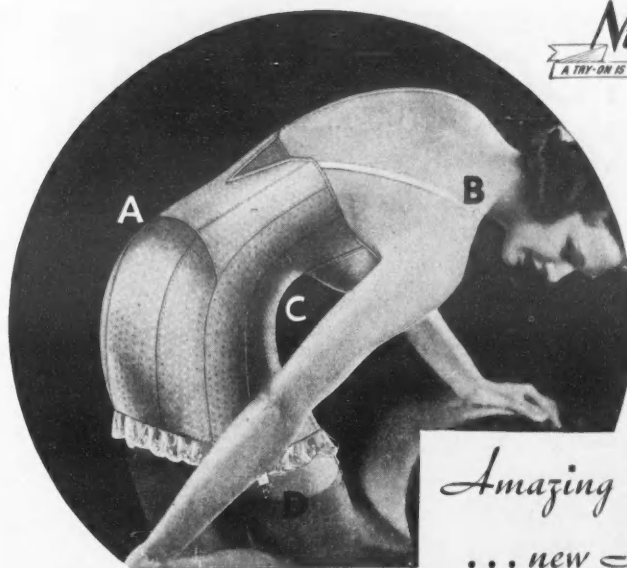
And Bernice, lifting her head in annoyance: "Pinkie! Can't you look where you're going?"

Allan opened one eye briefly, then closed it again.

Pinkie lay very quietly, not taking her eyes from him. It was enough just to look at him. And yet—it wasn't enough. If he'd open his eyes and smile at her, if he'd reach out and touch her hand, if he'd murmur: "Dear . . ." Um-m. Hot cat!

How did girls get men to do things like that? Pinkie tried to remember some of the things Vi and Bernice had said about men, but she couldn't remember anything very illuminating. The truth was, as she faced it now, she had lived all her life with two girls who understood all about men and she hadn't learned the first thing about them.

Ricky, of course. But he didn't count. He was just a boy. A rather silly boy,



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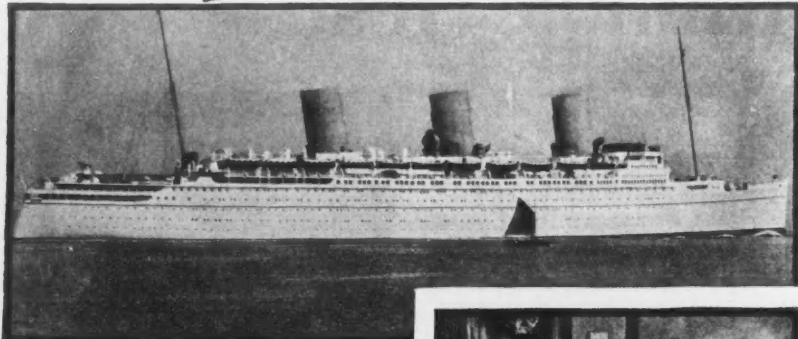
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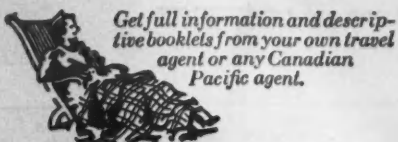
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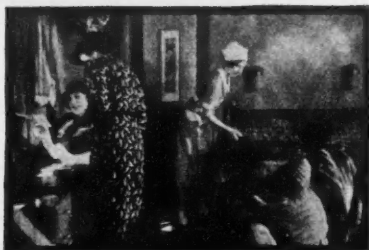
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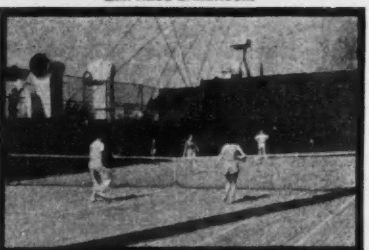
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"Don't get funny, big boy," Fay advised. "After all, you haven't got any leash on us, you know." As if this remark had given her courage she went on firmly. "And, you see, there's those that have!" "So that's it! Now I'm catching on!" Hopkins's tone was distinctly annoyed. "So we were just fillers, eh? Fillers," he repeated bitterly.

Jane spoke at last. Culver had been waiting for that. Perhaps, if Jane spoke, he could.

"I don't see why you should get excited," she said quietly. "I guess we were fillers, too, all right. We knew you just picked us up because you were lonesome. Well, that was all right with us. We were lonesome, too. And, you know, you both said this was the last night."

"So we did, Hopkins, and so it is."

Culver spoke soothingly, but again he was feeling that sick sensation he had felt so often in the last twenty-four hours. It was a little worse now. It was mingled with resentment and something that was like jealousy. Still, one must play the game.

"You girls have been awfully nice to us," he went on almost naturally. "We've had a great time. I won't forget it. We're all parting the best of friends."

"Now that's the way I like to hear a gentleman talk," Fay spoke eagerly. "I'm going to tell you, Mr. Culver," she went on, "just why Jane and I can't step out with you tomorrow night. Our two boy friends have been out of town all week on their vacation. They had to take it now or lose it. They're brothers and they work in our offices. They could stay away till Sunday night, or even till early Monday morning, if they wanted to come back on the milk train. But they're coming back to be with us Saturday night and Sunday. It's up to us to be at the train with a glad smile when they get here. It's going to be a glad smile, too, believe me. Those lads are all right."

"You're all right, too," Culver said heartily. "Let's dance."

As they danced Jane began to talk.

"Mr. Hopkins made me feel awful," she admitted. "It was almost like he thought we hadn't played fair. When you both told us you were married it made me feel like we ought to tell you about Harry and Jim. But Fay said no. Harry and Jim had no leash on us. She said all you gentlemen wanted was a little refined amusement, and I thought she knew. You see, neither of us ever did this sort of thing before, Mr. Culver, and I wouldn't have done it now if it hadn't been for you. I knew the minute I looked at you you were a gentleman a girl could trust. I—I like you a lot. You don't think I'm a loose girl, do you, Mr. Culver? You don't think I'm a girl that lets men pick her up and gets all she can out of them."

"I think you're one of the nicest girls I've ever known," Culver testified. "Come on now, and let's tackle that rumba."

THEY HAD the jamboree Hopkins demanded. They repeated the various stunts that had amused them the first night—shooting the chutes and all the rest. They threw in a few more stunts for good measure. They missed the last boat and Hopkins recklessly suggested an automobile for the return journey. Culver agreed at once. Nothing was too good for the last ride with Jane. Hopkins went off to hire the car and Fay went with him. Culver and Jane walked to the beach and sat down together for a quiet moment. Little waves rolled up to them softly, and purringly retreated. The moon's path was big and bright. This was his farewell with Jane. Culver spoke abruptly.

"You know who I am, Jane, and where my offices are," he said. "If I can ever be of any use to you, will you let me know?" Jane nodded.

"You're just as kind as you can be," she told him in a low voice. "It—it makes me feel queer to think perhaps I'll never see you again."

Culver nodded. He felt queer, too.



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stopped with a jerk which almost threw the two in the pilothouse through the windshield.

"Gosh, what's happened!" Allan was out on the deck in a single bound.

Pinkie was at his heels. With an appraising eye she regarded the water. And it might have been noticed that she smiled a little. But the smile was effectually wiped off when she faced Allan.

"It looks as if we had run aground."

"We're stuck here?"

Pinkie nodded solemnly. She looked as innocent as a cherub. "We're stuck so we can't pull her off. We'll have to wait until high tide floats us off, prob'ly."

"When's that?"

Pinkie made a few calculations. "Just a little after midnight."

Allan made a few calculations of his own. "And it's only four-twenty now. Six, seven—great guns, almost eight hours!"

"But we needn't worry," Pinkie chirruped. "There's enough in the galley for dinner. I always carry some supplies."

"But . . . eight hours . . . !" Allan glared around the tranquil bay. "Doesn't anyone live here? Couldn't we get a tow?"

"I don't believe anyone lives within miles of here," said Pinkie. "It's sort of cut off from the roads by those cliffs."

Allan groaned. In a minute or two he went aft and flung himself into a chair.

Pinkie went below to get dinner.

There would be a nice moon, her almanac informed her. Last quarter. And there was no one to muscle in on those eight hours. It was all working out beautifully.

Since the accident was supposed to have been unforeseen Pinkie hadn't dared plan the kind of dinner she preferred. Most of it had to come out of cans, so presently there appeared on the reed table of the afterdeck plates of baked ham, sweet potatoes swimming in butter, canned corn and hot rolls. She was gratified to see that Allan ate generously.

Afterward she tidied up the galley and came on deck with a uke. Perched on the rail, her head against a stanchion, she sang songs. Songs about love and moons and roses.

"Remember the Lorelei," she told herself as she sang. "It worked for her."

It looked as though it might be working for Pinkie, too. At least Allan listened and even complimented her quite feelingly on her performance.

Darkness crept upon the bay. The reflections of the stars glimmered eerily in the placid water. Over on the shore an owl hooted. The moon came up at last.

Allan hadn't made any avowals of love yet, but he was obviously enjoying himself. The other would come, Pinkie was certain. The long ride home in the moonlight ought to clinch matters.

"How's that tide coming?" Allan looked over the side.

"It's not quite midnight," Pinkie said.

"But the tide must be practically full now and she doesn't seem to be floating free."

"She will," promised Pinkie, speaking as confidently of the *Tag-a-long* as if the craft were a trained seal. She found the chords for another song. "Listen to this one. Ever hear it?"

But Allan didn't answer. And when Pinkie had finished the song he made no comment on it. Instead he said:

"It's not budging. What's the matter with it?"

Pinkie put aside her uke then and joined him at the rail.

"It'll be all right," she assured him. "Just give her a little time."

They gave her a little time. They gave her until twelve-thirty. Then—

"I don't believe she's going to loosen up. She's as tight as ever," Allan remarked, rather gruffly.

"I don't understand it," Pinkie said peering anxiously into the water. What if the cruiser didn't float off as she had planned? That would mean they would have to stay here all night. Her mother and Bernice and Vi would be worried.

"Let's try to rock her off," Pinkie said suddenly. "Come on, we'll link arms to combine our weights."

Allan didn't seem to know exactly what Pinkie meant, but she grasped his arm and pulled him along with her.

Forward, back, forward, back across the narrow afterdeck. The *Tag-a-long* rocked beautifully but nothing else happened.

It was Allan who halted at last. "No good." He dropped into a chair. "Looks as though we're in for it."

Pinkie brought out cheerily: "It's too bad, but if we have to stay here I guess we can amuse ourselves."

"Oh yeah? You tell me how!" He sounded cross. Over a little thing like this!

Pinkie indulged in constructive thought. "I believe I've got enough sugar to make fudge," she said. "Would you like some?"

"I seldom eat sweets," he said curtly.

Well—that was one. Ricky not only ate fudge in satisfying quantities but, aproned and efficient, often helped her make in the *Tag-a-long's* abbreviated galley.

"Then what would you like to do?" she asked Allan.

"I'd like to get ashore." Apparently heavy black brows could look disagreeable as well as intriguing.

"But you can't . . . now."

PINKIE SIGHED. She was a little tired. Why hadn't the cruiser behaved properly? If it had by now they would be halfway home. Now, how was she going to entertain Allan for the hours ahead? Her repertoire of songs was exhausted.

She decided to try conversation. That should be a good line.

So Pinkie sat down opposite Allan and told him all about her secret ambitions, the principal one of which was to have a sea-going yacht so that whenever she felt the urge she could hop aboard, weigh anchor and be off to Bali, Paramaribo, Papeete. She discoursed at great length about that ambition.

Then she saw Allan wasn't listening. Worse, he had gone to sleep.

"Well!" she said.

She gazed at him curiously. With his mouth hanging open and his head slumped forward he didn't look like anything a girl would bother much about.

Pinkie studied his face a long time. She couldn't sleep. She stared at the shore, at the moon, at the water. Her legs ached. The dew drenched her. It was an endless night.

But the summer dawn came early. Over at the water line a trio of cranes stood as motionless as statues. Above, seagulls screamed.

After a while Allan roused himself, yawned and stretched.

"Still here, I see." Sarcasm. Obviously.

"Still here," echoed Pinkie, not very sympathetically, and scuttled below to see what she could find for breakfast.

There wasn't much. In fact, there was nothing left in the larder except a can of pineapple and a can of tomato soup. She served the pineapple first as was proper. When the second course came on Allan glowered at it.

"Any coffee?"

"I seldom drink coffee," said Pinkie.

After he had drained the bowl he went to the rail. "How long are we in for this thing?"

"There's another high tide at noon," said Pinkie.

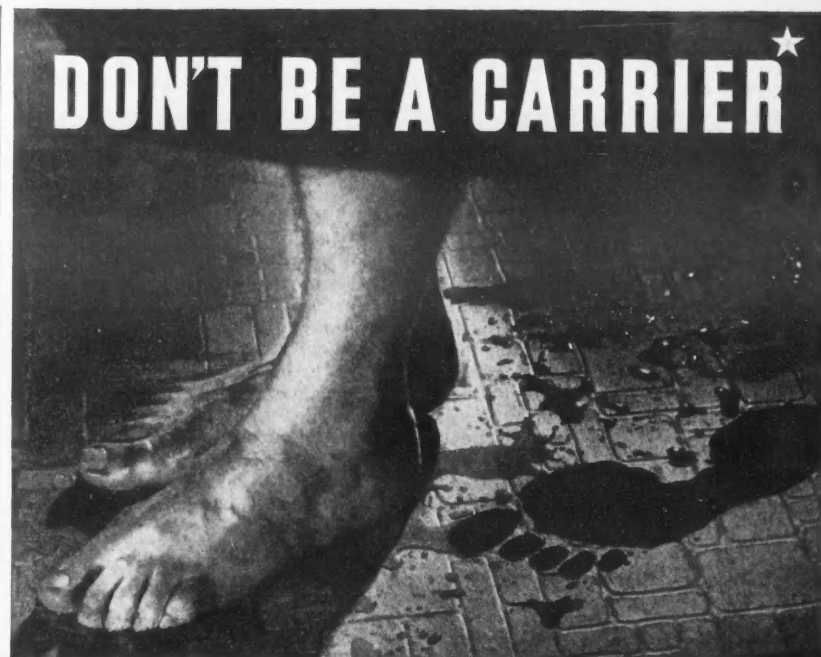
"This is ghastly."

"Say something original," thought Pinkie. "The big goof!" she muttered under her breath and all but fell down the hatch with a handful of dishes.

When she came up he was sitting on the rail smoking his pipe. "Doesn't he ever do anything else!" thought Pinkie. "Does he just stand around and look handsome all the time!"

She forgot that only last night it had seemed sufficient for Allan to look handsome.

Maybe on a polo field he was a smash, but on a ground boat he was a complete



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The skin turns white, dies in patches; gets excessively moist and sticky, with painful peeling, cracks open with distressing rawness.

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★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot. That is why reports state that a large proportion of the adult population suffers from Athlete's Foot at some time or other.

# ABSORBINE JR.

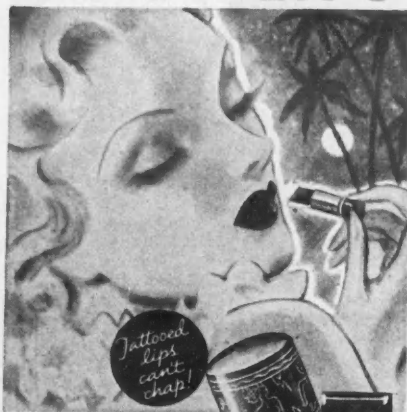
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when you came to think of it. A boy and a man were different.

Allan Lockwood.

She had to make him fall in love with her—like Bernice and Vi made men fall in love with them. Bernice wouldn't mind. She'd just go out and bring in half a dozen more. It was all part of the game.

"Hello, Pinkie." Allan raised himself on his elbow and turned over. He ran a big hand through his shining black hair.

"Hello, Allan," said Pinkie, a little shyly.

"Been for a dip. The water's just right today, isn't it?"

Pinkie's eyes lighted. "It's always just right for me."

"I've seen it cold enough to freeze a porpoise."

"But if you're used to it..." She had an inspiration. "Let's go out and have another dip, together."

Allan shook back his hair. "That hits me right, Pinkie. Come on."

"Hey, look at this one!" Pinkie called from the high platform and made a perfect swan.

When she came up he was gone. Plowing swiftly toward shore Pinkie saw him on the beach talking to Bernice. Then they were strolling away.

AFTER THAT Pinkie did a number of things in an effort to attract and hold Allan's attention. She heard him say that he liked wild blackberries and she spent an entire, perspiring afternoon among the blackberry brambles, triumphantly bearing home almost a gallon. Allan thanked her, ate a small dishful and that was the end of it.

She got him out on the *Tag-a-long* for two brief rides, but the girls were along and monopolized all his attention.

She went around in a kind of daze. People spoke to her and she didn't hear them.

It was Ricky who was most perturbed about her strange behavior. Every day he hung around wanting her to go sailing with him and she put him off with some excuse. Finally, meeting her on the wharf one day at the end of the week, Ricky couldn't keep silent any longer.

"You're different lately, Pinkie. You act funny. Come on, ol' thing, what's it all about?"

"I'm all right. Don't bother me, Ricky." Pinkie gazed off at the water. Her eyes were tortured.

He hesitated a moment before laying a hand on her hard little shoulder. "Shucks, Pinkie, this is the nerts. We've been having so much fun and now I have to sail by myself. Gosh, Pinkie, won't you snap loose! If it's anything I've done..."

Ricky had never been so gentle. Pinkie felt shaken. She moved away from his touch brusquely.

"Don't, Ricky. It's not anything you've done. It's just—oh, why won't you leave me alone!" She turned on him and her voice rose hysterically. "I want to be left alone. I don't want anybody to bother me. Not anybody."

Ricky fell back as if Pinkie had slapped him. He had seen her in a temper. He had quarrelled with her times without number. But he could see that this was different.

"All right, Pinkie. I won't bother you any more."

Pinkie went off home then.

No one paid any more attention to her. Why, thought Pinkie fiercely, Allan might stay here for years without even knowing what kind of person she really was because he'd never see her as long as those two blondes were around. (Pinkie called them "those two blondes" scornfully.) If she could ever get him away she'd show him she could be as interesting as Vi and Bernice. There's be a chance for him to fall for her then.

There never would be a chance—this way.

Pinkie leaned forward in her chair and if any of the group had taken the trouble to look they would have seen the pupils of

her eyes dilate and her breath come faster. What a perfectly spiffy idea! If she could only wangle it!

PINKIE WAITED three days before the opportunity she wanted appeared.

Vi had to visit a sick friend that afternoon. Bernice had to run into town on a hurry-up trip to the dentist.

"I'll take you sightseeing on the *Tag-a-long*, Allan," Pinkie offered sweetly, and no one was in the least suspicious for, patently, the guest had to be disposed of for the afternoon.

He wasn't too keen for it but, under Bernice's urging, consented to go.

Pinkie hummed a sailor's chanty—one Ricky had taught her—as she put on her white duck slacks and striped polo shirt. Pulling her beret down over her cinnamon hair she gave the reflected face a wise little wink.

She thanked luck that Ricky wasn't hanging around the wharf. She cast off the lines of the *Tag-a-long* and the graceful little craft cut a wide arc and straightened out pointing toward open water.

"Where are you going, Pinkie?" Allan, beside her in the pilothouse, asked in mild curiosity. He was pulling hard on an exceedingly smelly pipe.

"Oh, anywhere. It doesn't matter," Pinkie almost sang the words. "I'll just nose around."

She knew where she was going, of course. Exactly. And she knew just when she wanted to arrive. She glanced at her wrist watch. Low tide at six twenty-three. She should be there about four-thirty.

It was a perfect mariner's day. Frolicsome ripples scudded over the water; bumptious clouds, like fat cupids, tumbled lazily across the sky. The cruiser whizzed along leaving a creamy wake like a spread peacock's tail.

"Don't you just adore boats?" Pinkie chirped to Allan at her side.

"They're fine, but I like horses better."

"Maybe you've never got acquainted with boats. You'd love the *Tag-a-long* if you knew her. The sweetest engine. Listen to it. And she steers like a tricycle. Want to try your hand at it?"

He tried his hand at it. Standing there at the wheel with his blue eyes under their heavy black brows narrowed to see ahead, he was a picture Pinkie wasn't likely to forget. Masterful.

"Do you want to learn to steer by the compass? I'll teach you."

A smile grazed his lips. "Thanks, Pinkie, but you needn't bother. We'll be going back soon anyhow."

He was being nice but he sounded a little bored, and Pinkie put her wits to work to think of things to entertain him. How did Bernice and Vi do it? She hadn't the faintest idea.

THE IRREGULAR, timbered shore line fell astern. The afternoon waned.

"Isn't it about time we were turning back?" Allan interrupted a story Pinkie was relating to enquire.

"I want to show you something first. It's around this point." Pinkie gave the wheel a spin to indicate that she was turning shoreward. Simultaneously she made a mental note of the time.

It was a small bay. Mast-like firs, darkly green, and rank underbrush encircled the strip of pebbled beach. The water was as still as a mirror. There wasn't a sound anywhere except the throb of the cruiser's motor.

"Isn't it ducky?" Pinkie lifted an eager face to Allan.

"Pretty little place, all right. What's it called?"

"It hasn't a name on the charts. Let's you and I name it."

As she talked she was guiding the *Tag-a-long* steadily toward shore.

"Seems as if we're getting into pretty shallow water," Allan remarked uneasily.

"Oh, we're all right," Pinkie answered and plowed right ahead.

Then it happened. The cruiser quivered the length and breadth of her timbers and

## Healthy and Active at 86

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washout. She loathed him. He was stupid and a poor sport. What a wet smack of a husband he'd be for a girl! And now, having been out with him all night, she supposed she'd have to be that girl.

Allan was slouched in a chair smoking moodily when Pinkie climbed back to the deck somewhat later. She didn't speak to him. She couldn't. She felt all choked up inside and she wished she were dead. She calculated the distance to shore. It wasn't far but you couldn't swim because you'd get tangled up in the sea grass.

If only she hadn't picked the loneliest spot on the Sound! There wasn't a chance in a hundred that anyone would find this little land-locked inlet. She and Ricky had come on it quite by accident one day when they were sailing.

Ten. Eleven. Noon and high tide. Pinkie hadn't spoken half a dozen words to Allan in three hours. He sat, black brows drawn together, looking out at the shore.

"If I have to stay here with him another hour I'll go off the deep end," Pinkie told herself as she passed him to see what was happening under the port beam.

Nothing seemed to be happening. Pinkie's anguished eyes raked the horizon. All at once her body went taut and she leaned eagerly over the rail. A sail was

rounding the point. She couldn't tell for sure but it looked like—it was—the *Sea Breeze*!

"Ricky! Ricky!" Pinkie waved both arms.

"See somebody?" Allan came alongside. Pinkie continued to wave wildly to the sailboat. It was tacking now at the narrow entrance to the inlet.

"Oh, wind," breathed Pinkie. "Blow hard so he'll come fast!"

A cat's-paw of a breeze tickled the sailboat's canvas and she edged daintily into the cove. Pinkie could see the figure at the tiller now. Sun-washed, unruly hair.

As soon as the sailboat came close enough Pinkie threw out a line.

"Hi, Captain Pinkie!" Ricky stood up and gave their salute smartly. "Looks like you've run your ship aground!"

"Hi, Captain Ricky!" Pinkie clicked her heels together in military fashion and her face broke into a wide grin. "Guess you'll have to take her for salvage, Captain Ricky."

"What's her cargo, Captain Pinkie?"

"Bilge water and moldy sea biscuits, Captain Ricky!"

"Let me board her and look around."

Between them they made the cat-boat fast to the *Tag-a-long* and Ricky crawled aboard.

"What a fine navigator you turned out to be!" he scolded Pinkie. "With all of Naknak combing the coast for you."

"Are they really much worried?"

"They lost some sleep last night, all right."

"Oh, I'm sorry. How did you find me?"

"I looked. I knew if you weren't more than ten fathoms deep I'd find you—eventually."

"Oh, Ricky!" breathed Pinkie.

There wasn't time for any more conversation then. They had to work fast while the tide was high. Ricky bossed Allan around as though the famous polo player were a third-class seaman. Somehow it gave Pinkie a mean satisfaction to see Allan jump at Ricky's bidding.

IN FIFTEEN minutes the *Tag-a-long* was afloat. Ricky reefed sail, tied the cat-boat to the stern of the *Tag-a-long* and came aboard the cruiser.

"Want me to take the wheel, Pinkie?"

"I don't mind." Pinkie moved aside docilely.

She looked out the door to be sure Allan was safely on the aft-deck. Then she said, lifting piteous eyes to Ricky:

"Do you think I'll have to marry him?"

"Who says you'll have to marry him?" Ricky's jaw was aggressive.

Pinkie had never remembered seeing him look quite like that. It awed her a little. But there was something thrilling about it.

"Well, there's my reputation," she reasoned. "The family is funny about things like that. Well, you know."

"Horseradish!" said Ricky, and Pinkie thought she had never heard such a beautiful word. "Be your age, sister. Anyhow, d'you think I'd stand back and let anybody marry off my girl? What do you take me for, a weak sister?"

"Do you really . . . care . . . a lot . . . about me?" Pinkie's voice was eager.

"Do I . . . !" The imps in Ricky's eyes were doing a fandango. "Listen, lady, were you ever kissed? And I mean . . . kissed!"

"Why, I don't know just what you mean . . ."

Whereupon Ricky demonstrated just what he meant. Demonstrated while the wheel spun madly and the cruiser went around in a circle.

"Why, Ricky!" Pinkie was going in circles herself. "What's happened to you?"

Ricky grasped the truant wheel and flung over his shoulder: "Nothing that hasn't been happening for a long time. How'd you like it?"

"It's okay," said Pinkie.

## A Successful Mother-in-Law

(Continued from page 24)

"But that won't be fair to Beth," I said. "A bride has a right to her own home, without a middle-aged woman pottering around and interfering."

I could see that Roger was unhappy over the situation. He and Beth had talked it over a good deal together and the poor boy didn't know how to solve the problem. He had about decided that it was something that would just have to solve itself.

AFTER HE left to go to see Beth, I sat alone on the porch for hours, trying to plan the thing best for all of us. And before I went to bed that night, I saw clearly that I was the one who would be called upon to make the little sacrifice that would have to be made. I made up my mind what to do, then and there, and didn't let anyone talk me out of it.

Next morning, at breakfast, I told Roger that I had decided to make the three upstairs bedrooms over into an apartment for myself, and turn the downstairs over to him and Beth. He was pretty well upset by what I told him. Said it would be driving me out of my home.

"Well," I said to him, "those three rooms upstairs are as much my home as the kitchen and living room are. I don't know how you'd be driving me out of my home. I'd be under my own roof, the same as always."

He said that as long as he lived, his mother would be one of the members of his family, and I said that there were more homes broken up over that one remark than over any other one I knew.

Finally Roger said, "What will the neighbors think?" and I said I didn't care a rap what they thought. And that ended the argument, and I went right ahead doing what I had planned to do.

I will say I enjoyed making the bedrooms over into an apartment. I felt almost like a bride myself, making a new little home. First, I repapered the rooms and repainted the woodwork. I used cream-colored enamel for the woodwork. It had been brown before, and really homely. I had a small gas heater put in each room, so I wouldn't have to depend

on the heat from the furnace in Roger's part of the house. I made the smallest room into a kitchen, put in a sink, with running water. As there was only one bathroom in the house and it was downstairs, I had one built for me out of a big storage closet off the upper hallway. I bought a gas plate for my kitchen and a small electric refrigerator.

Of course all these changes took money, but not nearly so much as if Roger and Beth had bought another house, or rented one, and bought new furniture. And after I am gone, they can rent out those rooms if they want to, and have a little income from them.

I kept my own bedroom just as it was, but I refurnished Roger's room from the living room downstairs. I took some of the furniture that I liked the best—my grandmother's sofa and her walnut corner cupboard, and a tilt-top table that had belonged to my mother.

WHEN I had my apartment all finished, I hired two men to move all the downstairs furniture out to the stable that still stood on the back of our lot. The stable was large and well-built, and a good storage place. They moved everything except the really necessary articles like the stove—tables, chairs, drapes, all the pictures from the walls, my mission dining-room set, odds and ends of dishes and equipment from the kitchen.

Don't think it didn't hurt me to break up my home like this. It was one of the hardest things I have ever done. And when I saw how bare everything looked, without the curtains at the windows, and with the big bright spots on the wall paper where the pictures had hung, I felt like sitting down and having a good cry. Then I thought: "What really means more to me this old furniture, or Roger's happiness?" And of course there was only one answer to that.

The men were all through moving the furniture by three o'clock, and I 'phoned to Beth's rooming place and asked her to come over.

First, I took her upstairs, and showed her my apartment, and she fell in love with it right away; it was so cozy and livable. Roger had told her about it, but she hadn't seen it until it was finished. It did her good to see it—she felt less guilty about my moving.

Then we went downstairs, and I showed her the empty rooms. "Beth," I said, "I'm turning this part of the house over to you—entirely, with no strings attached. It has

needed redecorating for a long time, and now you have it done just to suit yourself. Consult Roger, if you want to, but not me; I have nothing to do with it."

"But where is the furniture?" she asked.

I told her that it was out in the stable, and that she could bring as much or as little of it back as she wanted to. "It is yours," I said. "I've taken all of it that I shall need. Do whatever you like with it, for it absolutely belongs to you. Paint it, re-upholster it—anything you like."

The girl threw her arms around me, and gave me a big hug and kissed me. She told me that I was swell, and a good sport, and so forth. She said, "I'm going to confess. I just hated the thought of living with that stag-at-eve oil painting you had hanging over the buffet. I used to wonder if I could possibly get rid of it without hurting your feelings."

Well, I knew that that picture was atrocious. But I had lived with it so long that I just didn't see it any more. My husband's sister had painted it, and we let it hang there for years out of politeness to her.

Now that picture might have made serious trouble between Beth and me, if I had insisted on her using my things. She'd have got sulky or angry and I'd have got my feelings hurt, and likely Roger would have been drawn into the affair before it was over. I tell you, happiness is too precious a thing to be risked over a few little prejudices or habits. I'm set in my ways, but I've got too much sense to set other people in them, too.

Well, Beth and Roger made that place look ever so fresh and pretty. It was a real bride's house when they got through with it, even though it was made-over. They repainted and repapered, same as I had done, and since they didn't have much money to spend on new furniture they went in for quaint effects. They hung checked gingham curtains and had painted furniture and braided rugs. They repainted some of my good oak pieces. I didn't like that very well, but I didn't say a word—the furniture belonged to them, and I thought they had a right to work out their own ideas. Their apartment had charm when they got through with it, and some of the other young married couples in the town really envied them, and I guess wished that they had thought of the idea of quaintness before Roger and Beth did.

BETH AND I have never made it a practice to run in on each other, for all we live in the same house. I never eat with

them unless I have been especially invited. And when I have little bridge parties of my old cronies I don't often ask Beth to them, and so she doesn't feel that she has to have me to her affairs. We like each other's friends all right, but I have a better time with the women my age, and she has a better time when I'm not around too much. Her friends seem silly to me sometimes, and I don't want to sit and look disapproving; and likewise, I don't want to try to act as youthful and light-minded as those young women are; it would be too big a strain on me. So we just stay away from each other's parties, except to go enough that the town won't gossip about it.

But though we see so little of each other, it is a comfort to me to know that Beth is close in case I get ill.

Did I ever feel like giving her advice about her housekeeping? Oh, lots of times. I could have saved her a good many mistakes, but I never did unless she really asked me. I'd just think, when I'd smell something burning or notice how hard it was for her to get her work done at the proper hours: "Well, if I lived clear across town I'd never know about these things," and I'd just forget about what was going on downstairs.

And once Beth and Roger had a dreadful quarrel. I could even hear some of the terrible things they said to each other. It was so bad that Roger left home for a week—went off on a fishing trip; but things turned out all right—they made it up a lot quicker than they would have done if I had meddled, and they don't know yet that I realized how things stood between them.

Whenever I see a mother living with a married son or daughter, I feel sorry for her. I wouldn't do it. Even if I could have only one room in the house, I'd make one corner of that room into a kitchenette and get my own meals. I'd make that one room my own home, and give the rest of the family to understand that they weren't to come into it unless they were invited. Then I'd stay there when the children got on my nerves with their noise. And if the grandmother isn't around too much, the children are better off, too. A woman should not try to raise her grandchildren so long as the parents are living. She has had her turn at raising her own children; she ought to step out of the picture because her responsibility is over. I have found that the secret of happiness is being independent, and letting other people be independent, too.



about the conditions among the company's employees as they will about enormous dividends.

Most of the club presidents feel, however, that there are far too many clubs in the country and that women who are



MRS. J. COFFEY  
Montreal, national president of the  
Catholic Women's League of Canada.

interested in various activities become almost "meeting-satiated." Yet each club seems to have a right to "being." The Travellers Aid, for example, is an extension of the work of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Both parent organizations also conduct residences for business women but undoubtedly both feel that these activities are but a means to an end and each has a different ideal to attain.

The few clubs mentioned do not begin to give a survey of club life among Canadian women in the manner of a man from Mars who might try to explain where all the nicely dressed women were hurrying every afternoon. Many women, of course, belong to four or five organizations and even the most retiring "home bodies" give

allegiance to some club or other for a brief period.

I asked a dozen friends if they knew one woman who did not belong to some club, and when we completed our research we found that everyone we knew belonged to at least two. Some women, however, content themselves with little bridge clubs of four or eight friends, but they have regular meetings and carry on the business of playing bridge which, to some, might indicate the outermost darkness of endeavor but still provides a community of interest for those who want to use their share of eternity to concentrate on the game. And that is one of the greatest functions of the modern club: It brings women together in the good fellowship of working for something impersonal.

All the accusations of "cattiness," of "women being hard on women," were partly true and came in great measure from misunderstandings and intolerance, for women never really had a chance to know one another until their clubs were formed. Their lives were secluded, the world bounded by the four walls of their homes, and when they met one another it was usually in competitions of charm and position at parties and teas.

Now, the same group of women meet month after month and work together for something that will benefit all to about the same degree. That brings a feeling of comradeship that is lasting, and that it is universal is shown by the extension of clubs to other cities, to towns and countries. When a clubwoman moves from one place to another, she is taken right into the "sisterhood" of her club, perhaps at a tea which is the feminine version of "getting together for a spot"—that masculine rite of friendship.

Every clubwoman has a different theory for the increase in "clubbing" in the last fifty years, and some even have the idea that the National Council of Women, now preparing to celebrate its Golden Jubilee, should try to consolidate many of the clubs that duplicate effort and fees and yet have the same goal. While the enfranchisement and general change of attitude toward women have much to do with these ex-home activities, the good old can-opener is one of the main reasons for club life since it has given hours of extra leisure to the average housewife. Some critics assert that the modern woman lives in a futile whirl of pleasure, but the financial statements of clubs with \$40,000 to \$60,000 reserve indicate that Canadian women have made spare time an interesting and profitable business both for themselves, the country and their fellow citizens.

## WHITE LILACS

by GEORGINA H. THOMSON

*The small bare house stood gaunt and  
bleached to grey,  
Unlovely in its lines and desolate,  
Until one day Spring passed along that way  
And touched the straggling bushes at the gate.  
When lo, white lilacs made a screen of lace,  
Transforming all the dullness of the wall.  
A dazzling glory was about the place,  
A strange, new radiance shimmered over all.  
So was my heart, beloved, bleak and bare,  
Until you came with touch of virile power,  
And with white magic changed the drabness there  
To the bright radiance of one glorious hour.  
The lilac trees will bloom another Spring.  
I wait through wintry days, remembering.*

EVERYWHERE  
THEY SAY  
"Blended Right!"

Place d'Armes, Montreal

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*Can Make This Come  
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Mr. H. M., of an Ontario town, decided that he would save enough money to take a trip abroad. To accomplish this he took out a 20 Year Endowment Policy (No. 74,444) with The Mutual Life. When the policy came due and the face value plus the dividends were paid to him, Mr. M. enjoyed a trip to the continent, and the DIVIDENDS from his policy were almost sufficient to pay the travelling expenses of himself and his wife, leaving the greater

part of the face value of the policy intact for other purposes.

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I am interested in an Endowment Policy.  
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## It Happened in the OLD Province of QUÉBEC

*The Age of Miracles is not dead*



They're still happening at Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré, the miracles that were an old tale to the believing of 1665. Whatever one's faith, one should see the Canadian Lourdes and the world-famed shrine nestling at the foot of Mont Ste-Anne, where the pile of discarded crutches grows ever larger.



In unspoiled Québec there is much to be seen just as God made it. Opposite Ste-Anne, in the St. Lawrence River, and connected to the mainland by a beautiful bridge, is the Ile-d'Orléans, with its parishes of St-Pierre, Ste-Famille, St-François, St-Jean, St-Laurent, Ste-Pétronille. Here can still be seen the real, old French Canadian country life, with its still-living folk lore. Oxen plough the farm lands and dog carts are a familiar sight on the roads. Here grand'mère spins in the sunlight as a grand'mère spun three hundred years ago, and croons the same queer old chanson that the other grand'mère crooned.



What a vacation! And who that ever came to Québec could fail to come again? And what a welcome awaits you! Bienvenue à Québec!

### WHERE TO GO—WHAT TO SEE

Montréal, Hull and the Gati-neau Valley, the Laurentians, the St. Maurice Valley, Québec City, Laurentide National Park, Lac St. Jean and Chicoutimi, Eastern Townships, Gaspé and lower St. Lawrence, Abitibi and Témiscamingue.

### Good Hotels and Inns Everywhere

For maps and descriptive literature, write your home travel agency, Automobile Club Chamber of Commerce, or Provincial Tourist Bureau, Québec City, Canada.

PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU

ROADS DEPARTMENT  
QUÉBEC - CANADA

## Half a Million Women

(Continued from page 29)

It is hardly likely that the Deserted Wives Maintenance Act, or the Act concerning Dependent and Neglected Children, or the Mothers' Allowances Act, or even the Minimum Wage Act would ever have reached the Statute books, if they had not been supported by women's organizations and their enforcement demanded by a feminine electorate.

POLITICAL CLUBS do not seem to have become outstandingly powerful among women, partly due to individual ambitions among the members, but largely because women have been agitating for general good and not for some little law to benefit this firm or that industry.

Women are finding, as their committees on legislation and citizenship report back to the club meetings, that generations of lawmakers have ignored their rights as citizens both in theory and in practice. They are amazed to find such things as the Ontario law that gives a man the right to sue for damages for alienation of affections, but gives a woman no opportunity for redress if a third party interferes with her domestic happiness.

The Toronto Women's Liberal Organization studied this law and has recently petitioned the Ontario Government to bring in a bill giving women the same privilege to sue for alienation of affections as men have had. Many women have felt this situation unjust and might have saved their homes if they could have shown their husbands that the third party's interest would abate considerably if it began to cost money. The small number vitally interested in the matter could not get together and individually they were powerless to act, but when the whole organization moves and when the elected representatives know that the resolution has come before all those voters, there is some hope of getting a practical revision.

The vast sums required to carry on their activities are raised painstakingly by the clubs—all the way from saving soap wrappers to banking interest on huge investments, for many of the large clubs have noteworthy maintenance and reserve funds—some running into five and six figures.

The Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, has always been one of the noted money-makers and, with its 20,000 members, could give Wall Street lessons on how to collect and stretch the dollar. Under its War Memorial scheme, the Order has nine big scholarships for overseas study and numerous bursaries in Canada, all financed from the interest on its half-million-dollar fund raised immediately after the Great War. Besides this, the I. O. D. E. conducts a little ceremony and presents a sort of godmother greeting card to newly naturalized citizens. It also operates preventoria throughout the country where little children who show tubercular tendencies are given preventive treatment. Babies so small and wizened that it was impossible to think that they would draw another breath, have been taken to these preventoria and come out sparkling with health.

The regent of the Toronto Municipal Chapter, Mrs. W. B. Horkins, believes that the members of the Order benefit more by doing club work than by giving up their days to bridges, teas, and just shopping. "I think that any woman gets a broader outlook and wider interests when she joins in the work of an organization like the Order," said Mrs. Horkins. "That doesn't mean that she hasn't any time left for amusements, but her club gives her a definite object which she and her friends strive to accomplish and this means a

type of comradeship that women do not get in any other way."

Very new, very active and practical is the great organization of Home and School clubs where parents and teachers meet to discuss problems concerning their joint charges. Both men and women attend the gatherings, and if the world is not a much better place in another generation or so it never will improve, for children now have all the advantages that kindly consideration and co-operation can give them.

"The Home and School Clubs are organized to study child welfare and parenthood in home, school and community," was the summary Mrs. R. S. McLaughlin, of Oshawa, the Ontario president of the association, gave of its aims and objects.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE sounds juvenile, but its members do not become senior until they are forty. The League is affiliated with the American organization of the same name and is almost a substitute for a career for the society girl. Its membership is confined to the first families of the community in which it operates. There



MRS. E. E. REECE  
President of the Ontario Home and School Club.

are now six branches in Canada, all active and carrying on a tremendous amount of social welfare work.

Newspapers far and wide have carried the story of how Toronto's Junior League worked to save the famous Dionne five by collecting mothers' milk daily to have it rushed to Callander.

"That was written up as if it were the League's highest endeavor," said Mrs. Halden Meek, the president, "yet it was only part of our daily routine in the 'Save the Baby' department. Every day, one of the girls drives around to several homes in the city, collects mothers' milk and takes it to the hospitals and dairies where it is made up in formulae for babies whose lives depend on it."

The activities of the League, the president thinks, keep its members alive as to what is going on in the world about them, and will have a definite influence on their future and the lives of those with whom they come in contact. The girls see the results of low wages, long hours and the evils of piling up profits at the expense of the worker. They come upon these realities in their welfare work far more clearly than they would in years of study of social problems. Some day, most of the League members will be stockholders of large corporations, even on the directorate, and they will probably be as much concerned

**The RIGHT WHITE**  
for GABARDINE canvas and  
other fabric shoes  
Easy to use and economical



**NUGGET**  
**WHITE DRESSING**  
*The cake in the Non-Rust tin*

ONCE THEY CALLED ME  
**FRECKLE FACE**

"Brisk winds and spring sun  
bring out the freckles. Never  
... until I used Othine ...  
was I able to remove them.  
Now a few nightly applica-  
tions clear my skin perfectly.  
Try Othine Double Strength  
for Freckles and over-tanned  
skin. Used for 25 years. At  
drug and department stores  
everywhere."

Sold on money-back guarantee.  
**OTHINE**  
DOUBLE STRENGTH  
for FRECKLES

Don't be Embarrassed...  
**X-BAZIN**  
REMOVES  
HAIR

Smart swim suits  
demand immac-  
ulate daintiness.  
This delicately  
fragrant cream  
banishes unwanted  
hair quickly,  
completely and  
safely. Econom-  
ical. Inexpensive.  
Try it.

**WAKE UP YOUR  
LIVER BILE—**

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning  
Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

**THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD  
WITHIN YOU**

Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Within you there is a world of unlimited power. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. Send for now, FREE, SEALED BOOK that tells how you may receive these teachings. Address: Scribner, K.O.D.

ROSECRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD  
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

As sadly visions pleading rise of one who suffers there  
In isolated rocky keep, far from physician's care,  
Her spirit yearns, compassionate, that fight with death to share.

The darkness falls. The wind blows wet, heavy with sheets of rain,  
Against the lighthouse on the Point where \*keeper's wife has lain  
In fevered sickness, without hand to soothe the burning pain.

"Oh, God," deliriously she prays, "must I in torment be?  
Dear Lord, is no one brave enough to cross through storm to me?"  
Laden her weak and wailing cry with mournful misery.

Black is the inlet, seething seas fling hungry arms on high,  
The gale sweeps through the Narrows and lightning rips the sky!  
While under lee of sawmill wharf the paddle tugboats lie.

Their captains scan the frowning heav'ns. "Tis fools push off  
tonight!

We cannot face these surging tides that beat with monstrous might  
Upon the cliffs and rock-bound coast of Atkinson's great light."

"Oh, pity! pity! Who will go with me on errand blest?"  
Ah, daughter of a valiant race, thy life to good confessed,  
Wouldst dare the tumult of the winds that suffering find rest?

"No, no!" the hoary captains said. But up spake Indian brave,  
"With me you go, most merciful, a dying one to save.  
Chilnalset, I, a \*Squamish bold, fear not untimely grave."

And as they pass from foaming wave to foaming wave crest high,  
A tink speck upon the sea, revealed by fork-ripped sky,  
The hours to those upon the shore are slowly creeping by.

The paddles swing, and dipping meet the lift of swelling tide,  
Then lost to sight, engulfed between black billows brimming wide,  
Until it seems no earthly hope their little craft can guide.

Drenched with the clinging salted spray, frozen with icy wind,  
Rising and falling in the gloom that swathes of darkness bind,  
They bravely battle with the storm the gleaming lamp to find.  
On land the watchers huddled wait and offer fervent prayer.  
But in the \*dug-out, tossed like cork, the woman shows no fear  
And searches strange abysmal dusk to see \*Skaywitsut near.

Lo! now red Phoebus heralds day across the eastern sky,  
And silently the mighty waves in slow submission lie,  
To sink into the ocean's depth, as morning cometh nigh.

And in the birth of rosy dawn, thro' rift of parting cloud,  
In sudden white proximity, the lighthouse, looming proud,  
Reveals to anxious voyagers its noble form unbowed.

And then unfolded through the haze of quickly breaking day  
\*A nestling cove with shining sands in golden welcome lay,  
That drew them to its sheltered beach beneath rock bastions grey.

The keeper waits, with fearful heart, to guide them carefully  
O'er roughened trail, by thicket deep, by darkling forest tree,  
Until with weary gratefulness the lighthouse door they see.

Thus soon, our Mistress Patterson above the sufferer bends,  
And by her touch and healing grace soft restful slumber lends,  
As from heart "Doxology" unto her God ascends.

\*Atkinson's: Point Atkinson, a rocky promontory at the mouth of Howe Sound.

\*Rancherie: Indian settlement.

\*Lighthouse keeper: At that time a Mr. Walter Erwin.

\*Squamish: Tribe of coastal Indians.

\*Dug-out: Canoe, hollowed cedar tree.

\*Skaywitsut: Indian name for Point Atkinson.

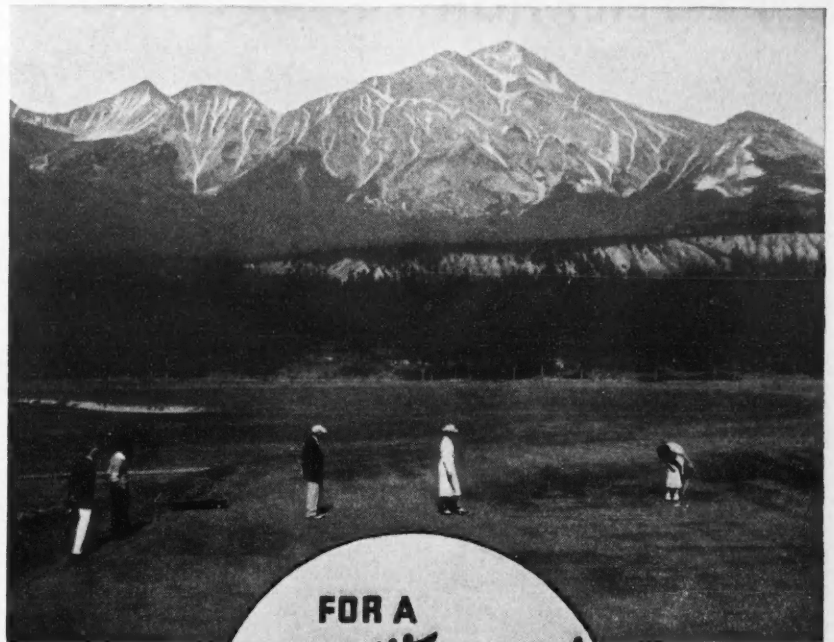
\*A nestling cove: Skunk Cove. Now called Caulfield, two miles from Point Atkinson.

Authentic details have been supplied by the courtesy of  
Major J. S. Matthews, city archivist, Vancouver, B.C.

# JASPER PARK

NATIONAL

## IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



**C**OME this year to Jasper, America's largest alpine playground. A thousand and one delightful surprises await you—the moderate cost, the modern accommodation of Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge — the championship golf course — the warmed outdoor swimming pool. Motor or ride through this mountain wonderland. Enjoy hiking, climbing, fishing, golfing at their best; or loaf luxuriously in the Canadian Rockies. Jasper Park Lodge rates are low — from \$7.00 per day including meals — open June 13th to September 15th.

A Jasper Park vacation will live in your memory—every fairway of its famed golf course presents a new and unforgettable vista of towering peaks. Its miles of motor roads and trails lead to scenes of rarest beauty—Maligne Lake, Athabaska Falls, Angel Glacier. Here, in the tonic mountain air, action and rest can be combined to provide the perfect vacation.

Jasper is on the Main Line of the Canadian National Railways — the route of the famous "Continental Limited", daily between Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Jasper and Vancouver.

Plan to visit Vancouver, en fete this year from July 1st to September 7th, commemorating its Fiftieth Anniversary.

For two vacations in one, continue from Vancouver or Prince Rupert on a Canadian National Steamer through the protected Inside Passage to Alaska.



CANADIAN  
NATIONAL  
RAILWAYS

En route to Jasper and Vancouver, plan to stop over at Minaki Lodge, in Canada's famous Lake of the Woods Region. Canadian National serves all Canada from coast to coast and any Canadian National Ticket Agent will gladly furnish full information regarding Jasper, Alaska and vacation resorts in Ontario, Québec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Low Summer Fares.

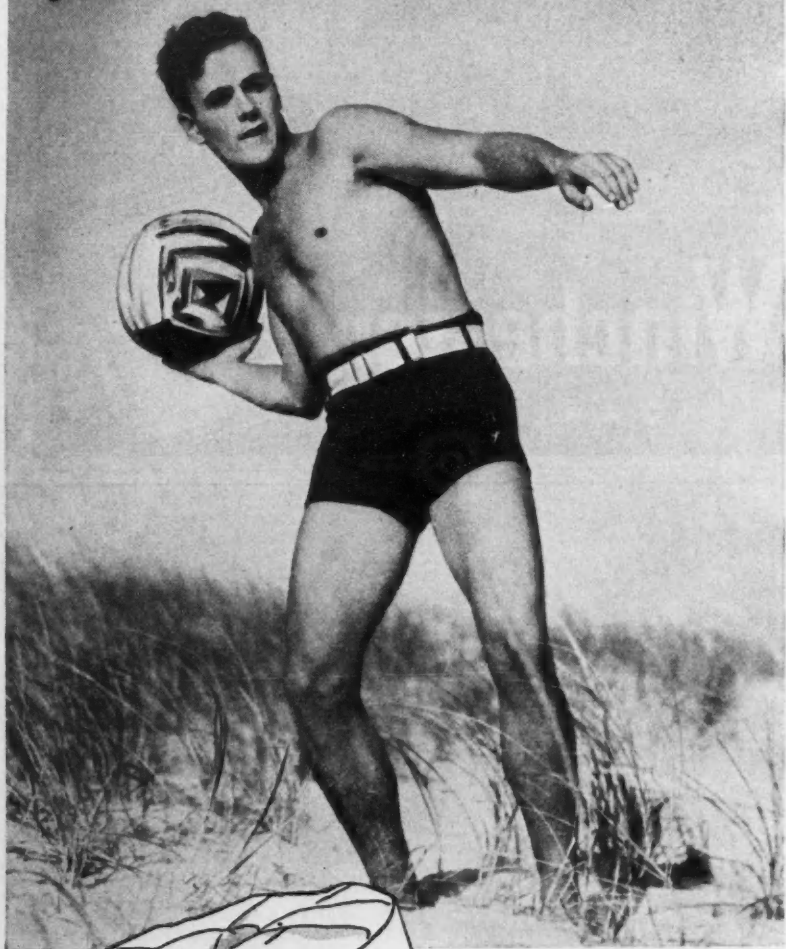
TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



# LIFE'S GREATEST ASSET

## VIGOROUS HEALTH

SAFEGUARD IT BY ATTENTION TO EVERY DETAIL



**STERILIZED**  
*safe... WHITE*  
**AND VERY SOFT**

ASK FOR

*Eddy's*  
**QUALITY tissues**

The historic lore of British Columbia has revealed the facts of a very brave deed performed in the pursuance of duty by a noble and self-sacrificing woman.

In the year 1873-83, while yet Vancouver was unborn, there resided at Moodyville, a hamlet built around a sawmill on the north shore of Burrard Inlet, one, Emily Susan Patterson, wife of the mill manager. She was a nurse by nature, comparatively young, and, in the absence of the doctor who lived across the inlet at the small settlement of Granville (later to become Vancouver), a refuge in face of sudden illness or calamity. Loved by Indians and "whitemans" alike, a friend to all, she lived a true pioneer. A lovable woman building the foundation of a new country.

To her came a call for help. A call that no one else would answer. The story is told in the following poem which, keeping as true to fact as possible, depicts the heroic deed that earned for her the name of "Grace Darling of Burrard Inlet."



EMILY SUSAN PATTERSON  
*The heroine of Moodyville*

## THE HEROINE OF MOODYVILLE

AN EPIC OF BURRARD INLET, B.C., 1883 A.D.

By Nora M. Duncan

When forests crowned Pacific slopes where now Vancouver stands,  
The moccasin trod hidden trails through dense unbroken lands,  
And swift canoe cleft silent seas along the lonely strands.

In Moodyville, where sawmill hummed and barques at anchor lay,  
Of bravery a tale is told: its glory lives today,  
And lights historic memories with torch of golden ray.

Around this dauntless deed thoughts weave and burning words  
unfold,

To tell of one who courted death, a lonely tryst to hold,  
When hope waxed dim and dark despair hovered in aspect cold.

From \*Atkinson's far point had come two Indians with the news—  
"The lighthouse keeper's wife is ill. There is no time to lose!  
A doctor send, or else a nurse. Who swiftly cometh? Choose!"

The word goes forth. The jetty throngs with settlers come to hear;  
Their weathered faces grave concern in feeling tribute wear.  
Alas, no doctor! He has gone on urgent case afar!

The mill grows silent. Pike poles lie neglected by the flume.  
The peavy waits a practised hand its cunning to resume,  
As loggers, caulked and mackinawed, desert the floating boom.

And while they speak the waters heave, and thunder, muttering word,  
Forbids a passage o'er the Bay, to sudden frenzy stirred.  
While driven gulls seek inland rest, their startled cries unheard.

Now as wild gusts with shrouding mists the fading landscape veil,  
And sombre night her mantle casts on dying daylight pale,  
The gentle Mistress Patterson hears of the tragic tale.

The wife of sawmill master, she, forever by his side,  
On horse and foot, in staunch canoe, had travelled far and wide,  
And pioneer vicissitudes her presence dignified.

Beloved was she in \*rancherie and scattered settlement,  
Her touch akin to miracle, her life a kindness spent,  
A refuge in the wilderness, a fostermother lent!

So thus the people knowing well her fortitude of yore,  
Turn hastily with troubled steps to knock upon her door,  
And of her understanding aid they earnestly implore.



## THE BABY CLINIC

by Dr. McCULLOUGH

### SLEEP FOR THE BABY

THE BABY should sleep alone. A young baby sleeps 18 to 22 hours out of the 24. At six months of age he sleeps about 16 hours, 12 hours of this being night sleep with only the interruption of the 10 p.m. feeding. He should sleep 2 hours in the morning and from 1 to 3 hours in the afternoon.

At one year of age he should sleep 14 hours.

At 2 years he should sleep 12 hours. A daytime nap of 1 to 2 hours should be continued till the child is 5 or 6 years old.

A well-trained baby will go to sleep when put in bed.

If the baby sleeps lightly it is because he has been tickled, played with or tossed about. He should be protected against all excitement. The baby should never be given soothing syrups unless these are

ordered by the doctor for especial reasons.

Do not waken the baby to change the diapers; he will not take cold under such conditions if he has woollen covers over him.

The baby should be taught to go to sleep at 6 p.m. Do not take him out at night, as this breaks the habit of his regular hours for sleeping.

The daytime naps should be taken out of doors if possible. The night sleeping-room should be well ventilated by means of open windows. No lights are required. A screen may be placed around the bed to protect him against draughts.

The essential thing about the baby is to maintain good habits. The little ones are usually very precocious. They learn very rapidly and it is just as easy to teach them good habits as bad ones.

### The Question Box

**Question**—My little girl, 3 months old, is constipated. She is breast-fed but does not seem satisfied. Why does she keep her head turned to the right? Her neck is not stiff, but she does not turn it to the left. I should like a formula for feeding.—(Mrs.) E. B., Elsworth, Alta.

**Answer**—If you allow the baby to empty the breasts completely at each nursing, that will increase the supply. You might substitute for one or two feedings:

Cow's milk, 3 to 4 oz.

Water, 2 to 3 oz.

Granulated sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  level tablespoonful. Give one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil before meals four times a day, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of orange juice diluted with water at 11 a.m. or 5 p.m. For the constipation you must train the child in good toilet habits. Perhaps the additional diet may help.

It looks as though your girl has contraction of the neck muscles on the right side. Better take her to a competent physician.

**Question**—I have been interested in your answer to a lady about worm infection. Will you please repeat the formula for treatment and answer my questions?—H. R. McK., Winnipeg, Man.

**Answer**—You scarcely give enough information to enable me satisfactorily to say what your trouble is.

Worms in a person cannot be discovered unless the worms or their eggs are found in the bowel movements. It is not usual for worms to cause the stomach sickness you describe. Diet has no effect in cause or cure.

Forms of worms found in human build-ups are:

1. *Thread worms*, which look like little pieces of white thread. The eggs are taken

into the mouth by the child's fingers and in foods like vegetables eaten raw and not properly washed. Reinfection continues from fingers and nails contaminated by scratching the parts.

**Treatment:** A dose of castor oil or of calomel and santonin followed by an enema of soapy water. A daily enema (an ounce) of lime water should be given the child for three days. This should be retained for as long as possible. Uncooked food must be carefully washed and the fingers covered at night.

2. *Round worms* look like earthworms. Their eggs are swallowed in impure water. Calomel and santonin should be given in dose according to age for three nights followed by a purgative in the mornings.

3. *Tapeworm*. Usually single. The sections of the worm, which may attain great length, are flat the older portions being the larger. Treatment will be effective only if the head of the worm is secured. It should, like the treatment of all worms, be in the hands of a physician; it is not safe otherwise.

**Question**—My little son, 7 years old, wets sometimes three times a night. He sleeps well but snores and takes cold easily. Please advise.—(Mrs.) C. H., Montreal, P.Q.

**Answer**—Your boy has been badly trained. The snoring and colds indicate some obstruction to his breathing. Take him to a throat clinic or specialist. The urine should be examined and the boy also to see if he has a long foreskin or thread worms.

Cut down the evening fluid and try to anticipate the accident by taking him up to urinate during the night. It will be difficult to break the habit. Encourage him to do better. Do not scold or punish.

Force . . . or  
understanding?



### Which is best for your child?

**YES . . .** you can make your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him?

Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.



The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—CASTORIA.

CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. No drastic, purging drugs. No narcotics—nothing that can ever be detrimental to a child.



CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its only purpose is to thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system—and start him functioning normally again.

Use only CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children . . . all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because you get more for your money . . . but because it lasts longer.



Thousands of Canadian mothers depend upon CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.

**CASTORIA**  
The Children's  
Laxative



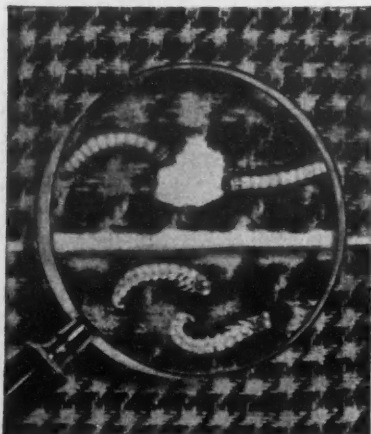
from babyhood to 11 years



## Revolutionary method ENDS MOTH DAMAGE FOR 12 MONTHS IN 1 APPLICATION

(wear clothes any time)

The only home-use preparation that  
withstood the dramatic Verified  
Mothproofing Test



**TOP**  
Woolen cloth treated  
with widely sold, ordi-  
nary moth liquids,  
etc. Note havoc caused  
after moths arrived.

**BOTTOM**  
The same cloth treated  
by exclusive Larvex  
principle. After 12  
months not a single  
fibre touched.

### Moths Can't Eat Wool Sprayed With Larvex

Astonishing—this thrifty new method of  
mothproofing precious woollens for 12  
long months in a few minutes.

Remarkable new Larvex liquid not  
only sweeps away old-fashioned moth  
bags and futile odors, but also ends the  
uncertainties of liquids lacking the ex-  
clusive Larvex principle.

Authorities know risky sprays (and  
vapors) kill only the moths they touch—  
then quickly evaporate. New moths soon  
get through even the tiniest cracks and  
feast undisturbed.

Amazing and exclusive Larvex home-  
treatment mothproofs the cloth itself!  
THEN MOTHS CAN'T EAT IT! Only one  
application for a year's protection for  
suits, coats and other woollens. No smells.  
No wrapping or storage—clothes ready  
to wear any season and always protected.

### USED BY BIG WOOLLEN MILLS

Larvex is the only product sold by all  
druggists offering this revolutionary new  
safeguard. Big textile mills have used  
Larvex for years. Now thousands of  
women, too, know and depend on its con-  
venience and safety.

Larvex has no odor. Harmless to fab-  
rics, humans, pets. Cannot stain. Also  
protects rugs, upholstery, drapes for a  
whole year.

Don't waste any more time and energy  
with risky, out-dated methods. Spray  
Larvex once—any time—and enjoy 12  
months of freedom from moth worries  
at small cost.

Use the efficient Larvex sprayer for  
best results—it lasts for years. Get a  
bottle of Larvex today. At all drug and  
department stores.

THE LARVEX CORP.,  
ST. THERESE, P.Q.



## For Young Gadabouts

Wanderlust isn't confined to the over-twenties. These young  
holidayers are as thrilled about school being out as you are over  
days away from the office or the house.

Straight hanging and dainty is the pleated frock of plain or  
dotted cotton or uncrushable linen. Below is the perfect frock  
and coat for jaunting about. You could do it in a dark print.  
Description of patterns on page 77. Priced at 15 cents.



## AN English DELICACY

Mothers of Canadian  
boys and girls — do you  
know that Lyle's Golden  
Syrup is now on sale in  
the Canadian stores?

No finer, sweeter, purer  
syrup is made. It is a pure  
sugar syrup, a product of  
the most famous of the  
English sugar refiners.



Obtainable at  
your grocer's  
in 1 lb., 2 lb., 4 lb.  
and 14 lb. tins.

## Lyle's Golden Syrup

Packed by Tate and Lyle Limited,  
21 Mincing Lane, London, England.

How to make  
**ICE CREAM**  
like this at home!



IN YOUR  
AUTOMATIC  
REFRIGERATOR OR  
HAND FREEZER

No warming—no stirring  
while freezing!

10¢

See how smooth and creamy this ice cream  
is! You can make it like this every time with  
"JUNKET" Mix for Ice Cream. So quick  
and easy—just mix with milk and cream—  
ready to freeze in 3 minutes. Three delicious  
flavors—Vanilla, Chocolate and Maple. Rec-  
ipes in package show how to add fruits,  
nuts or crushed candy to make dozens of  
variations. Also Milk Sherbets made with  
fresh whole milk or evaporated milk. Buy  
"JUNKET" Mix today at your grocer's.

**FREE** Recipes for making delicious  
Ice Cream at home

Get this valuable new recipe book—  
just mail front of "JUNKET" Mix  
package to "THE JUNKET FOLKS,"  
Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, 833 King  
Street W., Toronto, Ont.

## "JUNKET"

HANSEN'S TRADE-MARK FOR  
Mix for Ice Cream

been negligible. In the wake of these blessed tales came wonderful and urgently needed assistance and help, indispensable in the battle for life of the babies.

But there also came hordes of curious visitors in big cars, stirring up the dust all around the babies' house, insisting by the very length of the way they had come on their right to lay eyes on the eighth wonder of the world.

Was it really live babies they were looking at and not curiosities?

If they had only for one minute imagined that little child presented before their eyes by the clamor of their own overwhelming numbers and induced to tap its little entrancing hands by shakings and encouragement as their own child, I wonder if they would have been so keen on mingling with the crowds at the gates of the Dafeo Hospital?

They have a great mission to fulfill—as a popular object lesson in the possibilities of raising premature babies, inspiring many a despairing mother with new hope, or as an example of the salutary combination of common sense and infants' care filling many a woman at the sight of the enchanting evidence of its practicability with a healthy desire to have her own. Or, perhaps, to make those she has as perfect specimens of babyhood as the bright-eyed and flourishing quintuplets.

But to use them as a dumping place for indiscriminate curiosity is an abuse of their rights as individuals. It can be of no advantage to the babies' mental development to be shown off like baby-bears in a zoo. Undoubtedly there can be devised means by which the curiosity of visitors could be satisfied unknowingly to the growing little girls. And fortunately such measures are being seriously considered for the next

year when the disadvantage of these exhibitions becomes still greater by the growing understanding of the babies.

THE THRILLING tales of the reporters brought more things. They brought large incomes for small babies in pictures of their endearing likenesses, used chiefly and most profitably in advertisements. It would be quite impossible to run the establishment into which the babies' personal household has developed without sufficient financial support. If this way of earning a living for the babies is kept within the cautious limitations of Dr. Dafeo's incomparable judgment, then no harm can come to them. But if the financial aspect is allowed to be exaggerated and pushed past the doctor, what will then be the effect of full treasuries hoarded at the expense of a baby's unnatural exploitation?

It is hard to be a stone upon which fall continuously drops and drops of water without the unceasingly dripping fluid carving an impression upon its surface. It is hard to withstand the onslaught of suggestions cloaked in all kinds of innocent-looking garbs without giving way to these tenacious and subtle persuasions. That is the unenviable daily strife of Dr. Dafeo in the interests of his trustful little wards.

He has the responsibility of the babies; he has to withstand all assaults upon their privileges. He is the only one who, with the power of his repute, to support his principles, can effectually shield them from unwarranted proposals, whether presented by a worried and inadvised parent, by an unwitting guardian, over-ambitious advertisers or a world hungry for sensations. That is the price demanded of him in payment for the fame brought to his name by his small charges. [Continued on next page]



## His first hearing of CRISPNESS

THIS little fellow is learning that Rice Krispies are so crisp they actually crackle in milk or cream. No wonder children—yes, adults too—love this delicious ready-to-eat cereal.

Best of all, Kellogg's Rice Krispies taste so good that children who do not like milk by itself will get the amount they need because Rice Krispies and milk are irresistible.

Nourishing and easy to digest. When eaten at the nursery supper or bedtime, Rice Krispies invite sound sleep.

At grocers everywhere in the Mother Goose story package. The WAXTITE bag inside the package keeps Rice Krispies oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



**SO CRISP**  
*they actually crackle  
in milk or cream*

# Girls!

Would you like to  
have a  
"Baby Bubbles"  
doll for your own?

Here's "Baby Bubbles"—such a natural, cuddly, baby doll that you fall in love with her at first sight!

"Baby Bubbles" is fifteen inches tall, she is practically unbreakable, has eyes that close, and a really lifelike baby cry. She has healthy pink dimpled knees and a pink and white baby face. Her arms and legs are movable.

"Baby Bubbles" wears socks and baby shoes that you can take off, and she comes to you in a pretty colored dress and bonnet to match. What's more, she wears rubber panties!

### Here is our plan:

You can have Baby Bubbles for your own—without cost, delivered postpaid to your home—if you will send us two One-Year subscriptions to *Chatelaine* at \$1.00 each; or one Three-year subscription, at \$2.00. You can get these subscriptions from your friends, neighbors or relatives—but please remember this: **subscriptions from your own home, or what your father or mother have paid for, will not count!** Baby Bubbles is a reward for securing subscriptions from other people.

When you have got the subscriptions, write the names and addresses of the subscribers clearly on a plain sheet of paper, and your own name and address. Pin this picture of "Baby Bubbles" to it and mail it to me with the \$2.00—and in a very short time this lovely dolly will be yours!



"Baby Bubbles" is made in Canada  
by Canadian workmen.

Mail the subscriptions to me —  
BABY BUBBLES, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto





**Would you like to cook with a bright new pan every day?**

Really, that's possible with S.O.S. A dip, a rub, a rinse—and your saucepan or skillet shines so bright it looks like new.

Why not try this magic shine-dispenser at your own sink?

You'll find the S.O.S. at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store. Or mail the coupon below for a generous free trial package.



Look for the YELLOW and red package

**FREE**

Mail this coupon, or a post card to S.O.S. Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it! Made in Canada. Fully protected by patents.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....

**Question**—Since I have used the treatment you prescribed for ammoniacal urine, my 15-month-old boy has not been so bad, but the inner sides of his legs continue scalded. What can I do for this? What is the cause of the ammonia? Please send diet for 12 to 18 months.—(Mrs.) J.W.M., Decker, Man.

**Answer**—Persevere with the treatment outlined in January issue. You may harden the tender parts of the legs with a solution of sixty grains of tannic acid in one ounce of alcohol. Spray it on once or twice a day until all the parts are covered with tan. The circumcision scar will come all right. The ammonia smell is due to the formation of ammonia in the urine.

Formula, 18 months to 2 years.  
7 to 8 a.m.

(1). Three to four rounded tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal with two or three ounces of milk; no sugar.

(2). Soft-boiled egg alternating with a strip of lean, crisp bacon.

(3). One glass of milk.

(4). Slice of bread, (stale), or toast; or two sun-wheat biscuits with butter.

9 to 10 a.m.

Juice of one orange.

12 to 1 p.m.

(1). One and a half rounded tablespoonfuls of scraped beef or lamb-chop, chicken, beef or lamb liver, or soft-boiled, poached or scrambled egg.

(2). One to two tablespoonfuls of baked or mashed potato.

(3). Two or three rounded tablespoonfuls of one or two of the following vegetables: Spinach, chard, carrots, squash, vegetable marrow, yellow turnip, stewed celery or onion, string beans or peas.

(4). Dessert: Two to four rounded tablespoonfuls of apple sauce, or baked apple or stewed prunes or well-ripened banana; or rice, tapioca or cornstarch pudding, or gelatine, flavored with lemon, orange or vanilla and boiled custard.

(5). Half a slice of bread and butter or two sun biscuits. No milk.

5.30 to 6 p.m.

(1). Same as breakfast.

(2). One glass of milk.

(3). One piece of Zwieback, or toast, or sun biscuit; very little butter.

(4). One or two tablespoonfuls of junket or custard, (or, if no fruit has been given at noon, some stewed prunes, apple sauce or well-ripened banana.

(5). One to three teaspoonfuls of cottage cheese and toast. No sugar, candy, cake, pie, jam or jelly, honey, ice cream, etc., or

raw fruit except orange juice and banana. One teaspoonful of cod-liver oil three times a day from September to June.

**Question**—My baby girl is just over three months. She vomits but is gaining a little. She fusses in the daytime but is good at night.—(Mrs.) G.W.M., Chatham Ont.

**Answer**—Try your baby on the formula for three to four months:

Milk—20 ounces.

Water—15 ounces.

Granulated sugar—3 level tablespoonfuls at three-hour intervals in the twenty-four hours.

One teaspoonful of cod-liver oil before each of four feedings.

Orange juice—half an ounce in equal water at 11 a.m. or 5 p.m.

**Question**—My boy, 2 years and 3 months old, is perfectly trained for the daytime, but invariably wets two or three times a night. How shall I correct this habit?—(Mrs.) R. F., Hamilton, Ont.

**Answer**—Your boy should have a complete medical examination to see if there is any specific cause of the habit. In most cases there is no such cause. The fluid portion of the evening meal should be cut down and the boy taken up through the night so as to anticipate the accident. Encouragement should be given the boy and no punishment. Bladder exercises are useful. In the daytime he should, under your direction, start and stop the flow of urine until the bladder is empty. This, repeated three or four times a day, is often effective.

**Question**—I enjoy reading your page in *Chatelaine*. I am sure you are giving a wonderful service. My boy is very good in the daytime, he is 9 months old and weighs 18½ lbs. He awakens very frequently at night, smiles and goes off when I wheel his buggy a little. He drools considerably.—(Mrs.) R. H. H., Cainsville, Ont.

**Answer**—You must be a pretty nice mother. No doubt the boy enjoys waking to have you fuss about him. The little ones like attention. Yours will soon be boss of the house. Try letting him go to sleep by himself. There's apparently nothing wrong with him. He is just a bright, normal child. I send baby book.

happy and successful life can be built has been put before even their parents' legitimate privileges.

It is therefore only by keeping it above all other considerations that this unusual guardianship can retain its *raison d'être*. If other things are allowed to overshadow the babies' precedence, then the right and the wisdom of cancelling the parents' authority may be questioned, for the menace to the babies' ultimate happiness is just as great whether it is caused by imprudent measures conceded by law-appointed guardians or by lawful parents.

The fame and popularity of these five little girls is undoubtedly their livelihood. But is it going to be permitted to become their curse?

Is their celebrity to be allowed to steal their future, sacrificing it to the egotistical gratification of a world's curiosity?

Is it to be permitted to distort their lives into cramped and puppet-like existences, doomed for the sake of safeguarding to the isolation of a luxurious glass house?

But for the focusing of the world's eyes upon five weak cyanotic infants in a poorly equipped farmhouse of Northern Ontario by the thrilling tales of eloquent reporters, spread by the newspapers all over the continent, the chances of survival of these feeble little creatures would indeed have

## CANADIAN NURSE



IN an Ontario community, Nurse "B" is highly regarded for her skill and care in nursing sick babies.

And there's no doubt that Nurse "B" knows, from long experience, which treatment she can rely upon. Here's what she says:

"When I am called to a sick, crying baby, I always give Baby's Own Tablets before trying any other remedy. I find them very soothing for feverish, teething little ones and these tablets take right hold of little sick tummies and straighten them up right away. I can honestly recommend Baby's Own Tablets . . . I always carry a package of them in my grip wherever I go."

Mrs. B—, Campbellford.

If there is a baby or young child in your home who is fretful, constipated, teething or has indigestion, simple fever, colic, diarrhoea, upset stomach or a cold . . . give Baby's Own Tablets, the remedy Nurse "B" finds so dependable. These little tablets were originated expressly for young children by a Canadian physician and are sweet-tasting, harmless and certified safe. As many upsets in baby's health come without warning, it is advisable to keep Baby's Own Tablets handy for prompt relief. . . . Price 25c. • Try them at our risk. Buy a package today and, if you do not find them as good as we claim, return the partially-used box to us and we will refund your money.

Dr. Williams

**Baby's Own Tablets**



Dissolves quickly, cleans thoroughly, rinses easily. Will not injure skin or fabric. For better cleaning, use CHARM

For sale at careful grocers

Manufactured by 20  
Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Safe for  
**BABY'S SKIN**



LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK

## Should They Have a State-Mother?

(Continued from page 14)

The father, Mr. Dionne, was naturally included in the board of guardians, but so long as he is reluctant to offer active co-operation, his guardianship is perforce merely nominal.

Almost to completely relieve parents of their authority over their own children during the full period of the latter's minority on, strictly speaking, no other grounds than ignorance of such things as ingenious loopholes in apparently foolproof contracts and inexperience scientifically in proper care of most delicate infants under extraordinary circumstances, was indeed an unusually daring step to take. So far the actual results for the babies' benefit undoubtedly prove the measure to be highly warranted. For the future it remains to be seen.

THE INDUBITABLE right of the babies to such a foundation upon which a

# Housekeeping



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT

CONDUCTED BY

*Helen G. Campbell*

## Will You Marry in June?

••

by

M. FRANCES HUCKS

*of the Institute staff*

**A**PRIL BROUGHT its showers, May its flowers and June is ready with her annual contribution—a bevy of beautiful brides.

All the way from Vancouver to Halifax, brides will be yielding to the lure of June when it comes to the point of setting the great day. They can't resist its golden sunshine, its gentle summer breezes, its profusion of fragrant roses. There's romance here—romance almost worthy of the occasion. "It will be perfect," smile Canada's brides, and they turn their attention to the practical details which will make it so.

And that's where we come in. We've been looking around for ideas for your wedding—mostly food ideas, I'll admit—but we'd like a bit of the fun of planning your wedding, as we aren't having one of our own.

Where is the wedding to be? In the church, at the minister's, in the bay window alcove of the living room, out in the garden or up at the cottage? On your choice depends to some extent the degree of formality of the occasion, and



Bride's costume, courtesy Robert Simpson Co. Ltd. Cake and food from the Arcadian Court, Simpsons.

formality to some extent means, "What shall we wear?" The large church wedding with the bride in traditional white with veil is the most formal and calls for attendants in formal afternoon dresses with matching hats and accessories. The men of the bridal party wear morning clothes. Similar dress is worn at a formal house wedding, although the bridal attendants may dispense with hats if they prefer. The smaller, more informal weddings either at the church

or at home may find the bride in wedding gown, in afternoon dress or in travelling costume, with attendants, if any, costumed in keeping with the bride. The men of the party may choose dark business suits if they do not wish to wear formal morning clothes.

If it seems best for the bride and groom to go to the minister's house for a quiet ceremony, the bride will wear her travelling clothes and the

[Continued on page 73]



# How to organize a

## KITCHEN SHOWER

**H**ERE IS HELP for the worried shower planners. A bright new idea that irons out all the old-time problems and makes the kitchen shower for the bride a happy, carefree event for everyone. No duplication and no frantic planning. And, when the presentation is made, the fortunate bride will have a sparkling set of the finest kitchen enameled ware obtainable—every piece matching in design and colour, and no duplicates. It makes no difference where or when each piece is purchased. If the Bride's Shower System is used, every gift will match perfectly to complete a set of the smartest, three-coat enameled ware that her heart could desire.

If you are planning a shower for a prospective bride, or if you are taking part in one, cut out the coupon below and mark the colour scheme you prefer. The Kitchen Shower System booklet will reach you by return mail. You and your friends will thoroughly enjoy planning the kitchen shower with this aid.



**GENERAL STEEL  
WARES  
LIMITED**

# FREE

The new booklet—"The Kitchen Shower System for Brides" is sent free of charge and with no obligation whatever.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED,  
River Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me free your new booklet—"The Kitchen Shower System for Brides" in the colour scheme checked below.

☐ Ivory and Black ☐ Ivory and Red ☐ Ivory and Green

Name.....

Address.....



But if he is persistently influenced, persistently told that this and that has to be allowed for this and that consideration, would it be extraordinary if his judgment finally became blurred and he were persuaded to permit things to happen to the babies which could not be exclusively good for them either physically or mentally?

HOW THEN can the babies' future happiness and proper upbringing be ensured in this crossfire of conflicting influences and interests?

It seems to me only by unflinchingly and resolutely holding the world at arm's length from the babies, allowing them to live and grow up as much as possible in undisturbed protection from their curse and their blessing—their own popularity.

It is equally necessary to heed and keep within sight the morally legitimate rights of the other part of the Dionne family, of even their salutary future association with the babies, if such can be made safely possible, and patiently and with sympathy continue to prevail upon the parents to abandon their present reluctance to offer genuine and effective co-operation.

But the doctor cannot do this unassisted, and the other guardians, however clever and capable men they are, can give him but little aid in this delicate and intricate piece of complicated education of the famous little girls. Not even the noblest of French-Canadian gentlemen and the most suitable of guardians for these small French-Canadian wards, Judge Valin, can supply Dr. Dafoe with the help of which he is in need.

For this, now when trained nurses are hardly necessary any more for nursing the babies, my belief is that a responsible woman is required to take permanent charge of their training. She must be of a type cultured enough to understand what education of children means and involves, honest enough to be implicitly loyal to the babies and to Dr. Dafoe, intelligent enough to use her own judgment with discrimination and broadmindedness, especially with regard to the parents, and above all tender-hearted enough to love the babies unselfishly as a mother.

Such a state-mother can be found—should be found for the sake of the babies. Without doubt there are among the ranks of well educated and cultured women, preferably with French-Canadian connections for the sake of the parents, such a woman willing and capable of adequately filling this need in the babies' world.

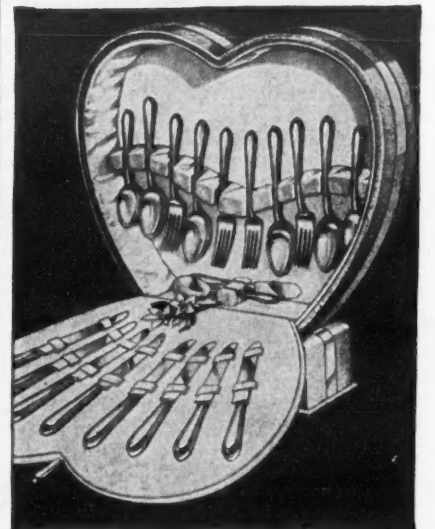
No woman guardian, no board of guardians, even no Dr. Dafoe can substitute the influence of a refined and genuinely motherly woman in the lives of these small children, whose time should be taken up wholly with the task of their upbringing under the guidance of the doctor. To her should be given not only the confidence and authority of guardians and parents, but the co-operation and protection that the position of such a state-mother demands for the successful execution of her difficult and unprecedented function.

She, with intelligent prevision and intimate contact with the babies, could shield them from the harmful effects of the irrational training of many hands. She with her constant presence and her delicate appreciation of values would be capable of showing the babies to eager admirers without the little ones being much aware of their display. She would with tact and acumen act as a complaisant buffer between the babies, the parents, the guardians and those attracted by the shining light of their popularity.

With her efficient aid Dr. Dafoe can courteously but definitely keep the world beyond the outer gate of the Dafoe Hospital; he can ensure the babies the wisest protection and the best chances for desirable mental development now when their physical survival, bar accidents, seems an unquestionable fact.

Without her, the guardianship of the state might well become a failure, the efforts of Dr. Dafoe unavailing, the good guidance of the babies physically and mentally left in jeopardy, and deposition of the parents unjustified.

# To Gladden the Heart of any Maid!



## This Smart New Heart Gift Case of WM. ROGERS & SON. Original ROGERS SILVERPLATE

Just in time to make a June Bride still happier—or give the bride of another June a new thrill.

A distinctive, yet practical gift that any woman will be proud to receive—any donor proud to give.

See your Jeweller now. The offer is for a limited time only.

Contains 34 Pieces in any of the popular WM. ROGERS & SON Patterns. (Service for 8). **\$19<sup>50</sup>**

Patterns Left to Right—GEORGIC, BURGUNDY, GUILD, PARIS, MAYFAIR, LA FRANCE



Write for booklet  
"YOUR TABLE"  
—to Advertising  
Department, Inter-  
national Silver Co.  
of Canada Ltd.,  
Hamilton, Ont.  
Dept. 2.

ORIGINAL ROGERS SILVERPLATE  
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# MOFFAT

## ELECTRIC RANGES



### VALUE-CHECK

The common sense way of  
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BE SURE IT HAS ALL  
THESE SERVICE FEATURES

MOFFATS	Range A	Range B	Range C
Accurate, dependable oven heat control . . . all-angle visibility	✓		
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Self-latching, non-warpage tension controlled oven door			
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Color combinations for every kitchen			
Moisture-proof oven with cement-ed joints			✓
Easy glide ball bearing drawers finished in porcelain enamel			
Insulated porcelain enamelled even-heat removable oven bottom			
Full porcelain enamelled back			✓
Smokeless broiler equipment			✓
Rigid cast iron front	✓		✓

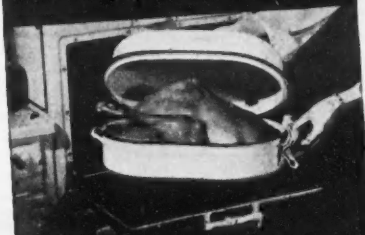
Ranges A, B and C represent other leading makes of electric ranges.



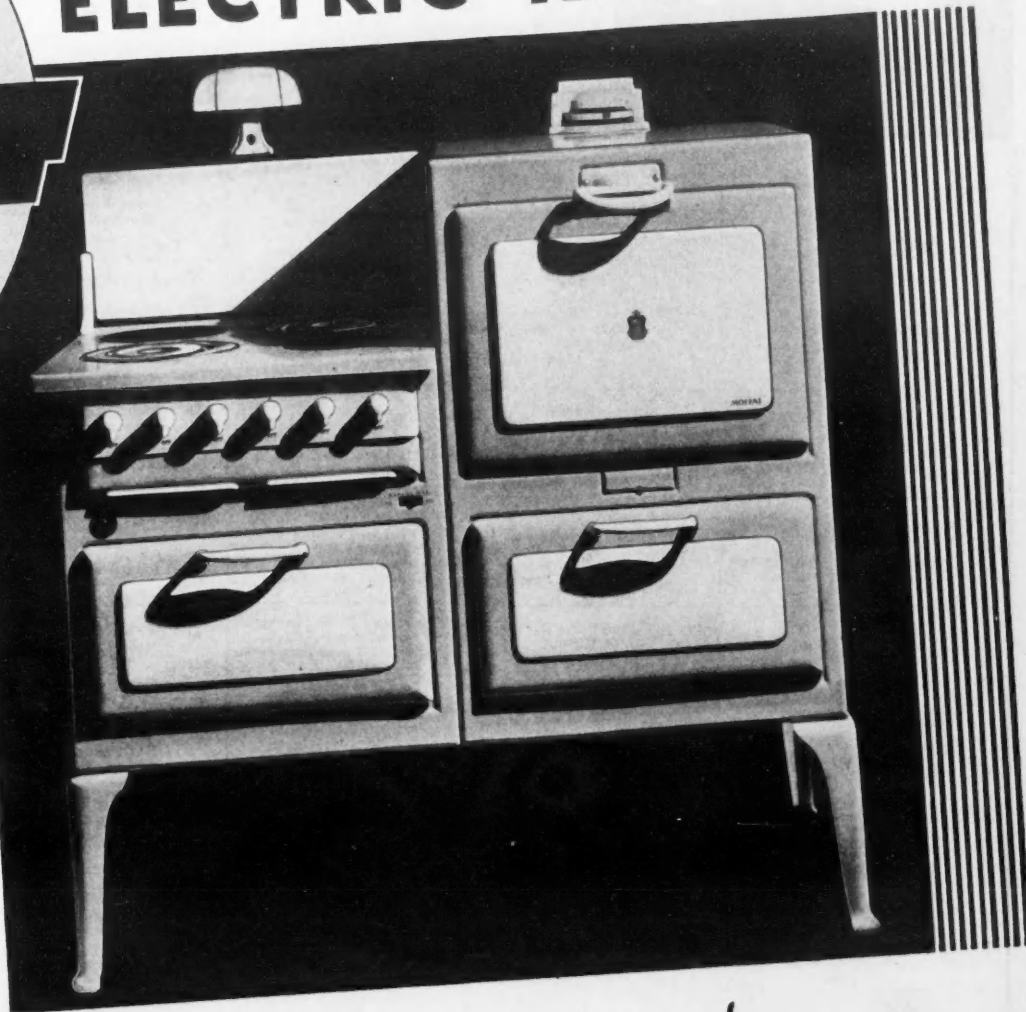
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... Quickest durable element  
made... exclusive Lustreloy  
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Accurate . . . dependable . . . all  
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*You'll want all these things in  
the Electric Range you buy*

● THE range you buy should serve you for a long time. You'll want it to be the most modern available—to possess all those ultra-modern features that eliminate drudgery and assure you of years of quick, responsive and uniformly successful cooking results.

That is exactly why Moffat Value-Check Card is reproduced here. It will help you buy your range on facts. It will show you at a glance just why a Moffat Electric Range should be in your home. For the Moffat has become the world's standard of excellence because of the pioneering of Moffat Labo-

ratory. Innumerable devices have been born there for the convenience and delight of Moffat owners. From the easily-seen Therm-O-Matic Control and Cook-Quik Element to the hidden but vital details of strength, capacity and service, the Moffat Range provides you with dozens of reasons for its superiority.

Glance at the Moffat Value-Check Card. Compare Moffat with any other. Note the features found in Moffat *but in no other range*. The woman who buys her range on facts will always buy a Moffat.

MOFFATS LIMITED, WESTON, ONTARIO  
Manufacturers of Moffat Electric Ranges and Moffat Electric Refrigerators

**FINISHED THROUGHOUT IN PORCELAIN ENAMEL . . .  
MATCHED IN COLOR SCHEMES . . .** Moffat Electric Ranges and Moffat  
Electric Refrigerators provide perfect color harmony in your kitchen.



SAY WHAT you like, it's the old-fashioned virtue of thrift—real thrift is as far from penny-pinching as it is from get-rich-quick schemes—that makes your bank-book mighty fine reading and brings it to a happy ending.

Years ago good management was a matter of housewifely skill in producing the family food supply—baking bread, canning fruit, and so on. But that's all changed, now that food manufacturers do the job for us better and more economically than we could do it ourselves. The important thing to the modern chatelaine is to select carefully the product and the quality best suited to her needs.

Or it should be—and sometimes isn't, which adds a bit to the cheque book instead.

Take, for instance, the canned goods on your grocers' shelves. Do you know the difference in kind, grade, brand and price between two or several cans of peaches or any other fruit, for that matter. Do you order simply "a can of peas" or beets or what-have-you, without being any more specific as to size of container or quality of the contents? Yet all nationally advertised canned goods, imported products and the output of canners doing an interprovincial business, are packed and sold according to definite standards and regulations set and enforced by the Dominion Government. And each grade has its own particular importance in your culinary scheme. Many canners have established for their various brands, standards of quality that are maintained with uniformity from year to year.

The label tells the story, for it must be marked so that you can tell what you are getting.

**Fancy Quality.** This is "tops" and as nearly perfect as possible. It is packed from sound clean fruit or vegetables, of perfect maturity and free from blemishes. It is of good color and uniform in size. The workmanship must be good and the liquid must be clear.

**Choice Quality.** In this grade, slight variation is allowed in size, color and maturity, but it must be packed from fruit or vegetables that are sound, clean and free from blemishes. The liquid must be fairly clear.

**Standard Quality.** All fruit or vegetables must be of good quality and good maturity, but they need not be uniform in size or color. The liquid must be fairly clear.

**Second Quality.** Packed from clean sound fruit or vegetables which need not be uniform in maturity, color or size.

With this as your buying guide, you can choose the grade best suited to your purpose in the menu. For instance, fancy fruit is the very thing for the extra special company dessert, where appearance counts a good deal. But for average use, in plain or even quite elegant dishes, Choice is perfectly capable of doing you justice. It is less expensive and quite suitable for most occasions, so plainly the higher grade would be an extravagance here.

And why pay even this much, if you are going to mash and cut the fruit anyway for puddings, ice creams, jellied molds or pie fillings? Standard or even Second Quality may suit you equally well and in this case give better value for your money. Remember that the flavor of the lower grades is good and the food value the same as their more costly brothers.

There is another thing to think of in



Rice mould with peaches of fancy quality.

## THE LABEL TELLS THE INSIDE STORY

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL



A Peach Betty made with standard quality fruit.

*When you buy canned goods the more you know about the contents, the greater will be your satisfaction and economy*

buying canned fruit, for different varieties are packed in syrups of different density—heavy, light, with a certain percentage of sugar or unsweetened. The information is given on the label for your protection and satisfaction, but don't expect your grocer to be a mind reader and be definite in your order.

Think, too, of the form in which you want your fruit. Peaches come in halves or sliced, pineapple in slices or rings, (sometimes with the number printed on the label), tid bits or crushed, and so on.

In purchasing canned vegetables, it is good management to follow the rule of selecting according to their intended use—Fancy or Choice when form and color are important, Standard or Second for soups, casserole dishes, vegetable loaves and other ingredients. If you are buying peas, look for the size on the label. No. 1's are the smallest of the lot, No. 2's are larger, and so on up the scale. But the size doesn't depend on quality or quality on size, for certain whopping ones are very delicious—tender, even and of good color. Look closely at the label on canned corn to see whether the contents are Cream Style, Whole Grain or Cut Kernel, or on the cob. And ask for "Asparagus Tips" or "Asparagus Cuttings," or "Asparagus Stalks" as the case may be; it is marked on the wrapper for all the world to see. Certain varieties of vegetables—carrots, beets and beans, for instance—are packed whole when small or "Baby" size, sliced or diced; the form designated on the outside of the can.

No matter what brand, grade, kind or size you buy, you can depend on the purity and wholesomeness of the food, for not only must the fruit and vegetables be clean, sound, properly matured and prepared to begin with, but the factory must be clean and the workers healthy. No adulterant and no preservative other than salt and sugar is allowed. No artificial color may be used. (Maraschino style cherries and fruits for salad which contain them are an exception. The coloring in this case is harmless.)

All meat products and soups which contain this ingredient are packed under supervision of the Dominion Government and the label marked "Canada Approved" to show that the contents of the can are up to the required standard. Fish and shellfish are sold in different sizes and grades; you may buy Red salmon for serving plain, in salads or other dishes where the color adds to its appeal, but it is economy to use the Pink, a less expensive variety for scalloped and suchlike dishes.

Though there are many different sizes of containers on the market, only eleven are standardized. All cans not conforming to

[Continued on page 76]

# SOUPS MUST BE COAXED

● The distinctive taste of each Heinz Soup is based on the knowledge that flavour can rarely be *added* successfully to a soup; it must be *coaxed* out of the ingredients themselves. Each soup must be brewed . . . slowly . . . lingeringly . . . long-simmered . . . a little at a time. It is this process that gives each Heinz Soup its different, individual taste.

● Every trace of flavour in meat, vegetable, cream and spice that goes into the kettle is in the Heinz Soup you get at the store. If you buy Heinz Cream of Asparagus Soup, you'll get the true, inimitable flavour of crispy, green shoots of asparagus in every delicious sip. Each Heinz Soup gives you the individual taste of its ingredients.

● Women who have made soups at home recognize this home-recipe quality in their first taste of a Heinz Soup. That is why so many households are treated to a Heinz Soup at least once a day.

● Heinz Soups are time savers, too. You simply heat and serve. Add nothing—they are *complete* soups. Heinz chefs do *all* the work. There are many delicious varieties—keep a supply on hand. Ask your grocer today.

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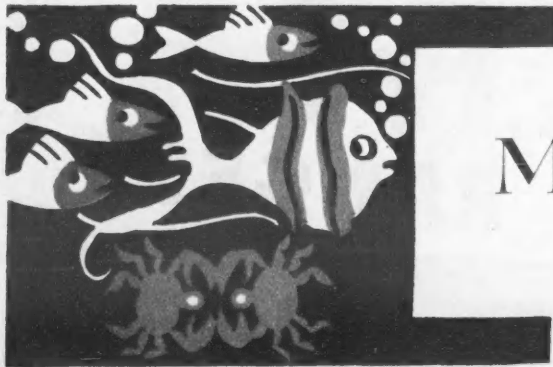


SOME OF THE  
57

Cream of Tomato  
Cream of Mushroom  
Cream of Oyster  
Cream of Celery  
Cream of Asparagus  
Cream of Green Pea  
Cream of Spinach  
Vegetable  
Vegetable Beef  
Chicken with Rice  
Chicken with Noodles  
Bean Soup  
Scotch Broth  
Ox Tail  
Onion

**HEINZ** home style **SOUPS**





# Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for June



<b>1 BREAKFAST</b> Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	<b>'LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Brown Rolls Pear, Prune and Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Consommé Grilled Sausages Creamed Potatoes Beet Greens Chocolate Nut Pudding Coffee Tea	<b>BREAKFAST</b> 16 Stewed Apricots Bread and Milk Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	<b>LUNCHEON OR SUPPER</b> Shepherd's Pie Catsup Canned Peas Frosted Spice Cakes Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Coffee Wafers Tea
<b>2</b> Stewed Fruit Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Corn Soup Beet and Celery Salad Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes String Beans Raisin Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>17</b> Tomato Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Ramekins of Creamed Fish and Vegetables Sliced Cucumber Salad Lemon Jelly Tea Cake Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Green Peas Apricot Soufflé Coffee Tea
<b>3</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Corn Bread Coffee Syrup Tea	Spanish Omelet Brown Toast Jellyed Prunes with Cream Nut Wafers Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef Relish Pickle Potato Cakes Buttered Carrots Strawberry Tart Pie* Coffee Tea	<b>18</b> Orange Sections Cereal Graham Gems Coffee Honey Tea	Vegetable Soup Sliced Fresh Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Chilled Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Curried Lamb in Rice Ring Buttered Asparagus Rhubarb Cream Pie Coffee Tea
<b>4</b> Baked Rhubarb Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Bacon Baked Potatoes Lettuce French Dressing Fresh Pineapple Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Marshmallow Custard Coffee Tea	<b>19</b> Cereal with Strawberries Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Brown Toast Stewed or Canned Fruit Tea Cocoa	Fried Fillets of Fish Creamed Potatoes Mixed Salad Greens Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>5</b> Cereal with Bananas Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Pea Soup Welsh Rarebit Apple Sauce Molasses Cookies Tea Cocoa	Pan-broiled Fresh Herring French-Fried Potatoes Creamed Green Onions Chilled Rice with Fresh Pineapple Coffee Tea	<b>20</b> Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Grilled Fresh Ham Riced Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Blueberry Roll Coffee Tea
<b>6</b> Half Grapefruit Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Cold Meat Plate with Lettuce, Cucumber and Tomatoes Pickles Toasted Muffins Junket with Almonds Tea Cocoa	Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Rhubarb Betty Coffee Tea	<b>21 (Sunday)</b> Chilled Grapefruit Cream Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Crackers Cheese Relishes Chocolate Eclairs Tea Cocoa	Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beans Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Coffee Tea
<b>7 (Sunday)</b> Pineapple Juice Cereal Grilled Ham Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Asparagus with Hollandaise on Toast Radishes, Olives, Celery Fruit Salad Nut Bread Cocoa	Tomato Juice Chicken Maryland Potato Balls New Peas Mint Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>22</b> Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Lettuce French Dressing Pineapple Plain Cake Cocoa	Baked Sausages Scalloped Potatoes Dandelion Greens Steamed Rice and Syrup Coffee Tea
<b>8</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Mushroom Soup Sardine and Egg Salad Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Quick Maple Pudding Coffee Tea	<b>23</b> Pineapple Cereal Corn Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Pork and Beans Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Fruit Trifle Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Chocolate Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea
<b>9</b> Orange Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Sliced Cucumber and Onion Cherry Rings Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth (Vegetable Plate) Mashed Potato Nests with Green Peas Fried Tomatoes Buttered Corn Coconut Cream Pie Coffee Tea	<b>24</b> Sliced Bananas Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Scotch Broth Cold Meat Plate Brown Rolls Rhubarb Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Fried Trout Buttered New Potatoes Spinach Fresh Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
<b>10</b> Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Currant Muffins Coffee Marmalade Tea	Pan-fried Small Fish with Lemon Raw Vegetable Salad Stewed Prunes Tea Cocoa	Roast Stuffed Pork Shoulders Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>25</b> Grapefruit Juice Cereal Grilled Kidneys Toast Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Mustard Pickles Pear, Cheese and Ginger Salad Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak with Brown Gravy Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Ice Cream Wafers Coffee Tea
<b>11</b> Chilled Prune Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Spinach and Poached Eggs Brown Toast Sliced Oranges and Bananas Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Pork Lyonnaise Potatoes Asparagus Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	<b>26</b> Orange Halves Grilled Small Fish Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Scalloped Salmon Brown Bread Cucumber Sandwiches Baked Bananas Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup (Vegetable Plate) Potato au Gratin Whole Kernel Corn Green Beans Sliced Buttered Beets Coffee Cherry Pie Tea
<b>12</b> Half Grapefruit Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Spaghetti and Tomato Sauce Lettuce Salad Canned Fruit Cake Cocoa	Boiled Fresh Salmon Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Braised Celery Grape Juice Mold Cream Tea	<b>27</b> Cereal with Berries Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Baked Tomatoes with Corn and Green Pepper Stuffing Duchess Potatoes Hot Scones Jam Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon French Fried Potatoes Peas Pineapple Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>13</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Clam Chowder Cheese Toast and Bacon Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Loin Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Vanilla Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee Tea	<b>28 (Sunday)</b> Chilled Melon Cereal Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Sweetbreads and Mushrooms on Toast Celery Radishes Sponge Cake Ring with Frozen Strawberries Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Sliced Jellyed Tongue Macaroni Salad Pickled Beets Sliced Cucumbers Crème Brûlée Coffee Tea
<b>14 (Sunday)</b> Unhulled Strawberries Cereal Shirred Eggs and Kidneys Toast Coffee Tea	Tomato Vegetable and Cottage Cheese Salad Brown Rolls Pecan Tarts Tea Cocoa	Consommé Rib Roast of Beef Duchess Potatoes Glazed Onions Fresh Pineapple Sponge Drops Coffee Tea	<b>29</b> Half Grapefruit Cereal French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Club Sandwiches Pickles Creamed Junket with Almonds Cookies Cocoa	Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Fried Tomatoes Lemon Foam Coffee Tea
<b>15</b> Cereal with Chopped Dates Bacon Marmalade Coffee Toast Tea	Bean Soup Egg Sandwiches Dill Pickles Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Orange Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea	<b>30</b> Tomato Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Clam Chowder Crackers Fresh Vegetable Salad Cheese Straws Frosted Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Hashed Brown Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Grape Juice and Ginger Ale Jelly with Cream Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



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Sani-Flush is sure-death to toilet odors and germs. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. That's the end of it. Porcelain glistens like new. Odors disappear. Dangerous germs are banished.

Sani-Flush saves you all unpleasant work. It is perfectly safe. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores—25 and 15 cent sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



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25 Prince William St. Saint John, N.B.

## WINDSOR WINDOW SHADES

## Will You Marry in June?

(Continued from page 67)

bride and groom to go to the minister's house for a quiet ceremony, the bride will wear her travelling clothes and the groom a dark business suit.

Garden weddings are the same as the informal house wedding, but here the men frequently wear white flannel trousers with dark coats when the bride's costume is informal.

The time of day you choose for your wedding will decide what type of refreshments are to be served.

In the afternoon, anywhere from 2.00 to 4.30 or so, a reception follows the ceremony, and we're giving you, right here, suggestions for the type of tea-time refreshments which might be chosen.

Lobster Salad with Savory Dressing  
Toasted Mushroom Rolls  
Cucumber Sandwiches Asparagus Rolls  
Ribbon, Checkerboard or  
Rolled Sandwiches  
Open-faced Tomato Sandwiches  
Hard-cooked Egg Garnish  
Stuffed Olives Pearl Onions  
Tiny Pecan Tarts Mocha Squares  
Assorted Fancy Cakes Petits Fours  
Salted Almonds Mints  
Wedding Cake Coffee

### The Noon Wedding

High noon is another favorite hour for weddings, and the refreshments which follow are in the nature of a luncheon, although frequently spoken of as breakfast.

This type of refreshment is suited to service after weddings from 10.30 to 12.30 or 1.00 o'clock, and may be served at tables where places are set, or buffet style. At a large wedding luncheon where the tables are set, the bride and groom and their attendants are seated at one table; the parents, minister and possibly some of the guests at another, and the remaining guests at other tables. If the party is small, all may be seated at one table, the bride on her husband's right in a central position, the best man at her right and the maid of honor at the groom's left. The table decoration (once again centred around the cake) is as lovely but somewhat less elaborate than for a buffet table. Here are some menus:

### Luncheon

Crabmeat Cocktail  
Sweetbread Salad in Aspic Jelly Ring  
Small Tomato Roses on Watercress  
Celery Curls  
Small Hot Cheese Biscuits  
Frozen Maple Pudding  
Small Cakes Wedding Cake  
Mints Candied Peel and Ginger  
Coffee Punch

Cream of Spinach Soup  
Croutons  
Sliced Chicken, Tongue and Ham  
Shoestring Potatoes  
Small Asparagus Molds on Tomato Slices  
Ripe Olives Pickled Pears Gherkins  
Hot Parker House Rolls  
Individual Sponge Cake Rings  
with Frozen Strawberries  
Wedding Cake

Bonbons Coffee Salted Nuts Punch

Jellied Consommé  
Boned Lamb Chops Caper Sauce  
Steamed Rice Mold  
Baked Tomatoes Stuffed with Mushrooms  
Green Peas  
Avocado Salad with French Dressing  
and Ripe Olive Garnish  
Fresh Raspberry Bomb  
Coco-nut Balls  
Wedding Cake Candied Fruits  
Coffee Punch

[Continued on next page]

# HOW TO WORRY ALL DAY—



I'll take a chance and wear these same underthings a second day—they seem okay.



Oh dear, I wonder if it's possible for people to notice perspiration odour from these underthings so quickly.



The salesgirl gave me such a funny look. She actually seems to be avoiding me. Am I offending?



Seems hot in here, and everybody's so unfriendly. Why did I risk second-day underthings?



Jack's not at all like his usual self—seems so aloof. Is he noticing too? It's the last time I'll ever take that chance!



From now on, I'm Luxing my undies after every wearing. Then I'm sure they're fresh!

## It NEVER pays to take a chance—



Two-day underthings never get by! We all perspire, especially in summer. Others soon notice the stale odour that clings to underthings. To protect daintiness, Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux whisks away odour, yet saves colours. Avoid cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!



## THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

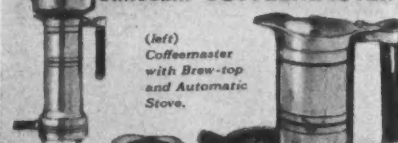
### Sunbeam IRONMASTER



ironing. Non-tarnish chrome plate, 1000 watts, 3 1/2 lbs. \$8.95, slightly higher in West.

Begin ironing 30 seconds after you plug in. Stays hot all through ironing—gets you through sooner. New, faster iron saves time, ends fatigue. Half weight but full size. Special heats for wool, linen, silk, cotton. Thumb-tip control in handle, away from heat. Better, easier.

### Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER



(left) Coffeemaker with Brew-top and Automatic Stove.

(right) Also supplied with matched Service Set. Easy new way. Vacuum process, automatic, 7-heat table stove—for brewing and keeping hot. Beautiful, non-tarnish chrome plate, black trim. 8 cup Coffeemaker, \$18.75. With matched sugar, creamer, tray, \$29.95. Slightly higher in West.

### Sunbeam GLASS COFFEE MAKER

The ONLY Glass Coffee Maker with glass filter rod; no filter cloths, papers or springs. Heat-resistant glass. Chrome plate table stove and cover, black handle. Makes Coffee the vacuum way, 8 cup size. . . \$8.85, slightly higher in West. Also 2 other beautiful models.



### Sunbeam SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER

Toast as you like it, every time—light, medium or dark. Times toast accurately. Silent, no clock mechanism. Keeps toast (2 slices) hot till served. Automatic signal light and current shut-off. Lustrous chrome plate, black base and trim. Toaster only, \$18.95; with Buffet set \$28.95. Slightly higher in West.



Also available with Buffet tray-set including 4 buffet plates and 2 appetizer dishes.

### Sunbeam FLAT TOASTER and Buffet Tray

Toasts and turns bread, rolls or sandwiches easily, two at a time. 5-compartment smart glass tray. Great for lunches, buffet suppers, etc. . . . Toaster only, \$7.95, with tray \$9.75. Slightly higher in West.



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10 Full Power SPEEDS  
New Full-mix Beaters

MIXES  
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### Sunbeam Automatic MIXMASTER

See these famous Sunbeam appliances at electric, hardware and department stores, or write Flexible Shift Co. Limited, 349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont. 46 Years Making Quality Products



## THE FAMILY COUNSELLOR

*A man of wide experience in helping others to solve their difficulties in "Getting Along Together"—in child-training difficulties—in young people's relationships. . . . He'll be glad to help you.*

**Dear Counsellor.** Six of us, all in our twenties, have saved enough money for a pleasant holiday. We go around together all of the time—three chaps and three girls—in town. Now we would like to drive to a summer resort for our vacation. Do you think this would be unconventional? None of us is married, but one couple is engaged. Another couple would complicate matters—an extra car—and break up the grand comradeship we all have together.

**Answer.** It looks to me as if you had all better get married, and get it over with. I may be old-fashioned, but when I was romancing, I didn't want a half a dozen people around. What is the mystery? Are the chaps sponging on you girls? Who supplies the car and gas? Break up the group and get out on your own, and if your friend doesn't follow, you are better without him. Personally, I don't think any of your group will ever marry one another.

**D. V. Gravelburg, Sask.** Never mind what the other girls do. Most of us pay too much attention to what other people say and do. Don't sacrifice your ideals for anybody. Carry on, and you will come out all right.

**Reader. St. Felix de Valois, Que.** I am not a mind reader. Tell me your problem, and I will try and help you.

**Dear Counsellor.** What responsibility have I to a brother who is constantly in trouble, and disgraces our name in the town in which I live? If I follow my sisterly leanings, and am friendly, I find myself constantly in groups and situations which reflect on my own good standing in the community. If I go to dances, he is there with objectionable people. What shall I do?

**Answer.** If your brother chooses to make a fool of himself, don't let him bring you down to his level. If you live in a small town, the chaps there know him and certainly will not blame his conduct on you. If he is worthy of your sisterly love, he will respect you and not humiliate you.

**Dear Counsellor.** Do you think I have a right to a definite "salary" for myself each month, from my husband? This is a constant source of argument and I think I earn my own money at home just as much as he does his at the office. Nor do

I believe I should account to him for every cent I spend. Will you advise me on this?

**Answer.** People who are on salary are subject to dismissal. You had better be careful or you may be dismissed some morning, when you burn the toast or bacon. Every woman earns ten times the money she has to spend on herself. You are quite right you shouldn't have to account for every cent, except to yourself. Don't use the word "salary."

**A. P. Sherbrooke, Que.** Await my letter before doing anything in haste. You are both young and you must be careful not to destroy what you love in him.

**E. Bracebridge, Ont.** Please let me know your age and something of your early life and I will write you.

**T. P. K., Saint John, N.B.** Don't lose heart, you have a definite place in life and you are simply going through a readjustment period and as we get older readjustments are harder. Try and get with a married couple who would be glad of the little assistance you can offer.

**Dear Counsellor.** I have been teaching school for the last ten years, and have finally saved enough money to go on a tour of the British Isles this summer, something I have wanted to do for many years. I have been assisting in putting my brother through University, and now that he is graduated, he has married and has his wife to look after. My parents have a mortgage payment to meet on their home and it is felt, I think, that I should use my savings for this purpose. Do you think I have a right to my own pleasure this time?

**Answer.** Life is full of disappointments. You will derive more pleasure and real happiness from the knowledge you have relieved your parents of their worry than you will from a few weeks in the British Isles. What will happen if the mortgage isn't paid? Will your parents lose their home and will you not have to provide for them anyway? You have already done your share and I think your brother should be man enough to make a real sacrifice to assist with that payment. If it is really a case of the British Isles or the mortgage you don't need me to tell you, but I will—it's the mortgage—and happiness.



## STEEDMAN'S KEEP CHILDREN HEALTHY

Four generations of mothers have used Steedman's Powders for their children, to promote regular bowel action, cleanse the system, and to relieve colic and feverish conditions. A safe and gentle laxative for children from teething time to twelve years of age.

### Mothers Praise Steedman's

"I wouldn't be without Steedman's—have used them with all my four children."  
"If my boy is feverish and cross at night I give him Steedman's. The next day he is well and lively."  
"Your powders certainly turn a cross, restless baby into a contented one."

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**FREE**—Send for your copy of our famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers." It contains many valuable aids for treating children's ailments. Sent free with sample of Steedman's Powders. Write to John Steedman & Co., 560 Decourcelles Street, Montreal, P.Q.

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\$1.00 per tin, trial size 25c.  
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Northrop and Lyman Co. Limited  
Established 1854  
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## RELIEF



## COSTLY MOTH DAMAGE CAN NOW BE AVOIDED

It's the *unseen* moths and mothworms that do the costly damage to your winter things. But you need not fear them when you store them safely with Di-chloricide.

Di-chloricide crystals give off a powerful vapor that penetrates every square inch of fabric, every fold, seam and lining. It not only kills flying moths and mothworms, but prevents moth eggs from hatching.

Di-chloricide is easy and pleasant to use—and it doesn't leave a "moth-ball odor." Just scatter the crystals among coats, furs, suits, woolen garments, blankets and draperies in chests or trunks. Directions for use are on every can.

Leading manufacturers of blankets, prominent clothing and fur shops, and famous hotels have put Di-chloricide to exacting tests that have *proved* its moth-killing power. Its cost is small and it may save you hundreds of dollars. Buy a can at your drug store today, and don't accept any substitute if you want Di-chloricide results. Merck & Co. Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal.

**Di-chloricide**  
the  
*Tested*  
moth killer



## The Movie-Go-Round by ROLY YOUNG

ACTING IN the movies is an element frequently criticized, and so often we hear the opinion expressed that screen stars "aren't actors, they're just personalities being themselves." That is only partially true, and we are too apt to underestimate the amount of acting ability required in order to just be ourselves before a camera. Everyone knows how difficult it is to get a good photograph taken, but the only one who has any appreciation of the difficulty of getting people to be themselves in front of a camera is the man or woman who has tried to get his or her friends to do something for his home movie outfit. After sundry exasperating experiences in that line, I'm ready to say that the most difficult acting is just in acting natural. This is the day of natural acting, just as a few years ago was the era of the grandiose school of acting, when there was a

[Continued on page 83]



Freddie Bartholomew puts new vigor into the beloved old "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Dolores Costello Barrymore is the mother.

## Partnership Play

(Continued from page 45)

Suppose your partner, East, has at one stage bid 1 spade, and South finally gets the contract at 2 or 3 no trumps. You, West, have 3 spades to the Queen. East has something like A. 10 9 and 2 others. South has King, Jack and another. If you lead the Queen, South must make 2 tricks in the suit. If you lead low, East should jump up with the Ace—this is his best play—and return a spade; now South can make only 1 trick in spades. Deal the cards and prove this for yourself.

Another duty laid upon your partner is to see that you do not revoke. Even when he is the dummy, that is his duty, so altogether he needs your patience and forbearance.

As an example of "How not to treat your partner," I shall end with another true storyette. A friend of mine was playing in a big Charity Bridge in England, in aid of St. Dunstan's Hospital. It was a parish affair attended by all and sundry, and the game was progressive. At one table she was partnered with a stout lady whose "h's" were as uncertain as her temper. This lady, failing to follow to a heart lead, my friend said politely, "Having no hearts, partner?" To which she replied with hauteur, "If I'd 'ad a 'eart, I'd 'ave played a 'eart!"

## Here's Dick Powell's favorite breakfast -serve it tomorrow!



STAR OF "COLLEEN" THE NEW WARNER BROS. MUSICAL HIT

**MENU**  
ORANGE AND LEMON JUICE (Mixed)  
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT With Grilled Bananas  
FRIED TOMATOES AND BACON  
Coffee  
Toast

Hollywood ... Dick Powell's favorite breakfast will make any man cheer. And (wives please note) it's so inexpensive, so easy to prepare.

Just mix lemon juice with the orange juice for a zestful change. Slice the bananas, grill lightly and place on top of a bowl of crunchy Quaker Puffed Wheat. Then follow this taste-treat with fried tomatoes and crisp bacon—and expect applause!

Your grocer is featuring everything you need to prepare Dick Powell's choice of breakfasts. Serve it to that man of yours tomorrow morning!

HERE IS NOURISHING WHEAT AT ITS DELICIOUS BEST—DOUBLE-CRISPED IN A SPECIAL QUAKER WAY. AND THE NUT-LIKE FLAVOR IS PROTECTED ALL THE WAY TO YOUR TABLE. QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS PACKED ONLY IN THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGES. **TRIPLE-SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS!**



QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS, TOO. TRY IT!

INNER WAX BAG

SEALED CARTON

OUTER WAX WRAPPER



**AMAZING BUT TRUE!**

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE ARE ACTUALLY SHOT FROM GUNS BY AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS ORIGINATED BY QUAKER. AFTER TERRIFIC HEAT AND PRESSURE—**BOOM!**—THE GRAINS ARE RELEASED IN A GOLDEN SHOWER—EACH EXPANDED EIGHT TIMES NATURAL SIZE—WITH FOOD CELLS BURST OPEN TO ABSORB DIGESTIVE JUICES QUICKLY.



LEAN BEEF IS RICH IN BONE-BUILDING PHOSPHOROUS AND SO IS PUFFED WHEAT!

LEAN BEEF 65 MILLIGRAMS PHOSPHOROUS  
PUFFED WHEAT 92 MILLIGRAMS PHOSPHOROUS

**QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT and QUAKER PUFFED RICE**  
are made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company





The very appearance of a good salad stimulates the appetite! Clean, fresh greens—the rich red of tomato and radishes—the deeper tones of beets, the whites of celery and cucumber.

And how delightful it tastes when the dressing is designed to bring out and add to the mild flavours of the vegetables—the tang and zest of mustard making the salad piquant and tempting.

Here is a new dressing you will like:

#### VELVET SALAD DRESSING

1/4 cup white sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons Keen's Mustard, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 or 4 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon butter.

Mix well together the sugar, flour and mustard, then add vinegar and stir till smooth. Put in double boiler and heat. Add egg yolks and milk beaten together. When cooked, add butter. Stir while cooking.

Keen's booklet "Sandwich Suggestions", will be mailed FREE. Write Colman-Keen (Canada) Limited, 1000 Amberst St., Montreal, Que.



★ KEEN'S D.S.F. — made from the finest English seed — gives a piquancy that livens up the simplest family fare — particularly in salad dressings.

**KEEN'S**  
D.S.F. Mustard

"IT'S ALL PURE MUSTARD"

Clip recipes for your kitchen library

## Will You Marry in June?

(Continued from page 73)

### SWEETBREAD SALAD IN ASPIC JELLY RING

#### ASPIC RINGS

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 Quart of clear, strong white soup stock, free of all fat and well seasoned with salt, pepper, celery, onion, parsley, bay leaf, etc. | 3 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine |
|  | 1 Cupful of cold water       |
|  | Juice of one lemon           |

Heat the stock to boiling point and pour over the gelatine which has been soaked for a few minutes in the cold water. Stir until dissolved, cool, add the lemon juice and strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Turn into cold wet individual ring molds and set aside to stiffen. Turn out on to crisp lettuce and fill the centres with Sweetbread Salad as follows:

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 Cupfuls of diced sweetbreads, prepared as directed in the recipe for sweetbreads and Mushrooms on Toast | 1/2 Cupful of finely diced celery |
|   | 1 Cupful of diced cucumber        |
|   | French Dressing                   |
|   | Mayonnaise                        |

Pour French dressing over the sweetbread cubes, drain and combine the cubes with the celery and cucumber. Moisten with mayonnaise which has been mixed with a little whipped cream. These amounts will make from ten to twelve servings.

### FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

- |                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Quart of strawberries | 2 Cupfuls of sugar |
| Juice of two lemons     | 1 Quart of water   |

Wash and hull the berries, crush and add to them the lemon juice. Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes; cool, add to the berries and freeze in a crank freezer. Use eight parts of ice to one part of salt for the freezing, then pack the mixture in four parts of ice to one part of salt. Serve in a sponge cake ring and garnish with whipped cream.

### BONED LAMB CHOPS CAPER SAUCE

Have lamb chops cut two inches thick, remove the bone and the outer skin. Draw the end around to form a round, flat piece and fasten securely with a skewer or by sewing with stout thread. Place on a greased broiler and brown quickly on both sides under high heat. Reduce the heat and continue cooking the chops for fifteen to twenty minutes, turning several times. Remove the skewers or the threads, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Serve on a hot platter or plates with caper sauce as follows:

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter | 1 Cupful of hot stock (meat, or meat and vegetable mixture). |
| 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour  |  |
| 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt    | 1/4 Cupful of drained capers                                 |
| Pepper                     |  |

Melt the butter, adding a slice of onion if desired, and cooking gently until the onion is tender. Remove the onion, add the flour and stir until smooth and blended. Add the seasonings and gradually pour in the hot stock, stirring constantly. Cook, continuing to stir until the mixture is thick and smooth. Add the drained capers and serve hot.

### FRESH RASPBERRY BOMBE

Line a deep mold with raspberry ice to a depth of about two inches. Fill the centre with the following mixture:

- |                              |                            |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 3/4 Cupful of whipping cream | 1/2 Teaspoonful of vanilla |
| 1/4 Cupful of powdered sugar | 1 Egg white                |

Beat the cream until fairly stiff, add the sugar, the vanilla and the stiffly beaten egg white.

Lay two or three thicknesses of waxed paper over the top and fix on the lid tightly. Let stand packed in equal parts of ice and salt for at least three hours. Serve garnished with whole perfect raspberries.

To make the raspberry ice:

- |                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 Quarts of raspberries | 1 Cupful of water  |
| 1 Cupful of sugar       | Juice of one lemon |
- Mash the berries and strain through a fine strainer lined with cheesecloth. Boil the water and sugar together for five minutes, add to the fruit juice and allow to cool. Add the lemon juice and freeze the mixture until very hard, stirring frequently if a crank freezer is not used.

### COCOANUT BALLS

These are simply small pieces of angel cake broken off, coated with a fairly thin butter icing and rolled in moist, shredded cocoanut.

### LOBSTER WITH SAVORY DRESSING

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Cupful of shredded or cubed lobster (fresh or canned) | Shredded lettuce and lettuce cups |
|---|-----------------------------------|

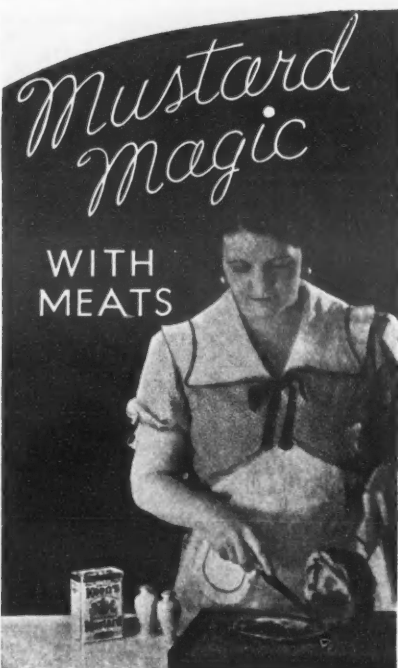
#### DRESSING

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1/2 Cupful each of finely chopped green onions, celery and green pepper | 1/2 Cupful each of mayonnaise, catsup and chili sauce |
|   | Worcestershire sauce, and salt to taste               |

Arrange the prepared lobster in nests of shredded lettuce arranged on crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with generous amounts of the well-chilled dressing made by combining thoroughly the materials listed above.

### TOASTED MUSHROOM ROLLS

Prepare one pound of mushrooms and cut in small pieces. Sauté until tender in two tablespoonfuls of butter, season with one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and moisten with about three-quarter cupful of well seasoned white sauce. Spread this mixture on thin slices of buttered bread from which the crusts have been removed. Roll, secure with a toothpick, and toast under the broiler flame, turning until all sides are delicately browned.



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2 cups cold beef or pork, 2 teaspoons Keen's Mustard, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce, 2 tablespoons good gravy stock or milk, small onion, season to taste. Place in the bottom of a baking dish, minced beef or pork (2 cups of meat is for a family of 6), cover with mixture of the other ingredients. Now cover this with mashed potatoes and brown in the oven half an hour or more.

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## TENDERLOIN STEAK WITH BACON

Wipe beef tenderloin and cut into two-inch slices. Around each slice wrap a thin slice of bacon and secure it with a toothpick. Place on a greased broiler rack and broil under a high heat until nicely browned, turn and brown on the other side, then reduce the heat and continue cooking, turning once, until the steak is done to taste. About twelve minutes will cook the steak rare; allow longer time for medium and well done steaks. Serve on hot plates or platter garnished with parsley and sections of lemon.

## SWEETBREADS AND MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

Soak sweetbreads in cold salted water for one-half hour, then cook below boiling for about one-half hour in water to which one-half tablespoonful of vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of salt have been added. Plunge into cold water, remove membranes and tubes and cut into pieces for serving. Clean the mushrooms, remove the stems and peel the caps if necessary. Sauté until tender in butter.

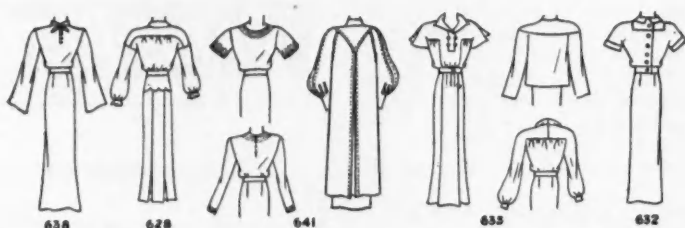
Heat one cupful of cream, add one tablespoonful of butter and salt and pepper to taste. (This may now be combined with two slightly beaten egg yolks if desired, or may be used as it is). Add the sweetbreads and mushrooms to this mixture and heat through. Arrange a layer of sweetbreads on a round of buttered toast, top with mushroom caps and over all pour a little of the cream sauce. Garnish as desired and serve at once. For the amount of sauce given, use one and one-half cupfuls of cut sweetbreads and one cupful of cooked mushrooms.

## FROZEN MAPLE PUDDING

1 Cupful of maple syrup  
2 Egg yolks

2 Cupfuls of whipping cream  
1/2 Cupful of chopped nuts (if desired)

Heat the maple syrup and pour gradually over the well beaten egg yolks continuing to beat during the addition. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth. Cool and fold in the cream which has been beaten until it will hold its shape. Fold in the chopped nuts and turn the mixture into the tray of a mechanical refrigerator or pack in a mixture of ice and salt and freeze without stirring until firm.



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No. 638. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3 7/8 yards of 39-inch material for dress with flowing sleeves.

No. 628. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved blouse and skirt.

No. 641. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires 3 3/8 yards of 35-inch material for long-sleeved dress and 4 1/8 yards of 39-inch material for redingote.

No. 635. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40.

Size 34 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved dress and 2 3/8 yards of 39-inch plain material for jacket.

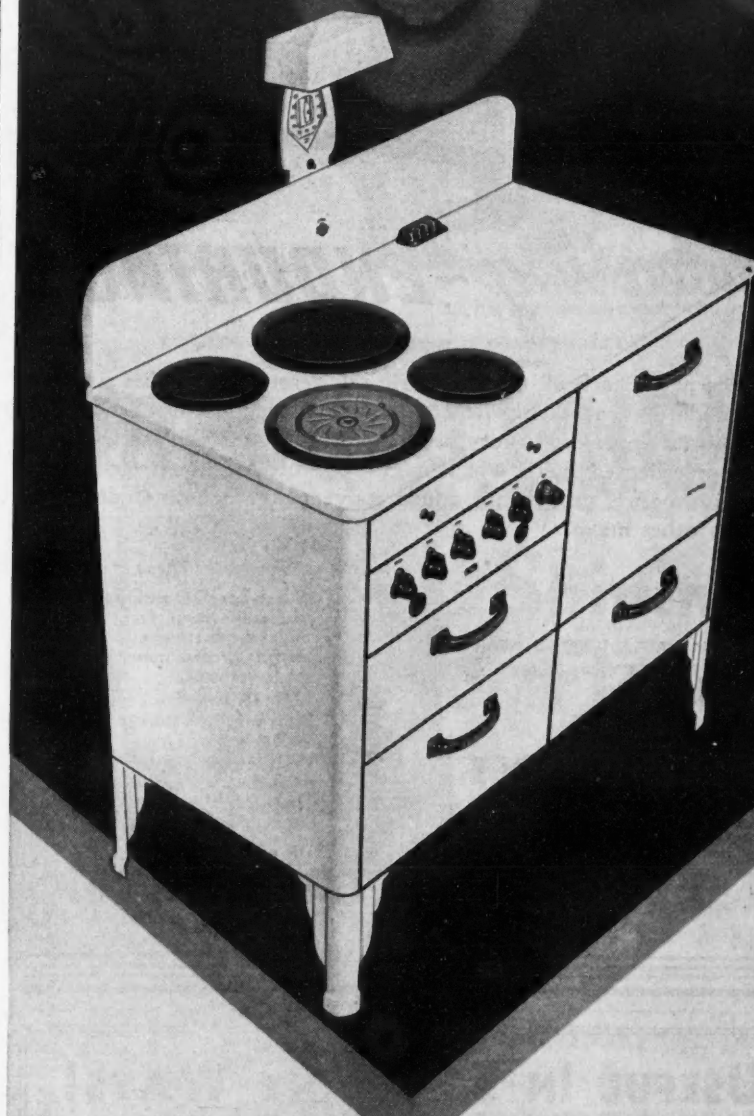
No. 632. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for short-sleeved dress of one material.

No. 645. Sizes 2, 4, and 6. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 39-inch material and 1/4 yard 35-inch contrasting for long-sleeved dress.

No. 630. Sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 1 7/8 yards of 39-inch material and 1/4 yard 39-inch contrasting for long-sleeved dress.

No. 646. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2 1/8 yards of 39-inch material and 1/4 yard 35-inch contrasting for long-sleeved dress. The coat requires 1 3/8 yards of 54-inch material and 1 1/8 yards of 35-inch lining.

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**GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED**  
MONTREAL TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER**The Label Tells  
the Inside Story**

(Continued from page 68)

these standard sizes must have both the net weight and the drained weight plainly noted on the label.

The quality and quantity of the can's contents is your gauge in comparing prices and deciding what size to buy. As a general

rule, larger sizes are the better buy, though you have to consider the number in your family, their appetites and preferences, and the question of left-overs. Unused portions of an opened tin will keep, in the tin, in the refrigerator and may be combined with other ingredients for different dishes. So there need not be as much monotony as you might think in your menu.

It is cheaper to buy a dozen cans or a whole case at once, but of course, this is only practical when you have necessary storage space.

The following table gives full details as to standard sizes of the can, weights and measurements of its contents:

Number	Diameter in Inches	Height in Inches	Approximate Net Weight	Approximate Measure
1 special.....	3	2 1/4	7.1 oz.	3/4 cup
8 oz.....	2 5/8	3 1/4	8 oz.	1 cup
1.....	2 5/8	4	10.9 oz.	1 1/4 cup
2 1/2 flat.....	4 1/8	2 3/8	14 oz.	1 3/4 cup
20 oz.....	3 1/8	4 3/8	16.5 oz.	2 cups
2 squat.....	3 1/8	3 3/8	17.7 oz.	2 1/4 cups
2.....	3 1/8	4 3/8	20.5 oz.	2 1/2 cups
2 1/2.....	4 1/8	4 3/8	30 oz.	3 3/8 cups
3.....	4 1/8	4 3/8	35 oz.	4 cups
3b.....	4 1/8	5 3/8	37.5 oz.	4 or 5 cobs corn
10.....	6 3/8	7	107.7 oz.	14 cups

These are outside measurements

A Standard measuring cup contains 1/2 pint.

**PEACH BETTY**

- 2 Cupfuls of bread crumbs  
1/4 Cupful of melted butter  
2 Cupfuls of Standard quality  
canned peaches, cut in pieces
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon  
1/2 Cupful of syrup from canned  
peaches

Mix the crumbs and butter lightly with a fork. Cover the bottom of a buttered baking dish with this mixture and spread over this one half of the peaches. Sprinkle with one half of the cinnamon. Add another layer of crumbs, cover with the remaining peaches and sprinkle with the rest of the cinnamon. Top with the remainder of the crumbs and pour the peach syrup all over. Bake in a moderate oven — 350 degrees Fahr. — for thirty to thirty-five minutes, covering the mixture during the first part of the cooking to prevent the crumbs from browning too quickly. Serve hot with cream.

**PEACH MELBA**

- 6 Canned peach halves  
(Fancy quality)  
6 Scoops of rich vanilla ice cream  
Sponge or angel cake
- 1 Pint of raspberries  
3/4 Cupful of sugar  
1/2 Cupful of water

Arrange the peach halves, hollow side up on slices of sponge or angel cake. In the hollow place a scoop of vanilla ice cream and pour over this Melba sauce made by crushing and chilling the berries and combining with them, just before serving, the sugar and water which have been boiled together for ten minutes and cooled.

**OVEN POACHED PEA TIMBALES**

- 1 Can of peas (Standard quality)  
2 Eggs, well beaten  
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter  
1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper  
Dash of cayenne  
1/4 Teaspoonful of onion juice

Reserve about one-third cupful of the peas to add to the sauce and force the remainder through a sieve. Add the beaten eggs, the melted butter and the seasonings to this purée, mix well and turn into individual buttered baking dishes. Set in a pan of hot water, cover with a piece of brown paper and bake in a moderate oven — 350 degrees Fahr. — until firm. Serve unmolded with hot white sauce to which the one-third cupful of reserved peas has been added.

**ASPARAGUS AND TOMATO SALAD**

- Canned asparagus tips  
(Fancy quality)  
Thick slices of tomato
- Watercress or shredded lettuce  
Red pepper relish  
French dressing

Arrange asparagus tips close together on thick slices of tomato and place on a bed of watercress or shredded lettuce. Place a band of red pepper relish across the top of the asparagus and serve with French dressing.

**STEAMED FRUIT PUFFS**

- Canned plums (Standard  
quality)  
2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour  
3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder  
Pinch of salt
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter  
1/2 Cupful of sugar  
1 Egg  
3/4 Cupful of milk

Butter individual molds and place in each three plums and enough juice to cover the fruit. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the beaten egg and combine thoroughly. Add the sifted dry ingredients and the milk alternately and when thoroughly combined pour this batter over the fruit in the molds. Steam or bake in a moderate oven — 350 degrees Fahr. — for about twenty-five minutes. Serve hot with cream or hard sauce. Other desired fruits (Standard quality) may be substituted for plums in this recipe.

He shook his head. "I never expect to see her again."

She had hoped for nothing as wonderful as that. She went back to his chair and dropped down on her knees beside it. "Leigh, you don't know what I've been through—dragging you into a public scandal like that. I wouldn't blame you if you never wanted to see me again. But you do, don't you? Look at me, darling! You know it was only my love for you. Look at me, Leigh!"

He looked at her. There were dark hollows under her eyes; she looked worn and white and touchingly penitent. He did not realize how angry he had been with her until, now, his anger left him. He could not doubt that she had acted from a sense of loyalty to him. She thought he had been badly treated and had taken up the cudgels for him. Which was, perhaps, what any woman of Sari's febrile nature would have done. She could not help being what she was—an untamed little savage for all her soft fragility.

He patted her cheek and tried to smile. "Well, it's all over now. The thing will die of malnutrition if we can shake off the reporters."

"Oh, we will, darling!" She wriggled closer and laid her head on his breast. She was so relieved, so happy that she could have shouted. She rubbed the top of her head against his chin and laughed softly. "You know, darling, the real trouble was—well, I was jealous. I—I was afraid you were in love with her."

He walked back to his apartment, found the picture of Manon and Sandor and the big, black piano and propped it up against the inkwell and leaned forward, staring at it: at Manon in her embroidered peasant's costume, before she had curled her hair or discovered lipstick. Manon, with her smooth dark head bent a little sideways, smiling straight into his eyes. "I was jealous—I was afraid you were in love with her—"

Leigh's shoulders began to heave. He said, "Oh, God!" and dropped his head on the desk. He prayed, "Heaven help me!"

THE ILE DE FRANCE sailed at midnight. Manon and Henry went aboard at eleven. Corabelle could not bring herself to go to the ship. She had a horror of seeing her friends off on long journeys. *[Continued on next page]*

## In Line for Leadership



Mrs. Wesley Bundy



Mrs. Paul Smith



Violet Keene

Mrs. George Spencer

WITH THE retirement of Miss Winnifred Kydd from the presidency of the National Council of Women this year, representatives of the 50 local units will elect a new president at their 43rd annual meeting in Halifax, June 8 to 12. There is every possibility that the choice will rest upon one of these three outstanding executive workers: Mrs. Wesley Bundy, of Toronto (top left); Mrs. Paul Smith, M.L.A., of Vancouver (top right); and Mrs. George O. Spencer from Moncton, New Brunswick (below). All are national vice-presidents, and have contributed tremendously, from their widely-separated localities, to the progress of the 200,000 strong organization.

For nine years the charming and gracious president of the Moncton, N.B., Local Council, Mrs. George O. Spencer (in circle) has served in many capacities in the organization. She's a Victorian Order, Child Welfare and I.O.D.E. worker, and well known in the Maritimes for her

activities in many fields. She received one of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee medals last year.

Mrs. Bundy's fourteen-year record of council work includes local and provincial presidency. As secretary of finance for the W. M. S. Board of the Dominion Presbyterian she once handled a budget of a million dollars (following Union). She's a feminist, politically, and a member of numerous educational, health, relief and peace bodies.

British Columbia likes the Smiths. Mrs. Paul Smith is the second woman M.L.A. of that name to be admired and beloved of her fellow citizens in the provincial house (who can forget the late Mary Ellen?). Born of Canadian pioneering stock, she broke new ground as the first extra mural Arts graduate of Toronto University in B.C., and has been active in hospital, unemployment relief and health work ever since. She's been a Council executive for eleven years.

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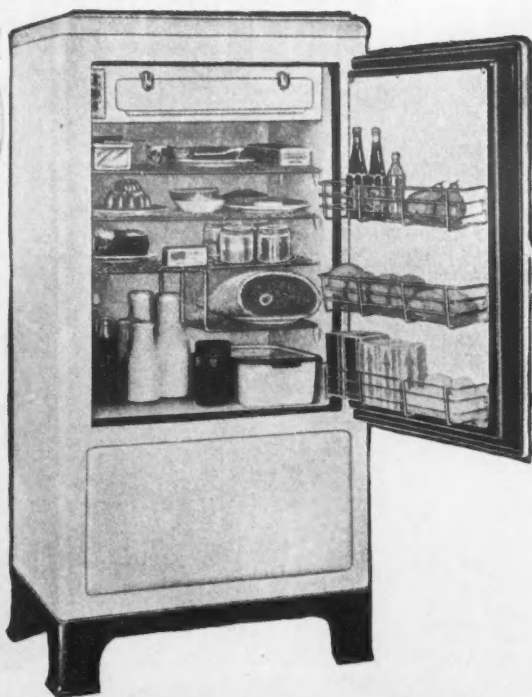
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## Approach to Love

(Continued from page 13)

It had touched some virgin emotion in him and, for a little time, a scene that had the flavor and fragrance of crinoline romance had held the stage. But crinoline romance is out of place in a smart modern comedy. Back in New York, the charming scene had faded, the play went on. But he had often thought of it with tenderness and sometimes with regret.

Oddly enough, that shocking scene at the Club Royale, Sari's equally shocking revelations to the public press, had restored that picture. If Manon had tried to defend herself from Sari, this would not have been true. But she had merely recoiled from that malevolent scourge of words and Leigh would never forget the horror and repugnance on her white face. It had come to him in the long wakeful hours that followed, that the changes he had deplored in Manon had been surface changes only.

Now, leaving Corabelle's apartment, he could imagine with what anguish she had read those glaring headlines. He tried not to think of this as he hurried along the busy morning streets to Sari's hotel. It was not yet eleven and Sari was seldom astir before noon, but he did not think of this either. To see her, to keep her from further revelations—this was his one thought. His telephone had rung half the night, resumed its raucous clamor before eight. All the Oliver Twists of the press crying for more.

Early as it was, he found Sari dressed and ready, from all appearances, to receive callers. She was wearing her simplest frock, a modest black and white print, and had smoothed her hair severely back from her forehead; she looked very young and girlish, which was exactly the way she had intended to look.

She ran to Leigh and wound her arms around his neck. "Darling, I'm so glad you've come." She drew back her head and studied his face anxiously. "Darling, you look as if you hadn't slept a wink—oh, darling, I'm so sorry!"

He detached her arms gently and sat down. "I wanted to get here before you gave out any more interviews."

"Darling, I couldn't help that. They came up here last night—they pursued me—you know how they are."

"Yes," he said, "I know how they are. But if you had simply said you had nothing to say—something like that—"

"Then they'd have made up a lot of stuff—they'd have made it sound much worse."

"I don't see how it would have been possible for them to do that," he said dryly.

Sari went and sat down on the arm of his chair. She could understand and cope with violence. But Leigh's flat, lifeless voice, his grim, tired face, confused her. "Darling, listen. You know how reporters are—how they bait you. I didn't say half those things—you know how awful I was feeling anyway. I didn't know what I was saying half the time."

He smiled faintly. "You sounded very lucid in the version I read."

She sprang to her feet. She had been waiting, preparing for this scene ever since midnight, but it was not going according to schedule. She took refuge in offended dignity. "Very well," she said, "if you're going to take it like that. I've apologized, what more can I do?"

"Nothing more, I'm afraid."

She shot him a panicky look. "I'll even apologize to that girl, if you want me to."

"No," he said. "The best thing we can do for 'that girl' is to let her alone."

"Have you seen her?"

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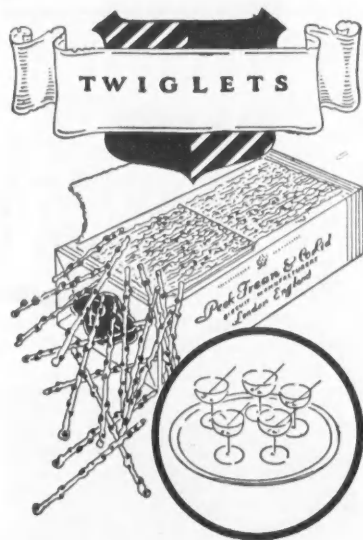
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## SAPHO PUFFERS

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ANTS—ROACHES—FLEAS  
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HA-HA-HA!  
I'M SAPHO THE KILLER

"You scam," Sari said, "before you have to flee my righteous wrath."

Since he already had quite enough for his nice little story, the reporter obeyed and Sari sang her second group of songs. When she had finished, Leigh's chair was still vacant. She gathered up her coat and hurried out. No man needed thirteen hours sleep—

Leigh himself opened the door to her ring. He was wearing his topcoat over his dinner clothes and explained that he was just leaving for the Club Royale. "I hoped I'd get there in time to take you home."

She swept past him and he followed her across the foyer and into the living room. He took her coat and she said, "You might have telephoned or something. But if you were asleep, I'll have to forgive you."

He went into the little panelled bar and her eyes followed him, anxious and excited. She was too pleased to be really angry with him. She did not doubt that he actually had been asleep. He thought she was cross, though, and he felt guilty—which was why he hadn't kissed her. Men were queer. Leigh was queerer than the others. She wondered what he would say when she told him her news.

When he came back, she said: "Listen, darling, what do you think?"

"About what?"

"Listen, Manon Benafit's gone." He had the glass in his hand, ready to pass her. Now he set it back on the tray and dried his hand. "She left for France tonight. On the Ile de France."

He looked older. His eyes were sunken and luminous and his face had the pallor and the tragic calm of a starving monk. He said, "She did? How do you know that?"

"That reporter told me—the one that followed me home last night."

He nodded gravely. "I see."

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"What should I say?"

"You didn't happen to know she was going, by any chance?" He shook his head. "I thought not. She didn't hand over the chateau before she left, did she?"

"I didn't expect her to, Sari."

"Well, it's lucky you didn't, isn't it? I wonder what good she thinks it's going to do her to run off to Paris. I said to myself, when that reporter told me tonight—"

"Let's not talk about it, Sari."

"Let's not talk about it!" Lord, don't you realize that if you don't do something pretty quick they'll have that estate settled up and it'll be too late for you to do anything?"

"I've no intention of doing anything, and if you don't mind I'd rather not discuss it."

"You mean you're going to let her keep it. Keep the money and the chateau, too. Are you crazy?"

"Perhaps, but if I am, it's my misfortune," he said.

"Oh, it is. And what about me? It's my misfortune, too, if you ask me. And I'm sick to death of all this backing and filling." She stood up, hands on hips, blue eyes glittering. "Let me tell you something, Leigh Hastie. She never meant to give it to you. That's why she stalled along this way—that's why she beat it now. She's made a sucker of you from the start and now she'll go over there and rush things through before you have a chance to get anything—"

"Let me make this clear, Sari." He leaned forward and his eyes were hot in his white face. "I don't want anything—neither the money nor even the chateau, now—do you understand that?"

"Oh, you don't! Then you're an even bigger fool than I thought you were. And you can bet that girl knows it. You can bet she's laughing her head off at you right now—the way she pulled the wool over your eyes—everything I said about her last night was true—"

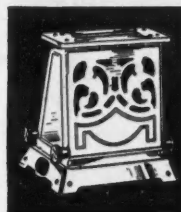
"Stop it!" He lifted both arms and his fisted hands shook in the wind of his fury. "You're not to mention her again, do you hear? If you ever speak of her again, I'll—"



"HERE comes the bride"—and here too come Hotpoint electrical gifts to thrill her with the joys of modern electrical living. Make your selection now at any General Electric dealer's—and be assured that your thoughtfulness will be long remembered in day-by-day convenience.

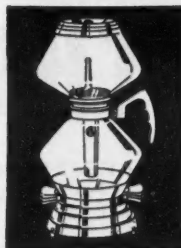
### G-E HOTPOINT TOASTER

Breakfast for two—with this gleaming Chrome-finished toaster to make hot, golden-brown toast. The price? Only \$4.40. Automatic Toastmaster: \$14.95.



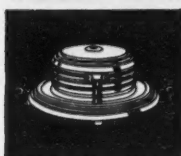
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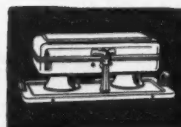
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What better gift for suppers and entertaining than this beautiful appliance? Makes tempting waffles right at the table. Moderately priced at \$9.95.



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### G-E HOTPOINT FEATHERWEIGHT IRON

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BY MRS. KNOX

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### STRAWBERRY SPONGE

(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 cup hot water  
1 cup sugar 1/4 teaspoonful salt  
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice  
1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk,  
whipped  
2 egg whites

Crush strawberries, add sugar, and allow to stand about half an hour. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add strawberry mixture and lemon juice. Cool, and when it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk, and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into glasses and chill. Serve garnished with berries. Or, serve on sponge cake with whole berries and whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Any fresh or canned fruit may be used. (With canned fruit, less sugar will be required.)

**STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE.** Turn Strawberry Sponge mixture into previously baked pastry shell, and chill. Just before serving garnish with whipped cream and strawberries.

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"It's too much like going to a funeral."

On the ship, Henry turned Manon's hand luggage over to a steward and they walked up the crowded deck. The ship was alive with activity. There were a good many farewell parties in progress, a good deal of shouting back and forth between the deck and the pier. Dance music and laughter broke through the screaming of the winches, hauling tardy trunks aboard.

Manon said: "Before you go, Henry, I want to give you this. I might forget it. Thanks so much for letting me wear it."

She held his ring between her thumb and forefinger and he looked down at it. "I wish you'd keep on wearing it."

"I'm afraid something might happen to it."

"Nothing worse could happen to it than your not wearing it," he said. His hand closed over the ring and her hand. "Manon you know, don't you, that if I could have straightened out this business between you and Hastie this morning, I'd have been darned glad. You know I mean that you?"

"Yes," she said. "But you understand, Henry. There's never been anything 'between' Leigh and me." She turned and looked at him fully, and he thought that if he had not known she was the same girl he had met at the Patio last October, he would never have recognized her. She said: "I was silly enough to fall in love with him, but it wasn't his fault. He never cared for me."

His hand tightened on hers. She could feel the moisture gathering on his palms. "I care for you, Manon. More than I ever thought I could care for anyone—more than any man ever cared for a woman."

"I know you do, Henry. You've shown it—you've been splendid."

"Yeah? Well, I can't keep it up. The atmosphere's too rare. I mean, I'm only common clay, after all. I want you for myself." His thin face pressed closer. He peered at her through the murky light. Behind them the sounds that animated the ship swelled and trembled. "Listen, I'm coming to Paris next month. You needn't say anything now, but maybe then—maybe after a while—Manon, is there any hope for me?"

She looked out over the harbor all starred with busy lights. "If I ever marry anyone, I can't think of anyone I'd rather marry than you, Henry."

He dropped her hand and laughed, a harsh and painful sound. "Can't you? Just stop and think! Maybe you could!" He laughed again. "God, that's no way to talk to a man who's in love with you."

"I'm sorry, but I'm trying to be honest. I'm trying not to be dramatic or sentimental. I want to be sensible, now, like other people. I'd rather not marry—ever. But I suppose all women should. It must be lonely to grow old all alone. It must be wonderful to have children of your own. I've always wanted children—"

"By the tone of your voice you might be doing a sum in arithmetic," he said.

She nodded. "In a way, that's what I'm trying to do. Trying to add up—what's left—after you subtract love from life. You have to go on living. You have to plan your life—"

"You don't! I'll do it for you!" He took her swiftly in his arms. He kissed her passive lips, gently at first, then more roughly. When he released her, he gasped out, "You'll learn to love me!"

She had not shrunk from his kisses, but she shrank from that threat. She held him off and told him, fierce and shaking, "Oh, no, you won't. You can't. I'll never love anyone again—I'd rather die. If you want me without that—"

"I want you any way I can have you. That may not sound very—handsome, but I can't help that." He took her hands again. "You're young, sweetheart. You'll get over this. When I come to Paris—"

"I—I'll tell you then, Henry," she said.

WHEN THE *Ile de France* slid away from her pier at midnight, Sari was singing her new number into her little microphone. Charlie had accepted her apology, though

he would never forgive her. Like most good restaurateurs, he was the most decorous of men and no man could have been more jealous of his wife's reputation than Charlie was of the Club Royale's. But business, at this season of the year, was none too good and Sari was a drawing card. And so he had accepted her apology and if the publicity had drawn in a few new faces that were neither as handsome nor as well bred as he could have desired, he reflected philosophically that their money was as good as another's.

Sari sang, "You'll never love another while I live—" and watched the entrance for Leigh. She had not seen him since morning. It was the first night in months that he had missed her midnight show. He hadn't been any more upset than she had. She had needed sleep as badly as he, yet here she was, singing a lot of lousy songs to a lot of lousy people.

She did not see the reporter coming until he stopped beside her table. She smiled up at him sweetly and said very softly and viciously: "You get out of here or I'll have you thrown out."

He ignored that, bowed nicely and said, "Good evening, dear lady. May I sit down?"

Conscious that Charlie's eyes and the eyes of a great many other people were upon her, she smiled again brilliantly. "So sorry, but that seat is reserved."

"Thank you so much," he said and sat down. He was one of those old young men indigenous to newspaper offices, impervious to insult. "I just dropped round," he said, "to congratulate you on your signal victory."

"That was sweet of you, but Mr. Hastie might be here at any moment. You really should consider your health."

He shook his head reproachfully. "No man can say I ever let self consideration interfere with the execution of my duty," he said grandly. "You gave me a very nice little scoop last night, tonight I am in a position to return the compliment." He leaned over the table. "Or perhaps you already know that your rival has fled our unfriendly shores."

She stared at him with narrowing eyes. "What do you mean—my rival?"

"Pardon," he said. "Nemesis would perhaps have been a nicer word. I mean the little heiress. She is at the moment on the high seas en route for France."

"En route for—you're crazy. How do you know?"

"It is a reporter's business, dear lady, to know everything." He sighed. "Unfortunately I didn't know this quite soon enough. The girl has a very secretive nature. Would you believe I've been trying to get in touch with her since eight this morning? And then, after refusing to see me—or so much as exchange the compliments of the day with me over the telephone—she slips away without one single word of farewell—"

Sari was not listening. "Does Leigh Hastie know she's gone?"

He shook his head gloomily. "He's as bad as the girl. A very taciturn young man. The only response I can get from his telephone is a voice talking pidgin English."

"That's his man Togo," she said. She laughed. So Manon had gone! "Listen, how did you find it out?"

"The young lady's erstwhile hostess, la Ventori, finally broke down and came across but not, alas, until the bird had flown." She laughed again and he said, "I rather thought you would be pleased."

"If I am, it's not for publication."

He eyed her sadly. "You have no message—not one innocent little message for your palpitating public? You are sure you would not care to deny, say, an alleged report that you had frightened the poor little thing out of the country? You wouldn't like to say something to the effect that the guilty flee when no man pursueth—something like that? I could make a very touching little story out of it. You know: Heiress Flees Righteous Wrath Of Legal Heir's Fiancée—"

## "Isn't He Wonderful?"

NO, not I. December 26th. I sat in the sanctum of my son-in-law, President of City National Bank in Kansas City, where I met, by appointment, a man who sought to meet me. He had purchased my books, "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL," "MAKE YOUR MIND BUILD HEALTH" and "MASTER GUIDE TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION," five years ago, when given but a short time to live. Since then he has lived as I live in letter and spirit and has become not only an athlete—but an acrobat—at forty-five, the only man I know, who, like myself, defies disease. The officials had come to see what this man of forty-five could do with his body and all exclaimed "Isn't he wonderful?" But, what interested those bankers even more, he had made over two million dollars in those five depression years, which he attributes to proper living habits that enabled him to think precisely and act with decision.

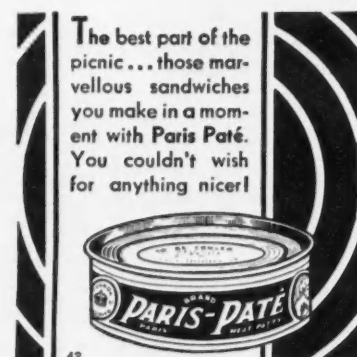


The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

If you would know how to do likewise, read the above named books, follow their teachings as he followed them, and you can hardly fail to reach your objective of perfect health.

This man absolutely swears by Roman Meal and Kofy-Sub, which he buys from Polson's in Chicago. He also eats vegetables, fruits and milk in abundance. The first step to better health is to write for my free Bulletins on foods and health. Positively they will reward you well for writing, if you adopt their teaching. Address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

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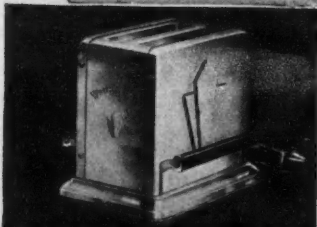
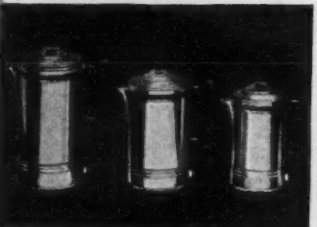
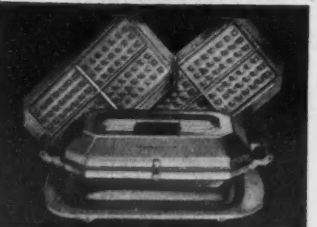
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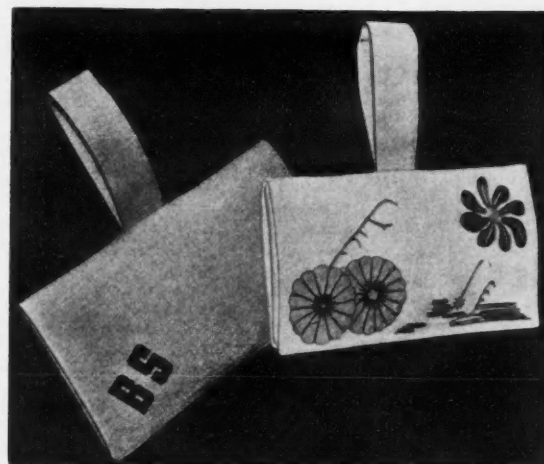
Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chate-laine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied.

**C428**—Love bird pillow cases and towels to match. A particularly appropriate design for the bride. The pillow cases are stamped on finest linen finished circular English cotton, 36 x 40 inches—price per pair \$1.35; the towels of finest Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 33 inches, at \$1.10 per pair. White or colored cottons for working, 15 cents.

**C431**—A smart little apron, snugly fitting top and very dainty design—roses in long-and-short stitch and leaves in lazy daisy stitch; binding in apple green. Stamped on fine white Swiss lawn, complete materials are priced at 75 cents.

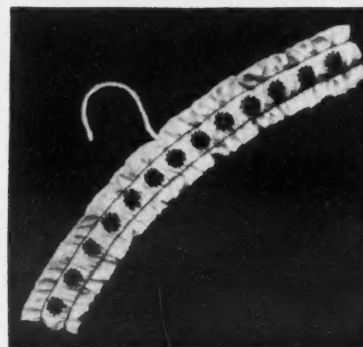
**C425**—Tea towels. The dance of the marionettes in cross stitch. Of best quality linen and large size—22 x 32 inches, ready hemmed. In blue and red or green and gold, design worked to match. Price per pair 75 cents and cottons for working 5 cents.

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**C426**—Any bride would find delight in this exquisite dress hanger. The dainty little design is stamped on silk taffeta in pink or blue. The hanger itself is not sent but goods will fit any hanger. Stamped taffeta with cottons for working, price 25 cents.

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Hundreds of women took part in these "patch" tests. Girls in their teens... brunettes, "in-betweeners" blondes, women with dry skins... oily women with results everywhere for pure-purifying too. It's a beauty secret, said as

*"Listen, Jean, this gives me an idea..."*

I ALWAYS BATHE WITH LIFEBUOY. SO DO YOU. BUT NOW I'M GOING TO USE IT ON MY FACE

YES, AND I'LL KEEP A CAKE IN THE KITCHEN, TOO. I OFTEN WASH MY HANDS THERE — JUST WITH HARSH KITCHEN SOAP!

SO DO I, JEAN. MAYBE THAT'S WHY MY HANDS GET SO RED AND ROUGH

LET'S ALWAYS USE LIFEBUOY NOW, MARY, AND SEE IF IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

**PRETTY SOON JEAN'S HUSBAND NOTICED**

HONEY, YOU'RE GETTING PRETTIER EVERY DAY. YOUR COMPLEXION'S SO FRESH AND CLEAR

**.... SO DID MARY'S**

MARY, YOUR HANDS ARE AS SOFT AND SMOOTH NOW AS THE DAY WE MARRIED

**.... SO DID OTHERS !**

MARRIED FIVE YEARS ? WHY, YOU LOOK LIKE BRIDES WITH YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS AND SOFT, WHITE HANDS

OH, WE KNOW A LITTLE SECRET

**Try this easy way to a clearer complexion — soft, smooth hands**

**W**ASH HANDS and face *always* with Lifebuoy — only with Lifebuoy. It's mild, gentle, kind to the skin, protects its natural beauty. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it is actually more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." Yet it costs no more, perhaps even less than the soap you now use.

**Guards your charm**

A hint of "B.O." (body odour) kills attractiveness. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich, searching lather purifies pores, stops "B.O." Lathers abundantly in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



## THE BEST FRIEND A WASHER EVER HAD

HUMPH! YOU'LL NEVER GET THICK, LASTING SUDS WITH THAT SOAP

PERHAPS THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T GET CLOTHES REALLY WHITE — WHY I'VE HAD TO DO SOME SCRUBBING, TOO

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY ME? I'M FAMOUS FOR HARD WORKING SUDS

COME TO THINK OF IT, THE MAN WHO SOLD ME MY WASHER RECOMMENDED YOU. I'LL TRY YOU RIGHT NOW...

MY, RINSO, WHAT THICK, CREAMY SUDS YOU GIVE

THAT'S WHAT I JUST TOLD YOU. NOW WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW SNOWY AND BRIGHT I GET YOUR CLOTHES

**LATER**

MY WASH IS THE WHITEST EVER... AND THE COLOURS ARE BRIGHT AND GAY

YOU'LL BE JUST AS PLEASED WHEN YOU TRY ME FOR DISH-WASHING

**THAT NIGHT**

RINSO — YOU'RE MARVELLOUS! YOU CUT MY DISHWASHING WORK IN HALF

DIDN'T I GET RID OF THE GREASE IN A JIFFY? AND NOTICE HOW KIND I AM TO YOUR HANDS

**Recommended for whiter washes by makers of these 24 famous washers**

Apex	De Forest	Gainaday	Miss Simplicity
Bernard	Dowswell	Happy Home	Snowbird
Blue Bird	Easy	Joliette	Sunnyday
Cinderella	Eaton	Locomotive	Supremacy
Coffield	Eureka	Maytag	Thor
Connor	General Electric	Northern Electric	Westinghouse

**I**n tubs, Rinso's rich, lively suds *soak* out dirt safely. You don't have to scrub or boil the clothes. Yet white clothes come much whiter; colours come brighter. Rinso is grand for dishes and all cleaning. Gives creamy suds—even in hardest water. Easy on hands. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box.

**Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan**





# It's News

by LOTTA DEMPSEY

## CANADIAN NURSE SCORES



Singled out with Fannie Hurst, Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, Lucrezia Bori and a group of other distinguished women, Isabel Stewart and Margaret Cuthbert are two Canadians honored recently by the New York League of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women. They're top notchers in nursing and radio. As Professor of Nursing Education at Columbia the former Chatham, Ontario, and Manitoba woman has "changed the face" of nursing education on this continent, according to her confrères. The world has been her textbook, nursing and its challenging problems her life. Her writings and teachings have made her a leader, head of the oldest and largest university centre for graduate nurses on the continent. She comes of a distinguished Canadian family members of which are in medical, library and newspaper work in the Dominion.

## CLUBWOMEN ON THE RAMPAGE

They're off in a burst of speed—Canadian women doing their annual delegating all over the countryside. The Canadian Dietetics Group took time off from studying the heart-throbs of the vitamin at their convention May 22, 23, in Toronto to hear Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E., just back from Geneva.

Delegates from several new chapters went to the I.O.D.E. convention in Winnipeg May 29. Mrs. W. G. Lumbers presided, and some of these questions of Canada's attitude to the Empire in time of war were considered.

Overshadowing every other women's meeting on the continent is the triennial conference of the Associated Countrywomen of the World, which opened several days sessions in Washington, D.C. May 31. Canadian-born Mrs. Alfred Watt, O.B.E., who organized the first Women's Institute in the World (in Canada) presided. Eighty women's clubs from the four corners of the world were represented. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt was a speaker.

Catholic women will foregather in Regina, June 20 to 26, and the Association of Canadian Clubs, with its joint membership of men and women, will meet in Vancouver and Victoria, June 25, 26 and 27.

## GOING TO SCHOOL AT FORTY

The little red schoolhouse will get you if you don't watch out. And don't think grandmotherly grey hairs will save you, either. It's the new Canadian Association of Adult Education. Organizations throughout Canada are backing the movement of spare-time learning—Boards of

Trade, Departments of Education, Parent Teacher Associations, colleges and schools, Y's, I.O. D.E.'s, women's councils, university women—it's spreading like wildfire. Where anybody ever got the idea that education stopped at 21, Edward A. Corbett, the brilliant new director from Edmonton, Alberta, doesn't know. Often men and women are more capable of learning at 40 than at 20, when they weren't really "all there" to be educated! There are several mental rebirths during life. You can catch up on a lot of interesting things you missed in early life on one of those rebounds. The Association hopes to help Canadians adjust themselves to a constantly changing world, to acquire happier methods of thinking and studying, and to enjoy dallying in the arts. The Governor-General told the Canadian Bookmen's Association in Toronto recently that he believed adult education every bit as important as the instruction of youth. Perhaps there is a swing away from the long-rooted idea that only youth counts.

## WOMEN WANT BEAUTY, LOVE . . .



"A map of my journey from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to New York would look like the footprints of a woman in a department store shopping for a pin," says Margaret Cuthbert, Director of Women's Activities at the National Broadcasting Company. "As you know, she

usually goes up and down looking at each counter, covering miles until she finally gets to the notion counter."

Miss Cuthbert made a wide detour when she went from her native prairies to Cornell University, spending some years in Dawson City (where her father was an Assistant-Commissioner of Mounted Police). She graduated from there to radio eleven years ago. She tests thousands of feminine speakers—and says that when women are good on the air they're very, very good—and when they're bad they're horrid. Being natural is the greatest radio technique there is. "The easy, chatty way of a woman talking with friends is the best way unless one wants to be listened to as one listens to a burlesque."

Women are interested in beauty, affection, economic security, youth, health, fashion, national and international news in that order.

## NO PLOT FOR O. DOUGLAS

When Ann Buchan (O. Douglas) came to Canada to visit her brother, the Governor-General, she sealed a close friendship of 15 years (by correspondence) in asking Lady Willison, of Toronto, if she might come to tea with her. They had liked each other's books. Miss Buchan throws up her hands in horror at the prospect of finding a

"plot" for a story. She just stacks a nice big pile of white paper in front of her, and begins to write. Mrs. Buchan, mother of His Excellency, has all the charm of a delicate old miniature; but with a sound Scottish strength of purpose about her small person. There is restfulness in her folded hands and bright eyes, perhaps gleaned from the broad moors and wind-swept hills of Scotland.

## MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Agnes Macphail: It's wise for a woman to be well informed; foolish for her to look it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: My wife is efficient at the cookstove and at home among the stars.

Dorothy Thompson: Women are interested in everything that men are, and in small towns they're better informed.

Senator Iva Fallis: As the early historians say—man's problem is his relation to the universe; woman's her relationship to man. When a woman believes enough in her mission, something happens.

Mrs. R. P. Steeves, C.C.F. Member for Vancouver North: Let men light their little candles; women can carry them and make them shine brighter. Women intend to shake a lot of dust out of the old economic system.

W. Perkins Bull, K.C.: Women's peculiar power is to pick out and discern the wise men, the men of ability, and then to inspire and guide them.

Ethel Chapman wanted to write about the Canadian pioneer's struggle in modern times, and found her perfect setting when she went to visit a brother in rural Saskatchewan. The result is "The Homesteaders," just published.

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## FOILED AGAIN!

See the Microbes, how, in vain,  
They try to get some cake,  
And bump against the "Cellophane"  
Until their nosies ache.

Though they may drill with all their will,  
And chop and hack and hammer,  
Or in big books take learned looks  
And raise an awful clamor,

Still fresh and pure, the tasty cake  
Is sealed in "Cellophane",  
And Johnny Microbe and his friends  
Are, once more, foiled again!



"Cellophane" is the registered trade mark of the DuPont Cellophane Company Inc., for cellulose film manufactured in Canada, under contract, by Canadian Industries Limited.

## AND SERIOUSLY...

Johnny Microbe and his friends have had a very thin time since bakers started wrapping their products in germ-proof, dust-proof "Cellophane". You can always depend upon the purity of foodstuffs—baked goods, groceries, candy—when they are protected from contamination by a wrap of sparkling "Cellophane".

And when buying sheets and blankets, toilet articles, toys and a host of other things, be sure that "Cellophane" cellulose film has kept them fresh and unsoiled for the protection of you and your children. "Cellophane" makes shopping easier, too—you see instantly exactly what you are buying.

If you would like a children's colouring book containing new adventures of the Microbe Family in merry verses, write to Canadian Industries Limited, Department "C-3" "Cellophane" Division, Montreal. We will be glad to send you one.



# Cellophane

TRADE MARK

"CELLOPHANE" FOR YOUR PROTECTION